

# RELIGIO

# PHILOSOPHICAL

# JOURNAL

LO Draper

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

No. 15

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## FOUR TO ONE.

Press and People Continue the Agitation of the Psychological Research Question. Hon. John Hooker; Mrs. Amaraia Martin; The Saratoga Eagle; The Christian Register; The Banner of Light.

## A LAWYER'S VIEW.

COL. BUNDY.—Dear Sir: Absence a part of the time, and since then constant occupation have prevented my taking up until to-day the matter of your circular letter with regard to a Psychological Research Society. I highly approve of the movement, and I am glad you are pushing it. It is very important to bring into the scientific men—certainly intelligent men, who are not committed to Spiritualism, so that the investigations and results may command public confidence; whether candid enough for the purpose can be found among such men I do not know. I have been wofully disappointed at the spirit shown by many of them. Allowing for frauds and delusions, there is a great mass of genuine phenomena, which are God's facts, as much as the rocks that science is so willing to study, and as much more important, as mind is more important than matter. I can see no explanation of some phenomena that I have studied, but the spiritualistic one; but I am not opinionated in the matter, and should join most heartily in any thorough investigation. It is for the interest of us all that that theory be established or overthrown.

Very truly yours, HOOKER.  
Hartford, Ct.

"THERE ARE FACTS HERE THAT REQUIRE INVESTIGATION," SAYS THE LEADING UNITARIAN ORGAN.

We are glad to see a movement among the Spiritualists of this country for the formation of a society for psychological investigation. It cannot be denied that there is a vast range of phenomena, the causes of which are hidden in mystery. When a table without contact may be made to walk around the room, music may be evoked from a locked piano, and writing obtained from a slate by invisible agencies, there are facts here that require investigation. This whole realm of facts has too long been committed to a class of people incompetent for scientific investigation. It has even been surrendered to gross impostors. After all the trickery and humbug is removed, there is still a sufficient and astonishing basis of the marvelous to call for profound study. To our Spiritualist friends, the only satisfactory solution is that they are evidences of the power of disembodied spirits. There are many who accept the facts as well attested without being able to accept this philosophy. Our Spiritualist friends can command wealth enough to establish such an institution for psychological study, and they ought to lead in such an enterprise. But it ought to be so managed that the investigation shall proceed on strictly scientific principles.—*Christian Register*, Nov. 27th, 1884.

CONSISTENT WITH ITS TRADITIONAL POLICY THE ORGAN OF THE F. F. V. FRATERNITIES MAKES A PUEBLE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE MOVEMENT FOR SCIENTIFIC, METHODICAL INVESTIGATION; STRIVING IN ITS PITIFULY FEEBLE WAY TO INCREASE THE SECTARIAN REAL AND CLANNISHNESS OF ITS SUPPORTERS.

We have noticed the existence in London of a Society for Psychological Research, and understand that one like it has been mooted in

Philadelphia, while the desire is finding expression at other points for organizations of this ilk. Now while taken in the abstract nothing can be urged against, while much may be said in favor of the assembling together, whether in this country or Europe, under direct rules of research, of any number of scientific, medical or legal gentlemen to discuss the matter of psychometry, "telepathy," "haunted houses," etc., etc., yet on the principle that figs do not grow on thistles and cannot logically be expected therefrom, we submit that in America, at least, there is the greatest danger of these psychical societies rapidly degenerating into self appointed juries, whose debates, instead of seeking to arrive at the truth sought to be conveyed by the phenomena presented, will take the character of Star Chamber conclaves for the deciding of who are and who are not legitimate mediums. It is not necessary for us to revert to the past history of the cause in America to prove that this danger is real and not chimerical. How often has the effort been made to substitute human authority and human ignorance in place of spiritual power and angelic inspiration. The angel-world workers will take care of all this in time, though self-seeking mortals accidentally occupying prominent places in the ranks of Spiritualism may succeed for a while in multiplying the difficulties of the situation.

Dogmatic individuals, who think they know it all, and whose dream is the persistent demand that their test conditions shall be complied with, no matter how contradictory to the conditions necessary for the production of the phenomena in obedience to natural law, and that afterwards certificates shall be issued by these self-appointed magistrates to such competitors only as can pass successfully through the furnace of their hypercritical scorn, will find themselves vastly in the minority when they attempt to put their plans into operation, for the great Spirit-world will still, as it has in the past, exclusively wield the sceptre over its medial instruments, and no power on earth can wrest it from them.—*Banner of Light*, Nov. 22nd, 1884.

THE "SARATOGA EAGLE" FAVORS A SCHOOL FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND ELOQUENTLY URGES THE CLAIMS OF SARATOGA AS A DESIRABLE LOCATION.

While psychical progress is a subject deeper, broader and higher than we care to expound or elaborate at this time, we cannot but commend a movement recently inaugurated at Chicago—largely under the inspiration of that fearless investigator and able journalist, Col. John C. Bundy of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL—with the view of establishing a school for psychical research and the scientific examination of the various phases of spiritual phenomena. If spirit phenomena are genuine, as millions now believe, the fact is of supreme importance, as it furnishes unmistakable ocular and auricular proof of a life beyond the grave, thereby affording a glorious contemporaneous corroboration of the scriptural statement to that effect. The proposed investigations are to be unsectarian, impartial and exhaustive, and conducted by educated men of different schools of thought. The project is commended by both orthodox believers and liberals, one Methodist clergyman agreeing to leave his fortune for the furtherance of the enterprise. It is an undertaking requiring extended financial encouragement; but the growing demand for demonstrable truth among all honest and fair-minded men, together with the active agitation of the topic, renders it probable that the means will be forthcoming and the school established.

We conclude this theme with the single suggestion that Saratoga should be chosen as the seat of the contemplated institution of investigation. The invigorating air, fresh from the lofty Adirondacks, the purifying mineral beverages and the superb scenery and surroundings would clarify the mind and exalt the soul of every investigator, while an opportunity would be offered to interested members of the great summer congregation of the possessors of wealth, from whom it would be reasonable to expect material aid and the widespread diffusion and discussion of the knowledge sought to be imparted.—*Saratoga (N. Y.) Eagle*, Nov. 22nd, 1884.

AN ACTIVE SPIRITUALIST AND EXCELLENT MEDIUM DESIRES THE "PROMULGATION OF TRUTH, WHEREVER IT MAY LEAD."

Your editorials on Psychological Research are firing the minds of many of our deepest thinkers, and I hope they may urge the work till it is under successful operation. All true Spiritualists must naturally rejoice at every such prospect of demonstrating immortality, and all lovers of truth, whatever their belief, should gladly forward this cause.

Hudson Tuttle's letter to the Seybert Commission, is full of excellent ideas on the subject of investigation, and is well worthy of careful consideration. The mediums he suggests as appropriate for the work, seem to me especially well chosen. I have personal acquaintance with only two of them: Mrs. Simpson and Dr. Slade, but those two are in my opinion capable of upsetting the "preconceived theories" of any number of psychical researchers. Charles E. Watkins has also given state writing under the strongest test conditions, as hundreds of us know, and would add greatly to the interest of scientific investigations.

Desiring the promulgation of truth wherever it may lead us, I am, very sincerely,  
CALRO, ILL. AMARAIA MARTIN.

## Spiritualism in its Relation to Reform.

An Inspirational Discourse by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson, Delivered at San Francisco, Cal.

Spiritualism is the antithesis of sensualism. It is not a theory concerning God, but it is a tender inquiry into the relations and the needs of humanity. Theology is like a tree with the roots striking heavenward and trying to grow that way. Spiritualism is a germ planted in the affections of universal humanity, putting forth branch, bud, leaf and flower, with which to sweeten and bless the world.

When you ask theology what it has done, it straightway points to steeples, domes, fane and temples, marble-filled cemeteries, stone angels, libraries of disputes between learned men, and institutions in which men promise never to progress or to set forward their standard of truth on the way of life.

Ask Spiritualism what it has done, and what it can show for itself. Not much in the external. It lends its aid to all humanitarian movements, for it constantly quickens the sympathies of the human heart. It points out faces, that lately were stained with tears, now wreathed in smiles. It tells you of hearts that were broken, now bound up by the white fingers of angel consolation; and it tells of a great despair that fed, vulture-like, upon many a human heart, which was suddenly dispelled, and in its place installed a spirit of promise, clad in white, breathing inspiration and a new encouragement toward divine effort.

It has not built many churches; and what it has built are very plain, like "the little church around the corner." It has reared no cathedrals, no mighty temples, but everywhere its feet have gone, flowers of hope and of trust in the Good have sprung up, not simply for us, who remain on earth, but hope for those who were allowed up in the black shadow of death, and over whom we hung with breaking hearts and fear and sorrow, thinking that the shadows had taken them for all eternity.

Theology constantly inquires concerning the unknown. Millions of lives have been sacrificed in this effort to find out God. Think of the sectarian wars,—of the war that sprang up in the dispute as to whether one and two make one. Think of those strange attempts to recover the holy sepulchre, which strewed western Europe with the bones of men. What for? An empty tomb. Reflect upon the bitterness, the woe and the heart-break that have followed in the track of theology. And when you point with pride to what this or that religion has accomplished, if you question the matter deeply, will you not turn away sick and ashamed?

Now, I repeat, theology is an attempt to find out God,—the doctrine of God,—the theory of the unknown. Whole libraries have been written, millions of lives have been expended (one would almost say, in vain) in an attempt to approach the very throne, to take the secret from the vast unknown and convert it into a material symbol.

But Spiritualism turns men's attention to the life that is here, and inquires into the origin, the possibilities and the destiny of all humanity, which is a unit and in which is deposited some divine germs, the development of which makes up the activity, the affection, the aspiration and the joy of life. To know what shall be our fate hereafter is one of the primal questions and interests of theology. But to know how we can amend our present life, and understand and make better use of what we have here, is one of the main inquiries of Spiritualism.

"What," says one, "I thought that Spiritualism was especially related to the hereafter, and that is one objection that I, as a Materialist, have against it. I say 'one world at a time.'" So says Spiritualism. While its message is of immortality, it is not altogether of an immortality after the resurrection morn, for there is a resurrection possible to us here and now while in the body. Did you not feel in the long ago, while under the pressure of the old ideas, that the spiritual revelation, which came to you, was the opening of the book of truth?—that the stone was really rolled away from the sepulchre of your faith, and faith found her wings and revealed in the sunlight? And when there was confirmation of immortality, and of the hope of eternal, spiritual growth, did you not feel like a man, buried alive, when the tomb suddenly burst open, the coffin lid was taken away, and the sweet, fresh air, the sunshine and the warble of birds were borne in upon his consciousness once more? To many of you Spiritualism has meant the resurrection of your faith in God,—of fond hopes that long ago were buried in the iron coffin of a creed. To many it has been a new revelation of God's tenderness to man. If there is anything that will have a salutary effect upon passionate, evil-minded and wayward human beings, it is to have their faith re-established in the supremacy of God. Some word or message that shall come and revive the half-lost self-respect, is sure to enkindle new enthusiasm for self culture.

It seems to me that Spiritualism, in its fresh and pure effluence, came just in time to rescue the world from spiritual lethargy or a condition of utter despair. All that we knew of God, all that we dare ask concerning immortality, was confined to books—was voiced by some authority outside of ourselves. We felt, somehow, that God's word had been delivered, signed and eternally sealed, and that it should not again be opened in a new light.

So Spiritualism is truly related to a great religious reform, for when a religion is so deteriorated from faith in man as to believe in his total depravity, it is certainly time for something to be done. When religion gives hope of salvation to only about one in a thousand, some new revelation is needed. When it means the moulting of certain rituals and the performing of a certain set of ceremonies one day in the week, and nothing more, we need fresh offerings to be laid upon the altar.

Spiritualism has come to open the doors, and let in the air of a new, spiritual springtime. There is a reform going on in the churches, and we thank God for every minister who has discarded the old creeds, and for every large-brained man, who has been expelled from the church, for it brings nearer the time when religion will not signify a praise service to God, but a service of genuine sympathy and love to humanity.

This religious reform movement has been stimulated incalculably by the reaffirmations of modern Spiritualism, and by the introduction of new facts concerning man's real nature. The result is restlessness in the old theological harness, and now and then a complete breaking away from the traces on the part of the leaders in religious sentiment and a wild leap after religious liberty. Whence comes the power to do this? Whence comes the new thought? It is the universal quickening, which is taking place under the fresh, spiritual baptism. It is the developing of new faculties,—even the faculty of clairvoyance or spirit-seeing,—that of clairaudience or the hearing of spirit voices,—and of intuition, by which you perceive and know truth without the outward sign,—a wondrous gift and one most to be desired. The change is being wrought much in the same manner as that which takes place here in your Golden State, when, after a long, dry summer, there descends upon the dusty plains and the hillsides the blessed showers of rain that gently fall and penetrate to every hidden germ; and in a week's time, this combination and mystery of golden sunlight and moisture causes to burst forth the beautiful foliage, followed by the ripening fruits.

Now the dusty plains and the barren hillsides of an old and stale theology, long suffering from a spiritual drought, begin to feel the falling of these silvery messages; these showers of angel sympathy are quickening the germs of goodness, gentleness and pure aspiration. The breaking away of the great brains from the Church and the permitting of women upon the platform, now and then, are the fruits of the angels' labor in this world. Religious reform is imprinted everywhere on the face of humanity. Even India is feeling this magic touch. Everywhere are heard these whisperings from the land immortal, and thousands upon thousands are leaving the old moorings and pushing outward upon the broad sea of universal truth and life.

What encouragement does orthodoxy give us for a good life here? We must have some encouragement, for, to tell the truth, many of us came into this world bankrupt as spiritual beings, with very little brain, and that very unsuspicious to spiritual influence, and with hearts that have been calloused by wrongs that have lasted for centuries. Look upon England with her millions of down-trodden poor, who are being ground between the mill-stones of tyrannous wealth and aristocracy, and who are condemned to a life of abject want as well as moral penury.

With this great need of ours for some encouragement, Orthodoxy says: "It is only by the grace of God that you can be saved. No man can do you any good. You cannot do yourself any good. Work as you will, strive a whole life-time, and your morality is but filthy rags in the sight of your Creator." What do your struggles amount to before this inexorable judge? Accept that which you do not understand; bow down before that which to you has no significance, or salvation is impossible. You are totally depraved, a worm of the dust, unworthy of a thought of God, utterly sinful from the beginning, and babes of hell!

What is the use of my striving for salvation? What do I know about the grace of God, and how I can gain it? The grace of God, it is a matter of caprice on His part. He may please to fill my heart with His grace and save me, or He may please not to do it. I am helpless in His hands. What relation has this religion to true reform? To one, who believes it, it has a very strong relation to utter despair and loss of self-respect.

Spiritualism says: "Though we have traveled through the chambers of the infinite and trodden the starry spaces, though we have felt the heart-beats of love and received wondrous glimpses of ineffable beauty, still we have not seen God, except as we see and feel Him in the love and the beauty of the life about us." "But," it says, "we see Humanity holy. We stand by the cradle of a hungry babe, and upon its pinched face we read the divine lineaments of an immortal soul. In the yearning and passionate eyes of a suffering human being we catch an angelic light. We lay our ear to the heart of fire that throbs underneath this rough coat, and we find that love has lodged there. And we look over the face of Humanity and see wonderful possibilities, and we say: 'How can we help them to grow?'"

Spiritualism says: "Let me plant a hope there; let me whisper of the divinity that has found lodgment there. Life is eternal, my child, and your chance is not here only, but all time is thine inheritance; and everything that thou desirest, that is good, thou shalt

yet attain. Take courage! This battle which thou art fighting with apparent defeat to-day, signifies victory somehow and somewhere in God's providence." It says, moreover, that this pulse of love in your heart, for the wife and the child, is divine love and an evidence of God's loving care for you. To every life He has given the joy of love. This divine impulse is founded in the Eternal. Oh, cultivate it, grow toward it, invite this angel, and thou shalt see that its ministrations will help to purify thy life! Then will begin individual reform.

The great difficulty with all reformatory movements is the fact that you recognize humanity as a mass, but neglect individuals. If you want to be a reformer, do not talk to the masses only, for you do not get near anybody that way. Prove your principle in an individual instance. Herein was the beauty and the divinity of Christ. One woman had touched the hem of his garment and been healed; here was one blind, whose eyes had been opened; and there was another who had died; or fallen into a trance, and been raised up.

So Spiritualism comes to individuals, and says: "Here is one you mourned as dead. I see him here now in your presence. I describe him, and deliver to you his message, and lo! the chains of doubt are broken, and I reform you inasmuch as I give you a new hope."

You are strongly tempted, but you believe to-night what you never believed before. You believe that the pure being, whose form you put away in the ground, is still yours and fondly watches over you, and you can no more listen to that voice of temptation than you can pluck the sun from the heavens.

The power of Spiritualism lies in the promise of a more perfect life to come for every human being, and in the eternity of love. Spiritualism is related to every reform. It gave voice to the first note of liberty for woman. And in place of the old doctrine of regeneration, it has given us the idea of right generation. Its representatives were the first who dared to speak in public in behalf of future generations, and of the respect that is due to motherhood. We see in purer and better homes, and in diviner and stronger efforts to attain the perfect life, the presence and the inspiration of Modern Spiritualism.

Spiritualism does not talk of "the carnal flesh," but it discusses of the temple, in which the spirit of God dwelleth, and it says: "Keep that pure." I am sorry that there are some Spiritualists who do not sufficiently obey these precepts, and who actually allow the temple of God to be defiled. But, after all, the cleansing process is going on; and we see that this world and all others are God's worlds, and that we are under His kind and loving care. We see that, inasmuch as we have done good unto the least of the little ones, we have done it unto the spirit of Truth, unto the spirit of Love, whose benedictions beautify the daily life.

## Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Miss Frances E. Willard and her associates in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union have fallen under the displeasure of the Republicans in several portions of the country. In Evanston, Ill., the feeling against them in Republican circles is very bitter, and the pastors of several churches have refused to read announcements of the associations from their pulpits, alleging the organization has become political. Miss Willard has made no statement in regard to the matter, but her secretary, Miss Gordon, said to a reporter that it was best to say nothing about the breach which had opened between the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and one or two of the churches. She declared that there was no reason for calling the union a political organization. Its influence had been thrown in the direction of prohibition during the recent campaign, but this influence had consisted solely of moral suasion. In former campaigns, when the influence of the union had been thrown strongly and avowedly in the interest of the Republicans, there had been no whisper of its being a political organization. That charge, she said, had come only when the union had put forth its strength to assist an independent movement. Miss Willard had taken part in only one political rally during the late campaign.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*, Nov. 23rd.

## Showing Progress.

The Evangelist in a recent number, says: "We have sincere sympathy with much of the inquiry and discussion now current respecting the theologies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with reference to their adaptation to the thoughts and needs of our time. We believe that it will be found to be a bookless task to attempt to bind the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries in perpetual bondage to antique forms of thought and antiquated modes of stating divine truth. And so far as any new theology may arise, that will be in more obvious harmony with the spiritual demands of this inquiring, restless age; so far as the theological thought of our time is endeavoring to state the essential verities of grace in such structure and language that the popular mind can better understand and appreciate them,—we look upon it with favor, and pledge to it our support."

For a Presbyterian paper this is well done, and is indicative of progress.

A miniature city of Pullman will be exhibited at New Orleans.



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.  
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER VII.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND.

"What thou seest these eyes may never behold the time?  
A coming age shall hail the jubilee,  
When men of every caste, complexion, clime,  
Shall burst their chains, and stand in dignity sublime."  
—W. L. Garrison.

Thirty-five years ago I attended a large anti-slavery convention at Upton Worcester County, Mass. The discussion turned on each other of the Southern cotton planters and the merchants and manufacturers of New England, who "stuffed cotton in their ears," and would not hear the abolitionists. Through it all Charles Lenox Remond sat quiet, a flash of his eye or a hot glow of his swarthy cheek now and then showing his feelings. At last he sprang to his feet, stepped forward and began to speak with slow deliberation yet strong emotion, his tones rising and quickening as he went on. His first words were: "Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentlemen. What we have heard from Mr. Garrison and others touching the ties of cotton that bind men in New England is all true. I am glad it has been said. But there is something beneath and behind all this. It is the everlasting cry, nigger! nigger!! nigger!!!" And then came, for a half hour, a stream of burning words, ringing like the bugle blast, flashing and rattling like sharp lightning and quick thunder, with the musical voice melting now and then into tones of saddest pity and tenderest entreaty, to burst forth again with its full force of warning and rebuke. His frame trembled with emotion, the flashing eyes and pierced us, and the echoes of that resonant voice came back from every corner of the great room as he closed and sat down exhausted amidst a silence that might be felt, and in a moment came the reaction in an outburst of applause. Many times I have heard this impassioned orator speak in that way, the wrong and contumely heaped on the colored race, to which he belonged, stirring his soul most deeply.

In the year 1836, I think, a Committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives gave public hearing to the petitioners for the repeal of "the black laws," and the equal political rights—soon granted—of the colored citizens. Samuel E. Sewall, an eminent lawyer, Wendell Phillips, and C. L. Remond were to speak for the petitioners, and a large audience met at the State House to hear the addresses, among whom was a Southern planter, an intelligent and cultivated man. He happened to find a seat near Mrs. Maria W. Chapman, of Boston, an eminent anti-slavery woman. Looking at the speakers he said to some one near: "What can that black fellow say?" Mrs. Chapman heard him and turned to say, "I think, sir, you will find he has something worth saying." He bowed politely and replied: "I shall hear him fairly, Madam." Sewall opened with his legal argument, Phillips followed with an eloquent appeal and with other points of law, the Southern listening with marked interest. Remond came next, the occasion one to stir his soul; that hall rang with the clear tones of his voice, and he held legislators and audience spell-bound, in wondering silence, the planter most surprised of all. At the close Mrs. Chapman turned to him and asked: "What do you think of the colored man?" His hearty answer was: "Madam, the black man wears the feather!"

Mr. Remond was descended from a free ancestry from the West Indies. He was of lithe and active frame and nervous temperament, singularly graceful and courteous in manner, and fastidiously neat and tasteful in person and dress, with a refinement that avoided all garish show. He had times of moody despondency, the challenges of a high spirit under the cruel prejudice that clouded his life; but when the cloud lifted off he was a delightful companion, and lent new grace to any company. Born and at home in Salem, Massachusetts, he once told me how he found himself ill at ease, as a boy, among the rude and ignorant colored children, and how the white boys would not treat him decently, but he made the happy discovery that the horses in his father's stable reciprocated good treatment, and so he cultivated their friendship. This led to a great fondness for horses, great skill in their management, and the owning of beautiful animals that no white man in Salem ever passed on the highway.

He visited England and Ireland, and was treated with marked attention. He told me that only once while abroad, did he see anything to remind him of any distinction based on color. A party of friends in London, were visiting the Bank of England, and being shown through its great vaults and many rooms, when he noticed some of the English attendants looking curiously at them and whispering among themselves. His quick suspicion led him to think his dark face was their mark. At last one of them called him aside and said: "Excuse me sir, but may I ask who that lady in your party is?"—pointing to a lady of Quaker lineage. The question was respectfully asked, and he replied: "That is Miss — from Philadelphia," when his querist said: "Thank you. We were all very anxious to know, for she resembles our Queen Victoria very much." So that cloud melted away.

His last years were spent in Boston, where he was highly esteemed by a choice circle of friends.

A Letter From England.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Thinking that a pen and ink sketch of the condition of Spiritualism in Great Britain, may not be without interest to the readers of the JOURNAL, and remembering the oft repeated promises to his able Editor to send such, most plead my excuse for intruding myself upon the readers of this article, though I am not without hope, that those among its readers who know of me, may be pleased at my appearance in these columns. If one desires to obtain the praise of flattery, it is easy enough to paint a condition of matters in Great Britain in rosy hues, but in this case, such a proceeding "would make the judicious grieve," and therefore, for the sake of accuracy, dull literalness must be duly heeded.

It is proper, in dealing with the cause here, to commence with its circumstances in London. Our Metropolis, with its teeming population of nearly five millions of souls; as occupying the first position in all our work—indeed being the foundation upon which it rests, mediums and mediumship, necessarily must come first in this connection. The days of sensationalism have passed away, and a more orderly, and therefore, a more useful form of phenomenalism now prevails. Marked improvements are noticeable in the character of the phenomena, and the evidences of spiritual power and operation are more clear and decisive at this time, than at any previ-

ous period. The amount of public mediumship is considerably less than was the case some five years since, the numbers of open public sances have been materially reduced, and those that now remain have been strengthened and benefited in consequence. It seems as if the watch-word of the Spirit-world in this matter is: "Less phenomena but better."

The public mediums that are practicing at the present time, include Messrs. Husk and Williams, who obtain physical and materialization phenomena, under satisfactory conditions; Mr. Frank Herne, who confines himself chiefly to private and social sittings; and Mr. William Eglington, whose chief speciality is slate-writing. This latter gentleman with whom I have had the pleasure of a long and intimate acquaintance, is by all indications, one of the most remarkable mediums we have here at present. I hear nothing but satisfaction expressed by all whom I have come in contact with, who have visited him, and they are neither few in numbers nor devoid of importance. It is only just recently that he gave a "slate sance" in the presence of our venerable, revered and great-hearted premier, the company including the Princess of Wales. At the conclusion of the sance, Mr. Gladstone expressed himself in very decided tones as to the character of the phenomenon he had witnessed, and the duty of certain men of science in relation to such matters in general.

So what with having phenomena of Spiritualism in the court and the cabinets, combined with the indirect support given to all such matters by the "Society for Psychical Research," it may be safely said that mediumship and its possibility never engaged more attention, or commanded more interest, than at this time.

In addition to the above named gentlemen, there are several healers practicing in London, and one or two test mediums, the one of whom I hear the most concerning, being Mr. W. Towns, who appears to give a large amount of satisfaction and whose services are in very great request.

Privately there is considerable mediumship, but Spiritualists are beginning to learn the inadvisability of introducing "Tom, Dick and Harry" into their circles without any discrimination. The consequence is that there never was a time when it was more difficult to obtain entrance into such circles, or when they were more jealously guarded from unwelcome intrusion. This is a policy that is in every way commendable, for the subject is altogether too important, and the issues flowing from it are also too important to be trifled with or made a mere question of amusement. The next consideration must be, of course, the press, for without a perfectly free and impartial press, what cause can hope to make its way, and overcome the opposition inevitably encountered in all new developments of truth?

The Spiritualist press calls for care in its conduct, discrimination as to what it admits to its columns, impartiality in dealing with the life and work of those who are devoted to the movement, yet it should be ever ready to commend what is good and true, and never afraid to criticize what may be false, or erroneous. A press so animated, and under the direction of men whose personal honesty and individual worth lift them beyond all suspicion of partisanship or double-dealing, is the life and soul of any cause. Such virtues in its conductors are imperatively demanded in relation to the press devoted to Spiritualism. At this present time the Spiritualist press here is represented by two journals, the *Medium* and *Daybreak* (the oldest institution in this country), edited by Mr. James Burns, a name widely known throughout the world, a gentleman of indomitable perseverance in every department, with whom it is even a pleasure to disagree, because in the consequent conflict of opinion, one is sure to learn much from the clear insight and vigorous dealing with the subject in question, that always characterizes his mental attitude; undiminishedly constant to the cause of mediumship, as a principle, claiming to be only the servant of the spirits, and not the slave of party; animated by a sturdy independence of character, almost Carlylean in its nature, Mr. Burns' name and that of his paper are household words. It may be confidently said concerning him, that those who come after us will be better able to estimate his character and judge his methods, than can his contemporaries. His paper has a very large circulation, of which he has every reason to be proud, and though like all Spiritualist papers, it has been difficult "to keep the ship afloat," now it is in fairly smooth waters, with favoring gales.

Our other journal, *Light*, which was started four years ago under the direction of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers (and to which, for many months, the writer of these lines, occupied the position of assistant editor, which post he filled until the above named gentleman resigned, and handed his duties over to Mr. John S. Farmer, chiefly aims at meeting the requirements of what its prospectus described as "educated Spiritualists," and presumes to be "necessarily attained to a position it desired to occupy. It is the first journal we have had that has been conducted upon the lines of a commercial speculation, being published by a Limited Liability Company, with all the legal paraphernalia, of "shares," a "Board of Directors," and "official secretary, auditors," etc., etc., having a capital stock amounting to \$5,000, which has all been called up, though it is a matter of regret that the third annual appeal for funds to carry on the paper, is now being circulated, and judging by the amount that is being asked for, the financial position would seem to be, that about half the cost of production must be obtained from private sources. This is much to be regretted, for certainly in appearance, in tone, and in the character of the contributions to its columns, there has been in the past, presented everything that should have won the entire and complete support of the classes catered to. The contributions of the Rev. Stainton-Moses have been the mainstay of the paper, and are so still, and under the direction of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, a wide variety of able contributions was afforded from week to week; but latterly a very large amount of correspondence upon "Theosophy" has appeared, and that has exercised a distinct weakening effect upon the prestige of the paper. Mr. Farmer, the present editor, is the author of "A New Basis of Belief," and is a gentleman of some intellectual ability, whose willingness to work for Spiritualism, led him to take over the editorship of *Light*, and that in spite of the fact that he occupied the very arduous and onerous position of private secretary to Quintin Hogg, Esq., one of the most active, benevolent, and practical philanthropists that London possesses; a gentleman with whom, from his high moral position, it is an honor to be associated, and who is a candidate for Parliamentary honors. *Light* can scarcely be considered a Spiritualist paper in the same sense that the *Medium* and *Daybreak* is. Its circulation is much more restricted, and of course, so is its

influence on the cause in general, and from the class of readers it caters for, it is but to be expected that the phenomena of Spiritualism will receive the greatest attention. It is in this matter a decided contrast to the former named paper, and consequently has but little practical effect upon the progress of the movement, not so much as it deserves from the ability disclosed in its direction.

The next item of importance in the progress of the cause of Spiritualism, is the platform, and the maintaining of such a vehicle of expression of ideas is a duty second only in its importance to the maintenance of the press. But, Mr. Editor, I must make the painful admission that as at the present time your correspondent is about the only representative of platform work in this great city, he is precluded from any lengthy statement concerning this department. However, he can say that for twenty-three months, under the inspiration of his spirit controls, he has been an occupant of the only Sunday-services the city now possesses. During the past eight months, single handed and almost alone, he has had to sustain the cost and labor attendant upon these gatherings. Our live spiritual journals have rendered such assistance as they deemed proper to the cause, and I am duly grateful for the same, but many warm-hearted friends and generous supporters have held up, and maintained the work, acting on the principle, that the more obstacles one encounters, the more determined should be our efforts to overcome them, I go on, keeping the sacred flame burning upon the altar, binding myself to serve no party, laboring only for the truth, and welcoming all.

\*Alas! Mr. Editor, now I have begun this long delayed letter, my enthusiasm in the task threatens to carry me away, and will apparently end in my requiring a special edition of the JOURNAL, all to myself, unless I put down the brakes and come to a quick stop. May I ask you, then, to be content with this outline of Spiritualism in London, and allow me to avail myself of the hospitality of your columns again, for the purpose of giving you an outline in regard to the rest of the United Kingdom?

Some day I hope to clasp your hand, see your wondrous eyes, intrude into your sacred anctum and talk with you in person over many things that we have corresponded concerning. That day may not be far distant; truly we know not what a day may bring forth, and it may be my lot at any time to adopt Horace Greeley's advice, who said—"Young man, go West!"

I shall have the utmost pleasure in clasping your hand, which at present, I must be content to do, in spirit, as also those of the JOURNAL's myriad readers. J. J. MORSE.

London, Eng., Nov. 10th, 1884.

A College Professor's Letter.

MR. BUNDY.—DEAR SIR: The numbers of your JOURNAL came duly. I do not think that I care to continue it. I should be very glad to go into any thorough investigation of Psychic Force, which could be taken up, but I see no method of doing so at present in a way that would be of avail. It can never be of real value, when the minds of the so-called investigators are already inclined toward either the one side or the other. One who is already a believer in "Spiritualism," cannot by possibility, with all his honest efforts at fairness, look at the mysterious events, which are mysterious only because of our ignorance of the powers of those natural forces which environ us, in the same light as I do. You see certain effects produced, and are ready to attribute them to the agency of disembodied spirits. Of this I have never seen any evidence whatever, and your conclusions are to me *non sequiturs*. I am perfectly ready to believe in all that you claim, provided that I can see reason for such belief. I admit the reality of the occurrence of many strange, and at present inexplicable movements, sounds, etc., at "séances," but I see in them no proof of any other forces than those which pertain to our daily realities of life, while you accept them as belonging to another life than ours. I have never found in them any evidence of intelligence other than that which concerned the minds there present in the body. You believe that an advanced intelligence is contained in them and represented by them. You see that in the matter of investigation of the phenomena which I have indicated, we being equally honest and equally desirous of reaching correct conclusions.

Psychology has been my favorite study for many years, coming as it does in the line of my daily practice, and my college routine of instruction—Nervous Diseases. I am perfectly open to conviction, and not at all unwilling to receive anything of which I can have proof, while at the same time I am not ready to adopt conclusions which I do not commend themselves to my clear judgment, and I cannot say that I have ever seen reason to believe that such statements, as are constantly made in the journals devoted to Spiritualism, have any basis in truth whatever, though those who make them may be perfectly honest in their convictions.

Yours ever,

The foregoing letter was forwarded to the gentleman at whose request we had mailed some copies of the JOURNAL to the professor, and to his old friend he thus rejoins:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Col. Bundy has just forwarded to me your letter to him, hoping that I would make it (without naming you) the text for an article in his JOURNAL. But I think it better to make it the occasion of a private letter to you [see postscript] in which I may speak, not as a critic or a controversialist, but only as an old friend in whose integrity and general soundness of judgment you can have any other confidence. Neither of us can have any other conscious object, I am sure, than to ascertain the truth.

You, indeed, say you are "perfectly open to conviction and not at all unwilling to receive anything" (the italics are yours) "of which you can have proof." This state of mind, when genuine and unqualified, is certainly most admirable, as well as hopeful for any investigator. But you will, I think, pardon me for saying it is by no means really found as often as it is professed, and honestly professed too, so imperfectly do many of us understand ourselves. In reference to a belief on which unmeasured obloquy has been poured by great numbers of intelligent and even scientific men, and which still encounters more scorn and ridicule in ordinary society than almost any other that is extensively held by well informed people, it is a great deal for any man to say that he is perfectly ready to receive it on fair proof. Nine men out of ten will be found, probably unconsciously demanding an amount of proof on this subject of spirit communication immensely beyond what they would require on almost any other, whether a claim of science or a dogma of theology. Evolution, for instance, even in its extreme shape, or the doctrine of everlasting punishment in its most

absolute form, can either of them be publicly avowed more readily and at less cost.

And when to this half-conscious shrinking from opposition and ridicule is added that constitutional repugnance to any novelty of opinion which characterizes some minds very strongly, it is easy to see how difficult it is to reach a state of mind "perfectly open to conviction." My good friend, it is a state of mind much more rare than you would believe, if you have not closely studied the subject. Not one man in a hundred probably ever approached the doctrine of spirit communion for his first investigations, genuinely in this frame.

And you almost destroy for me the conviction that this can be truly your frame, when you add, as you do, that investigation "can never be of real value when the minds of the so-called investigators are already inclined toward either the one side or the other." Is pre-inclination then conclusively so strong a thing as this with you? Surely you do not mean just what your words say. If this were true, what opportunity would there be for any change of opinion; for those downright reversals of judgment which candid men often make? The great majority of living Spiritualists must say that they became such in the face of their early education and long cherished beliefs. You have yourself undoubtedly undergone some great changes of opinion; and yet you think investigation can never be of real value to one already inclined one way or the other! This is tantamount to saying that evidence could not be fairly weighed by such; and if it states your own conscious feeling, you are certainly not as "perfectly open to conviction" as you imagine.

But while I believe that you, like all other men, must approach this subject with a very considerable burden of prejudice on your mind, I also believe you would intend to be perfectly fair and reasonable; and I should have no fear of the result if you would give the matter a patient and thorough investigation. The main burden of your letter is as to what you have not seen. Now I beg of you to see something, and to keep on seeing, until you have some very definite as well as full idea of the nature and scope of the phenomena. You admit "the occurrence of many strange and inexplicable movements, sounds, etc., at séances," but had you been a large and critical observer of them, you would never have added that you "see in them no proof of any other forces than those which pertain to our daily realities of life"—of course, as you conceive of those realities—and that you "have never found in them any evidence of intelligence other than that which concerned the minds there present in the body."

In other words, dear friend, you know but very little on the subject; and had your letter said just this in one line it would—pardon me—have amounted to just as much as it now does. Your help can come only from increased knowledge; from much direct observation, if you can get it; the best way far, of studying any science, as you know. But if this is just now out of your reach, pray avail yourself, as you have been obliged to in the study of various branches of natural science, of the next best thing, the careful observations of others; and if you discredit the testimony of all except strictly scholarly and scientific men—as I do not, for most of what is reported by intelligent witnesses I have myself in substance seen—confine yourself to the scholars. Their well considered, written and published evidence ought to weigh much with you. Of our American writers, read Epes Sargent and Robert Dale Owen; of English, Alfred Russel Wallace, William Crookes and C. F. Varley; and of German, Zollner. Many, many more, might be named, for the literature of Spiritualism is very abundant; but I would not discourage you by imposing too formidable a task. Please oblige me by a careful reading of only three moderate sized volumes: Epes Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," A. R. Wallace's "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," and Zollner's "Transcendental Physics," whose facts are carefully given, whatever may be thought of his (to me) unintelligible philosophy.

What view you take of the historical value of the Bible I do not know. You were brought up to receive its every syllable; but if now you accept it only as substantially historical, you will find it full of the phenomena of Spiritualism, most definitely the approaches to men of spirits from the unseen life. Had I no adequate evidence for such facts now, I should find many Biblical narratives much too hard for my faith.

You say: "Psychology has been my favorite study for many years." I am glad to learn it; but I would have you understand this term as covering all that literally means: "the science of the soul." The soul is only half-studied when only in relation to its temporary physical habitation. How much have you satisfactorily ascertained respecting mesmerism, clairvoyance and kindred phenomena? These are stepping stones to higher things.

The entire subject, my old friend, is of transcendent importance. Both Religion and Science have an immense stake in it. I deliberately say, after years of study and some acquaintance, as my profession required, with theology and philosophy, there is no other evidence of our future life and its moral connection with this, that approaches this of Spiritualism, in just force to the average mind. The religion of to-day greatly needs its support; and where it spurns this, it destroys its own logical foundations, and shows clearly a weak and shaky structure. And as for Science, when we consider wherein that honored name, the baldest and shallowest materialism, has landed a considerable portion of the public, do not the professional men, like yourself, in every branch of physics owe some duties to the truth and to their fellow men, which they poorly pay by disregarding the new light that is breaking forth all around them and pronouncing over their old judgments without investigation.

Sincerely yours,

P. S. On reading my letter I think its considerations apply to a great number of professional gentlemen with as much force as to yourself; so, with the hope that it may be read by some such, I change my original intention and send it to you through this press.

Suicide in Europe.

Of all European countries, Germany is the country where suicide is most frequent; and in Germany, again, Saxony takes the lead. In 1872 the number of suicides in Saxony amounted to 687 (266 to every 1,000,000 inhabitants); five years later it rose to 1,114, and after five years more to 1,872. Last year 2,004 persons thus ended their lives, 1,081 of whom were of the male sex and 923 of the female. In England, in 1882, the suicides were 1,446 men and only 519 females.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR ALCOHOLISM.

Dr. J. S. HULLMAN, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is of good service in the troubles arising from alcoholism, and gives satisfaction in my practice."

Therapeutic Sarcognomy.

Liberal medical journals have given the warmest commendation to Prof. Buchanan's new work on Therapeutic Sarcognomy. *The Eclectic Medical Advocate* of New York says: "In this work, just issued by Prof. Buchanan, we have the rich results of half a century of original thought, investigation and discovery. Upon the psychic functions of the brain Prof. Buchanan is the highest living authority, being the only investigator of nature, who has done anything important for that neglected realm of science to which the world was introduced by the genius of Gall and Spurzheim. This work is really a complete exposition of the great mystery of the united operation and structural plan of soul, brain and body, and is preeminently remarkable in its marvelous novelty, for it introduces us to a new world of science. Its leading philosophical idea is that life belongs to the soul and not to the body, for all vital action ceases at the departure of the soul. Its purpose is to show the exact seats and operation of the vital principle in the nervous system, and the peculiar vitality that is manifested in each region of the body. This is illustrated by maps of the head and of the entire person, showing the mental and physiological action of the brain in every part, and the physiological forces that may be reached at every portion of the surface of the body."

The editor concludes his review with the remark: "We would say emphatically that every physician who desires to meet with more than the average success in the practice of medicine, should procure and study this valuable work."

*The American Homoeopath* uses still stronger language, saying:

"It is with very great pleasure that we give space in this number to the initial article of a series from the pen of the venerable Professor Buchanan. A personal acquaintance and devoted friendship of nearly twenty years, gives us a right to speak with emphasis as to his marvelous ability, originality and comprehensive knowledge. For many years it has been our earnest wish that the experiments and experiences of fifty years in the study of physiology and its cognates, might be made available to the medical profession. Professor Buchanan's work in this direction is unique, but when fairly understood will be found beautifully complete and comprehensive. His discoveries in physiology are among the most important of the century, and will place his reputation on a firm foundation as one of the master minds of the world's history. His work on Sarcognomy is just being published, and will soon be followed by one on Anthropology."

The "Patriarchs and the Prophets."

A Little Material Aid, Now and Then, for the A. S. A.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We doubtless have the sympathy and good will of many Spiritualists in our efforts at organizing for extended practical work, but material aid comes slowly, not a tithe of what it should be for effective movement. The contents of yesterday's mail were refreshing and I make note of them for an example to others. A list of twelve names were received from Miss O. C. Rose, secretary of the "Society of Faithful" of Van Wert, Ohio (Mrs. A. Kline, medium), together with a remittance of \$12 for membership fees. In the same mail was a check for \$10 from a prominent gentleman of Philadelphia, 81 years of age, in advance payment for ten years of membership, which will carry him to the age of 91. If he should sooner pass to the higher sphere we will at least have one paid up member "over there," and may expect from him earnest work. These, with the promise from our dear old friend, S. H. T. P., of Kennett Square, of a contribution to our funds of whatever modest sum I think right for her to pay, constitute the last encouragement (as I call it) from the "Patriarchs and the Prophets," and as long as we have their blessing we can not wholly fail. I also received quite lately the renewal of membership from two of the friends who united with us at Sturgis in 1883. Several of those handed in their annual fee at Lake Pleasant, but a considerable number yet remain unpaid. Let us hope they did not then "put their hands to the plow" and are now "looking backward," and that they surely will not withhold the remittance of their fee until each is written to personally. We need of every one their yearly fee of one dollar—we need their counsel and co-operation to give us strength for the work. Shall we not have them both? J. G. JACKSON.

Hockessin, Del.

Food and Drink.

The *Journal of Inebriety* gives the results of Dr. Napier's inquiry into the nature of diet, the object of which was to solve the question of how far certain foods encourage or prevent the craving for drink. He concluded that macaroni, beans, dried peas, and lentils antagonize in a marked degree the desire for alcohol. In the treatment of alcoholism farinaceous foods should be used in preference to all others.

Many persons are not aware that glass may be cut under water with great ease to almost any shape by simply using a pair of scissors. In order to insure success the points must be kept quite level in the water, while the scissors are applied; and, secondly, to avoid risk, it is better to begin cutting by taking off small pieces at the corners and along the edges and so reduce the shape gradually to that required. When the operation goes on well the glass breaks away from the scissors in small pieces in a straight line with the blades. The two hints given above, if strictly followed, will always insure success.—*The Painter*.

The honor of being a member of the new German State Council is a pretty costly one. The members receive no pay, not even free passes over the railroads, and have to defray the expenses of their temporary sojourn in Berlin out of their own pockets. If the honor and exalted character of the membership of that body be kept up, this state of things cannot be helped. Prince Bismarck, moreover, would never allow the existence of the Council to be made dependent upon the House of Representatives by asking for an appropriation.

The remains of a red granite statue of Ramses II, the contemporary of Moses, which were found by Mr. Petrie at Tanis, Egypt, have been carefully examined and photographed. This work has convinced Mr. Petrie that the statue must have been 115 feet high, exceeding all the monuments of the kind hitherto known. The statue's great toe has a circumference of a foot and a half.



## Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.  
(28 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.)

## SORROW.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,  
And merry speech and careless laughter died;  
Sheathed her melancholy eyes on mine,  
And would not be denied.

I saw the west wind loose his cloudlets white,  
In flocks careering through the April sky;  
I could not sing though joy was at its height,  
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away—  
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars;  
She broke my quiet dream—I heard her say,  
Behold your prison-bars.

"Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,  
This beauty of the world in which you live;  
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole,  
That I alone can give."

I heard, and shrank away from her afraid,  
But still she held me, and would still abide,  
Youth's bounding pulse slackened and obeyed  
With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she said,  
"Beyond the changing splendors of the day,  
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,  
Accept, and bid me stay."

I turned, and clasped her close, with sudden strength,  
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware  
Within my arms God's angels stood at length,  
White-robed and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,  
Beyond the changing splendors of the day,  
Knowing the ordered truth, the ordered law,  
More beautiful than they.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

REAL LIFE.  
In last week's issue we stated the terrible fact that nearly 33,000 working women of New York City alone, were without the means of earning their bread, and that 20,000 were yearly driven to destruction through want. If such be the case in one city, what is it in all cities in the country at large?

Think of it, ye who have happy homes, sheltered from want and misery, do you know what it is to suffer hunger, to go without proper clothing, to wander the streets with want gnawing at your vitals, to have every sense alternately sharpened and dulled by longings for food and warmth? Perhaps you went without your dinner once, what dreadful sensations you experienced! You were "nearly starved," you "thought you should die." And that day served as a text for many sermons. Multiply that one day by many days, by weeks, till at last driven by a gnawing sense of exhaustion, you resort to liquor to supply the craving for food; you fall lower and lower and finally land on the street and end your days in such wretchedness as no words can describe.

This is the history of many and many a young woman, reared tenderly but impractically. Reverses come, they rely on a brother, a cousin, a friend; all fail, and unfitted to do any thing like what a living can be made, these poor girls drift into cities, and go down, down, till on an average five years destroys them, and all that is mortal is buried in the Potter's field, or by charity. Many facts now, at the beginning of winter, prove this statement is not overdrawn.

Some years ago a noble woman, Eliza W. Farnham, was devoting herself to helping fallen women. One day, in a low haunt in New York, she met a kind gentleman who was going about to gather statistics in regard to magdalenism. "What brought you to this place?" he asked blandly of a beautiful girl. She drew herself proudly up and replied, "I came here from choice." When he left the room, Mrs. Farnham, turning to her, found her in tears. "Oh, I could tell him nothing else," said she, "but you, you are a woman and do not hurt me with your questions." And then the poor girl opened her heart and told how she had been driven by incompetency and want to sell herself for a living—and such a living!

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.  
I see no way out for women but a training such as shall make them independent. The tendency of the American people is, more and more, to gather into cities, and until lately, to look with contempt upon housework or handicraft for women. General housework will never be liked, until there is such a division of labor as will at least take the laundry work and bread making out of the kitchen. It is not in the nature of things that any woman should do well, and like to do, the ten thousand things which come under the head of housework. To do it, she can think of nothing else, do nothing else, and be nothing but a drudge. With a division of labor, co-operative machine work and simpler living, house work will be restored to its proper place, as one of the most attractive, as it is the most important, of all vocations.

But industrial training solves the problem. Every human being should be compelled to have such a drill of the eye, the hand and the judgment as will make him and her master of some useful avocation, by means of which he and she shall become independent and capable of self support.

Let the hand be trained in one or two handicrafts, so that skill and cunning wait upon the ready brain. This must be done in youth, while the teacher studies the tendencies and attractions of the pupils, as part of the training will be mental as well as physical discipline, industry and respect for work. If there must be classes in society, let them be of skill and good, honest work, of earning one's livelihood by legitimate labor. We may not all need to coin money, day by day, but he who lives, needs to prove that he is worthy to live, by usefulness as well as by integrity.

These words, so deeply felt, are not written in the interest of any person or class, but for the sake of womanhood and humanity. The attempts to render industrial training practical, have, so far, been tentative, only. LaSalle Seminary, Abundant, Mass., began a course of lessons in cooking and dress making, some years ago, which was quite an innovation at the time. Cooking schools springing up in all our cities are excellent, but they are only attended by the very persons who are able to hire their cooking done for them. The fact is, the preparation of the more important articles of diet should be taught every girl along with the multiplication table.

## THE BEGINNING.

The South End Industrial Home, established last year at Roxbury, Mass., by the Unitarians, is a move in the right direction. It is, of course, limited in its aim and scope, but it is a noble pioneer. The pupils are taught cooking, marketing, mending, cutting, fitting and sewing. There are, also, carpentry, printing, etc. The *Handicraft*, edited by Mrs. Devereux, is printed by them.

The Kindergarten established by Professor Adler's Society for Ethical Culture, in New York, is a primary school for such training as its pupils for real life. Of late, a Tech-

nical School under the same auspices, is carrying out the design still more.

The Misses Bush of Belvidere, N. J., have made a new departure in the same direction. Thoroughly progressive, able and experienced, if the funds are forthcoming, they will, no doubt, make their project of industrial training something more than has been indicated. The school which has been in operation several years, is now to be called "Wendell Phillips Memorial Industrial School," and as such, is approved by the widow of the philanthropist. An hour a day is to be devoted to systematic housekeeping, and a department of printing and journalism is to open at once. Others will be instituted as the school enlarges. Doubtless there are other places where the experiment is being made.

It may be objected that women among the well-to-do and the rich, do not need such a course of instruction, but the objector can have had little experience in life. The greatest suffering known, is among these delicately reared persons, with refined tastes, who are brought to drink the cup of bitter poverty. He is fortunate who cannot count a score of such among his acquaintances: "She is a widow, penniless, and does not know what to do for support." "She was beautifully educated (?)" "Her father left nothing, and she cannot earn a living." These are sentences we hear daily.

By and by that will not be called an education, which only multiplies and intensifies our wants, and gives no power of supplying them.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

FICHTE'S SCIENCE OF KNOWLEDGE. A Critical Exposition by Charles Carroll Everett, D. D., Bussey Professor of Theology in Harvard University, author of "The Science of Thought." Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Students should be very grateful to St. C. Griggs & Co. for this admirable series of German Philosophical Classics. This, the third volume of "Fichte's Science of Knowledge," is lately from the press but has already received much attention and has met with a large sale.

The first chapter is descriptive of Fichte and his characteristics, and from it we learn that at an early age he was quite an order, sometimes repeating nearly the entire sermon of the parish minister; he was employed to care for geese in his childhood and would sit for hours staring into vacancy, but in later years he was wont to look back with pleasure to these hours of contemplation. Naturally impetuous, yet when once he became attached to a person and respected his opinions, he was docile and reverent. He displayed great heroism and self-denial, and it is related of him that his father had presented him a story book which he was very fond of reading; but he discovered that it took too much of his time and so he resolved to destroy it, and while it caused him intense sorrow he heroically saw it float away on the stream where he had thrown it; this was his manner of disciplining himself all through life. He was a man of no tact and was at times woefully misunderstood; was very patriotic and most devoted to his wife, who was also very devoted to her country and while nursing the soldiers took the fever, and Fichte in turn took it from her and died in the 52nd year of his age.

An ardent admirer of Kant and his philosophy, Fichte was among the first to swear allegiance to him, but soon found that it would require the most profound study and many changes, and so he heroically set to work to effect them, not dreaming but that Kant would appreciate his service. What was his surprise to be considered a rebel and an outlaw, and so he was forced to set up a philosophy of his own, into which he put his own fresh, impetuous life, and as he could not teach any thing that he did not fully understand, he was obliged to work this out fully in his own mind, and in this way he became the founder of a new philosophy.

"The difficulty with his system," says Dr. Everett, "is that from first to last it is based, in part, upon mechanical conceptions. We have noticed this, already, in his 'deduction of perception.' From this comes whatever is hard and unsatisfactory in the system of Fichte. In this we find the explanation of the fundamental difficulty to which reference has just been made,—that in regard to the fact of consciousness, Consciousness is looked upon as something accidental, that must be explained from without, and not as something that is involved in the very idea of being. The process which manifested itself in consciousness was not seen to be, in its absolute form, one of self-mediation, but was thought to be something that, in some mechanical way, must be set in motion from without. If Fichte had seen, as he came so near seeing, that the spirit is absolute, not merely absolute spirit, but the Absolute, and that the process by which spirit is spirit, is its very being, he would not have needed these mechanical appliances. He would have seen that the infinite can be conceived only as spirit, because in spirit alone do we find unity and diversity, each growing out of the other. If we start from our finite spirits, the idea of infinite spirit would still be an ideal to be eternally approached, and never reached; but if we start from the idea of the infinite, the infinite spirit must be recognized as an eternal reality. Hegel, by identifying thought and being, broke down the barrier that represented the speculation of Fichte, and he took the place of mechanism."

Another indication of the limitation of Fichte's system, or of his nature, may be found in the slight attention that is given to aesthetics. The outer world being only the reflex of the human spirit, there would seem to be little place for a philosophy of beauty. We must not forget, however, the important work done in this direction by Kant, whose system was no more favorable to these results than that of Fichte, and whose circumstances were so far less so. Fichte, at one time, hoped to apply his system to aesthetics; but his nature was too ethical and active to feel much real attraction in that direction. He looked at this matter as at all others, from the ethical standpoint. Beauty, in his view, is the manifestation of the ideal in nature; and the ideal belongs to the inner life of the spirit. Thus in the contemplation of beauty, the limitations of the material and the senses are broken through, and the spirit returns to itself. The enjoyment of beauty is thus not virtue—it is the preparation for virtue, in which statement we see, perhaps, the result of the influence of Schiller. The profound recognition of the beauty of nature must rather come, one would think, from the recognition of the reality of the ideal, as it is manifested over against the spirit, and is not merely a projection from it. For this, however, the philosophy of Fichte could have no place. In another passage he affirms that the physical expression of a man lost in the contemplation of an idea, is the only object of the art of the sculptor and painter—the word, *idea*, being always used by Fichte in its highest sense.

"While we thus recognize the limitations of Fichte, we must not fail to recognize the greatness of the results that were reached by him. We may say with Herbert, one of his keenest critics, that he gave to philosophy a new problem, the problem of the I. We may add that he gave to it a new method, that of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis; and that he gave to it a new ideal, that of unity of principle and result. He sought to restore to philosophy its old mission, to make it a love of wisdom, rather than of mere knowledge; a power in the life, more truly than a speculation of the thought. An earnest student of Fichte, though the world might have a reality for him that it had not for the master, could never, it would seem, be lost among the sophistries of a superficial materialism; nor could the ideas of freedom and duty ever be wholly without power over his heart."

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. Comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, Natural History and Literature. With the latest Researches and References to the Revised Version of the New Testament. By William Smith, LL.D., Revised and Edited by Rev. F. N. and M. A. Peabody. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Large 12mo, cloth, very unique binding in black and gold. Price, \$2.00; sheep, \$3.00; half morocco, gilt top, \$3.50.

The Editors announce in the preface that this book is mainly as Dr. Smith wrote it. They have made

some abridgements for the accommodation of teachers who would not be likely to have the large edition; but that all important changes are marked with the signature "Ed." so that one may readily understand. They have added all the proper names used in the New Revision, where they have differed from those in the Authorized Version. The significance of all the proper names has been brought from the best authorities, in addition to the footnotes found in the former editions. The results of the latest research, especially in regard to the topography of Palestine, are embodied in various articles. Some subjects have been rearranged, to make them clearer, and sometimes fuller and more definite information has been given. The dates at which persons lived and events took place have been inserted, not because absolute reliance can be placed on their accuracy, but in order to show the relative positions of each, and hence to give a clearer idea of the history and progress of events. The dates are in accordance with Archbishop Ussher's system as printed in our common Bibles. Those after the reign of David, from which time a good degree of accuracy is obtainable, are from McCintock and Strong's large Cyclopaedia.

THE TRIPLE E. By Mrs. S. R. Graham Clark. Boston: L. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Mrs. Clark is known as the author of "Yessie Waite," the best of the popular Sunday-school books which has been published for many seasons, and the qualities which attracted attention in that work predominate strongly in this. "The Triple E" is the name playfully given by her friends to a girl of eighteen, whose three names began with that letter, and who is left with a younger sister to make her way in the world after the death of her parents. Her mother, a French Canadian, had died not only of her mother, but also of an insane uncle, and a little girl who came into their family in the most mysterious manner. The two sisters are compelled to enter a large manufactory in order to gain a subsistence and earn means for supporting their charges. It is a book which cannot fail to make a strong impression upon the minds of those who read it.

## New Books Received.

MEXICAN RESOURCES AND GUIDE TO MEXICO. A Supplemental Volume to "Travels in Mexico," Boston: Frederick A. Oser. Price, pamphlet form, 50 cents.

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY. A Discussion of the Evolution and Relations of the Mind and Body of Man and Animals. By S. V. Clevenger, M. D. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, \$2.00.

THE DESTINY OF MAN VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF HIS ORIGIN. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00.

Stories for our Children, by the well-known authors, Hudson and Emma Tuttle. This work is especially adapted for children and a popular book in the Lyceum. Price, 25 cents; postage, 2 cents extra. For sale at this office.

The Cross and the Steeple, by Hudson Tuttle. In this pamphlet the author takes up the origin and significance of the Cross in an interesting manner. We have a few copies, though the work is out of print, and selling them at 10 cents each.

Just issued, Therapeutic Sarcosm, an Exposition of the mysterious union of the Soul, Brain and Body, and a new system of Therapeutic practice. By the well-known author, Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D. Price, \$2.25; postpaid, \$2.50. For sale at this office.

Poems of the Life Beyond and Within, by Giles B. Stebbins. This is a compilation worthy of possession by all lovers of Poetry. It begins with old Hindoo Poems and goes through the ages culled the gems from many lands and centuries. Price, plain cloth, \$1.50, gilt, \$2.00, postage free. To be had at this office.

Chateaubriand's famous American story, "Atala," with illustrations by Gustave Doré and an introduction from the graceful pen of Mr. E. J. Harding, will be issued by Messrs. Cassell & Company as a holiday book. This story has proved so satisfactory to the American reader, three translations of it have appeared in this country.

The Century's War Series was begun by a confederate contributor; the next article was by a Federal, and will be continued by able writers from both armies, and will be found interesting as a War reminiscence, by all who read it and will also be found valuable as a reference in the future.

Man—Whence and Whither? By R. R. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. The author is an independent investigator, relying upon reason to test the discoveries of his researches, but is directed by the pure spirit of a seeker after truth. Price, cloth bound, \$1.00. His works: The Bible, Whence and Whither? price \$1.00, and Marriage and Divorce, price, cloth, 50 cents, are full of hints and suggestions. All of the above, for sale at this office.

The Wide Awake for 1885 offers many attractions as the following will show. The serial stories are by Charles Egbert Craddock, Adeline B. Whitney, and bridge S. Brooks, Lizzie W. Champney and other noted writers for the young. The illustrated stories are by well known story writers. The illustrations from the best artists. There will be a group of four true Western stories, true New England stories and true Plantation stories, and altogether no young reader will think they can do without this year's volume.

Partial List of Magazines for December, Not Before Mentioned.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: Charles Reade; The Americans Painted by Themselves; Democracy; An Address delivered before the Midland Institute, Birmingham, England, by Hon. James Russell Lowell, U. S. Minister; Ulrich von Liechtenstein; The Future of the Sudan; "De Mortuis"; Coming into Port; Newspapers and English; Goethe; Thomas Carlyle's Life in London—1834—1881; Balzac's Dreams; Queer Flowers; Steam the Tyrant; Coleridge's Intellectual Influence; On the Reading of Books; Italian Summers; A Praise of Indolence; Progress and Wages; Statistics of Barataria; The Population of Europe in A. D. 2000; Mr. Gladstone; Mr. Ruskin on the "Pleasures of Faith"; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Miscellany. This number as a whole is very interesting, and closes one of the best volumes of the series of this old sterling monthly. The next issue commences the new volume and will have for frontispiece a fine steel engraving.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: The Reformation in Time Keeping, by W. F. Allen; American Aspects of Anthropology, by E. R. Taylor, F. R. S.; School Culture of the Observing Faculties, by J. C. Glashaw; Queer Flowing Faculties, by Grant Allen; Aleocheic France, by T. D. Rogers, M. D.; The Problem of Universal Suffrage, by Alfred Fouillée; Cannibalism as a Custom, by A. St. Johnston; Starvation; Its Moral and Physical Effects, by Nathaniel E. Davies, R. G. P.; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Matthew Williams; The Perils of Rapid Civilization, by C. E. Withington, M. D.; Religion and the Doctrine of Evolution, by Frederick Temple, D. D.; Liquefaction of the Elementary Gases, by Jules Jamin; The Oil Supply of the World; Oddities of Animal Character; Biographical Sketch of Edward B. Tyler; Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

THE PERENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) Contents: Zygmond F. Milkowski; Organic Cerebration; The Christian Church; Progress; Merv and its People; Cagliostro as a Medium; The French in China; Old Superstitions; A Well-Dressed Woman; Prevention of Decay of Teeth; Individuality in relation to Physiology; Why Women Break Down; Animals as Physicians; The Scourge of Quackery; Poetry; Editorial Items; Answers to Correspondents.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Contents: In War Time; Over the Andes; Francois Coppee; Penelope's Suitors; Two Harvests; The Lakes of Upper Italy; Combination Novels; "These are your Brothers"; Among the Redwoods; Poe's Legendary Year; An American Frightening; Canada and the British Connection; The Contributors' Club; Books of the Month. The table of contents of this month presents many attractions from the most popular writers.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassell & Co., New York.) Contents: "Here it is!" The New Forest; A Painter of Peasants; Some Japanese Boggles; Poems and Pictures; A Visit from the Sea; The Romance of Art; A Chapter in the Life of Bernard Palissy; Hatfield House; "Missionary Pinxit"; Greek Myths in Greek Art; The Youth of Achilles; Illustrations of Moliere; Some Portraits by Hogarth; The Chronicle of Art; American Art Notes.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The first number of the American edition of this magazine is all that was expected, and the readers will find it instructive and entertaining. It opens with an article on "Clubs for Young Women," and is followed by several good articles. It is made attractive in appearance by plenty of illustrations and superior printing.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Magazine Co., St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: Beecher's Country Home; Moreau's Song of Ixus; A Dream of Arcadia; Fate Sarcasitic; Mark Twain and Bret Harte; Literary Topics; A Handful of Poems; Editorial Marginalia; Light Moods.

## To Clean Gilt Frames.

Rub with small quantity of sal volatile mixed with cold water, or after well dusting, paint the gilding with a camel's hair brush dipped in the following mixture: One gill of water in which one ounce of common salt, one ounce of alum, and two ounces of purified niter have been dissolved.—*The Painter.*

James Lawrenson, of Maryland, is the oldest employe in the service. He began work in the Postoffice at Baltimore more than sixty years ago. Ten or fifteen years later he entered the Postoffice Department at Washington. That was when William T. Barry, of Kentucky, was Postmaster General, and when but seventy clerks were employed to do the work of the department.

Mrs. Chloe Pierce, of Sharpsville, some years ago gave \$10,000 for the chair of English Literature in Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, on condition that it should always be filled by a woman. Not long since the chair became vacant, and the trustees began searching for a man for it, hearing which Mrs. Pierce started immediately for Akron, and told the president that if there was not a woman in America fit for the place to import one. The chair is now filled by a woman.

In thirty years the population of this country has doubled. In the same time the facilities for manufacturing purposes have increased about ten-fold.

A Massachusetts man has discovered a sure cure for sea-sickness. It is a counter-irritant in the shape of a mild blister application behind the ear.

The school law is to be enforced in such a manner in Gridley, Cal., as to make boys attend school or leave the town.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 6, 1884.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

## TERMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rapidly increasing interest in subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL's field has caused many friends to ask the publisher to supply the paper on trial to those not heretofore subscribers. Yielding to this request he will until January 1st, 1885, send the JOURNAL Three Months for Fifty Cents, on Trial, to those who have never been subscribers. To all new yearly subscribers, the paper will be sent free until January 1st. Every friend of the JOURNAL should feel that he or she has as much interest in its circulation as the publisher. If all who express their admiration for the JOURNAL will work for its interests from now until New Year's Day with a tithe of the assiduity the publisher and editor labors the year round in the interests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

## Psychical Problems.

In a thriving little lumber manufacturing village in Michigan, lives a wealthy and cultivated family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. C. and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. P. are also members of the household, Mrs. P., being a sister of Mrs. C. Week before last Mrs. C. and daughter came to Chicago on a visit, intending to remain several weeks; Mr. C. left home at the same time and in another direction, expecting to be absent about ten days, on business. On Friday morning the 28th ult., Mrs. C. and daughter called upon Mrs. S. F. Pirnie, of 523 West Van Buren St., a lady of some sixty years of age, a healer and a trance medium. While Mrs. Pirnie was in a trance or semi-trance state, and apparently under control of some external intelligence, she said to Mrs. C., "There is a person here who says he is your brother-in-law; he puts his hand upon your shoulder so"—smitting the action to her words; "he is tall and of light complexion. He wants to reach somebody else through you; he is fond of you, but wants to reach your sister and give her a word of comfort." Now as Mr. P., a large fine looking old gentleman, more robust than most men of his age, whom Mrs. C. had left at home only a week before in good health, was the only brother-in-law she had, the scene described and language used by the medium had the effect of puzzling her, as the description, so far as it went, fitted Mr. P. Her mind never for a moment reverted to Mr. P., unconsciously influenced undoubtedly by her knowledge of his health only a few days previous, and with no later information to induce a suspicion of his illness. In this frame of mind Mrs. C. returned to her apartments in a different part of the city; several miles distant, from Mrs. Pirnie's residence; where she found awaiting her a letter and a telegram, both from her husband; the former written the day before and telling of his return home earlier than had been anticipated, that everything was all right at home, etc.; the latter, dated that morning, was to the effect that Mr. P., the brother-in-law, had died suddenly the night before. It may be mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. C., and Mr. and Mrs.

P., have been Spiritualists for some years. Mr. C., a most critical and competent investigator, when the family lived in Chicago, often had sances at his house which were attended by leading ministers, physicians and prominent citizens. In this narrative it should be noted (1), all of these people were total strangers to the medium who had never seen any of them until Mrs. C. called, several days prior to the episode above related, and who gave no information at any time as to her family—of this we feel positive, knowing personally Mrs. C. and the extreme caution habitual with her when dealing with spiritual matters; (2) the mind of Mrs. C. was not only wholly free from all expectation of the probability of such an incident occurring, but was so (unconsciously) opposed thereto, that even the possibility of the sudden death of her brother-in-law never occurred to her, either at the time or in the hour spent returning to her apartments; and (3) Mr. P. died in Michigan some hours before this manifestation took place in Chicago.

To all who have faith in continuity of life beyond the grave, is not the assumption that Mr. P. actually appeared and talked to the medium, infinitely more reasonable and probable than any other that can be offered? Those who deny a future existence cannot deny or impeach the truthfulness and accuracy of the foregoing incident, and any hypothesis they may advance in explanation will require a vastly greater stretch of imagination and credulity than they charge upon those who rest their hope of a future life on faith alone. To Spiritualists no argument is needed; spirit manifestation is proven in this case.

Here is another case for which we ask a reasonable theory to account for from those who decline the spirit hypothesis. Last spring Mrs. Pirnie told us one afternoon, that in the morning a spirit had appeared to her whom she recognized as an old acquaintance named Corydon Cronk, supposed by her to be still living at Flushing, Michigan, who declared he was now in spirit life. Mrs. Pirnie, like most of the JOURNAL's subscribers, does not accept spirit phenomena, although herself a medium for many years, until she has critically investigated and exhausted every source of information likely to shed light upon the matter. So in this case, while she could not doubt having seen a spirit, she refused to believe it was Mr. Cronk until she should have it confirmed by methods mundane, that he had passed away. "My husband," said Mrs. Pirnie, "is going over to Flushing in a few days, and then we shall know." During the days which elapsed before her husband started on his trip, Mrs. P. said to us on two visits on different days, "Mr. Cronk has been here again, but I shall not allow myself to believe he has passed over until I hear from his town." In due time the death of Mr. Cronk was confirmed. In this instance we recognize and admit that on its face, elements of uncertainty will present themselves to those who study the case which do not attend the preceding incident. Here the veracity of Mr. and Mrs. Pirnie become a factor in the problem; for it was possible they might have heard of the death of Mr. Cronk, but we have the utmost confidence in their truthfulness; they are people whose characters are respected by all their acquaintances, and are in every respect exemplary and above suspicion.

During the past month Mrs. R. C. Simpson of 45 North Sheldon Street, a medium for independent slate-writing, also clairvoyant and clairaudient, received a letter from the East requesting an interview on a certain day, and signed "Mrs. Hill." Mrs. Simpson replied, fixing the hour at eleven o'clock of the specified day. Prior to the day for which this correspondent's sance was booked, Mrs. Simpson had a letter from her husband in Dakota, announcing that their two daughters would start at a fixed time for Chicago (Mrs. Simpson having spent the summer with them in that Territory had returned in advance of her family). On the evening of the day fixed for the children to start, Mrs. Simpson was entertaining friends in her parlors when the door bell rang violently; her son answered the ring and came bounding back into the parlor holding up a sealed telegraph envelope and exclaiming: "A dispatch from papa telling us when the girls will be here!"

Mrs. Simpson reached out and took the envelope to open, but instantly, though slowly, said: "No this is not from papa or about the girls, and the name signed to it is an assumed name." Whereupon exclamations of incredulity escaped the lips of her hearers. She then opened the envelope and read a dispatch wired from Toledo, Ohio, confirming the appointment for eleven o'clock the following day, and signed "Mrs. Hill." Mrs. Simpson felt chagrined at her statement made before opening the envelope, and did not credit the truthfulness of her own utterance. On the day and hour appointed, the lady bearing the name of "Mrs. Hill," presented herself, and was conducted to the sance room, passing in ahead of the medium. Mrs. Simpson says that immediately on crossing the threshold of the sance room she heard "Ski," whom she believes to be an Indian spirit and her chief "control," say: "that be a lie name." We will not attempt to give verbatim the colloquy which followed, suffice it to say that before the lady left the house she gracefully and pleasantly acknowledged that "Mrs. Hill" was an assumed name and gave her real one. Queries: Did the letter signed "Mrs. Hill" when it reached the hands of the sensitive, carry with it an impression of the fact that the name was assumed, an impression not perceived or sensed at the time, but lying latent to be developed later and did the receipt of the telegram, have any influence in giving

the impression form and expression? If this is answered in the affirmative, then does not the voice heard by Mrs. Simpson, saying "This be a lie name," complicate the difficulties of the telepathic—thought transference—hypothesis as an explanation of this incident as a whole? Would not the two main points be more satisfactorily explained by supplementing thought transference with spirit interference, and assuming that both agencies are exhibited—one a passive, mechanical vehicle for the transfer of the thought of a human being in the flesh; the other a living intelligent spirit expressing to his medium his own convictions founded on knowledge obtained by himself. These questions might be indefinitely extended.

Here is an incident tending to show that "coming events cast their shadows before." We shall give it as written by a very near and dear friend to a member of our family, last summer. The writer is a lady over thirty years of age, of marked individuality and strength of character, wholly free from superstitious forebodings, bright, hopeful, healthy and happy:

"We had quite an experience between Milwaukee and Oshkosh. The day was very bright and fine, but I felt a strong dislike to leaving Milwaukee. On the way to the depot, it increased until I had a queer trembling sensation. I thought to myself, I must be going to have a nervous headache. As we walked through the depot, I felt that I could not take the train, but I tried to force the feeling back. After we had started, I told R—something dreadful was going to happen to the train. He said he guessed not, but I told him how I felt, and I was never so frightened. I knew just as well something was going to happen. About an hour out, a cloud came up, fearful in appearance. I thought it must be a cyclone. The rain came down in torrents; the thunder was rolling and the lightning flashing, when all of a sudden came the most fearful crash I ever heard. I felt myself being thrown from my chair. A wild engine had run into us; both engines were entirely demolished, and ours telescoped with the baggage car, going half way through it. No one was hurt, as the train men all jumped. Our engineer saved us by reversing his engine and putting on the air-brakes. Every one says it was a miracle that we escaped so well."

Other circumstances connected with this disaster directly bearing upon the purpose of this article, may be mentioned. The writer of the above letter, whom we will call Mrs. F., was accompanied by her husband, infant and nurse. Mr. F. who had been temporarily sitting in a forward car came back a moment before the collision and wheeling his chair around sat facing his wife with his back toward the locomotive, and was the only passenger who thus sat, and the only one not thrown upon the floor. Mrs. F. had just taken her infant from its nurse, when with a terrific roar and crash every person was thrown upon the car floor with the exception of Mr. F., who being thrown against the back of his chair retained his position. As Mrs. F. fell, the thought flashed upon her, "the baby will be crushed." Quicker than the thought she raised the little fellow above her head and he landed in his father's lap, unhurt but badly frightened. Now it will be noticed that here was a close interlinking of circumstances, involving independent acts on the part of two people, culminating at the moment of the collision and resulting in saving the child from death or very serious injury. Had not Mrs. F. taken her baby from the nurse he would have been hurled upon the floor; or had Mr. F.'s chairback been in the usual position nothing could have prevented the child from being thrown against its upper edge and crushed between that and its mother. All may have been mere chance; but on the other hand who can deny that a loving, intelligent guardian may have influenced the parents to do what was necessary to preserve the child from the danger of the impending disaster which was seen but could not be averted? Again, what caused Mrs. F. to feel the "queer trembling," and the sickening dread of some vague, undefinable danger, which, though her reason repelled it, she could not repress? Spiritualists will say it may have been the direct influence of some spirit friend, who in some way incomprehensible to mortals foresaw the imminent danger and tried his best to control Mrs. F. and prevent her going on that train.

## The Interest in Scientific Investigation.

The large number of private letters we are receiving, not only from continuous readers, but those who have hitherto stood wholly aloof from participation in the study of the phenomena of Spiritualism, registers the increasing growth of interest. Hence we give further space this week, both on our first and sixth page, to extracts from exchanges and original communications. Hon. John Hooker's letter is a model of brevity, clearness and comprehensiveness. Mr. Hooker does not feel quite sure whether candid enough can be found among those not committed to Spiritualism. We do not, share his doubt, but feel absolutely sure that very many men of the right stamp will be forthcoming at the proper time.

We thank our Unitarian cotemporary for its frank and cordial expression. The *Christian Register* can rest assured that "strictly scientific principles" will form the foundation and guide the work of the proposed school, if it shall be established.

Those not familiar with the traditional policy of our Boston Spiritualist cotemporary may be amazed at its attitude, but they need not be. Its opposition cannot tell against the final success of the undertaking, or even impede preliminary work. A paper which has always taken sides with those convicted of fraud or reasonably suspected of it, which in its defense of this clientage, has never scrupled in impugning the motives of re-

putable people and in attempting to destroy their credibility when they have been so unfortunate as to be witnesses against tricksters, a paper which panders to the baser elements in human nature and aids in reviving worn out superstitions of the Dark Ages, such a paper favors true progress and scientific investigation infinitely more by its opposition than it could with its support. Indeed, its support would afford strong *prima facie* grounds at least, for suspicion that the undertaking was unworthy of support.

The *Banner's* "men of straw" which it labels, "Dogmatic Individuals," "Certificates issued by these self-appointed magnates," "Furnace of their hypercritical scorn," "Star chamber," etc., are merely creatures of its own diseased imagination, and will frighten only the weak and silly. Falsifying by implication is the meanest, most cowardly sort of untruthfulness, and this is what is done in the *Banner's* screed against psychical research. Were it not blinded by senility and superstition, the *Banner* would see that in Spiritualism the domination of fraud, ignorance and superstition is nearing its end. And seeing this would gracefully though regretfully accept the situation and govern itself accordingly; but this it cannot do—at least not under its present editorial management.

## "Book of Beginnings."

Such is the fit and modest title of a book on the Bible, published some time ago by Heber Newton of New York. It consists of only the plain and simple beginning of biblical criticism, put in mild language and in reverent spirit. In reading it, and knowing the commotion caused by the pulpit lectures which make up its main contents, one feels like exclaiming: "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" But these beginnings of free investigation are what dogmatists dread. They are the drops of water oozing through the bank, surely to be followed by a flood; the few pebbles crumbling off the wall which tell that the great foundation stones will surely break in pieces.

As our readers will remember, Bishop Potter asked Mr. Newton to stop the delivery of his Bible lectures in his church, because they troubled the peace of the Episcopal Israel, and now they come out in a book to get far wider hearing. The way to help a heresy is for a Bishop to try to stop it.

Mr. Newton closes his preface as follows: "May the time come soon when the growth of a manly spirit of free inquiry among the clergy, and the spread of an intelligent conception of the Bible through the laity, shall make it no longer needful for a Bishop to stay a disreputable panic in the Episcopal Church by asking for silence from a presbyter, who may be seeking, in whatever imperfect way, to lead men into a rationally reverent view of the Scriptures, and who may be endeavoring thus to keep his ordination vow, in which he promises to 'instruct the people committed to his charge out of the said Scriptures, and to teach nothing as necessary to eternal salvation but that which is shall be persuaded may be concluded and proved by the Scriptures.'"

No scoff or defiance in these words; no want of reverence, but it is the dawn of a rational reverence instead of a blind bibliolatry, and that dawn is what the Bishop dreads. He is the type of a large class in our evangelical churches, with whom religion is belief in an infallible book, written in fragments, nobody knowing where, when, or by whom, as to most of them, and collected in their present shape in ways about as little known. The more blind faith people have in a book, the less faith in their own souls and in the Soul of Things; the more bibliolatry, the less religion. Vedas, Korans and Bibles as authorities over the soul are hurtful and irreligious; they darken present inspiration, hinder spiritual growth, foster bigotry, and lessen fraternity. As human productions, as records of past efforts, of inspirations and visions such as may be equalled or excelled to-day, they are valuable. Their real value grows as their theological value decreases. As helps they minister to our growth; as infallible masters they hinder it.

As the infallible Bible decreases, the truly religious or spiritual life of man increases. This is directly opposite to the orthodox and sectarian view, but it is based on the nature of things, and is right, while theirs is based on dogmatic assumptions, and is wrong.

We are in the transition period from the old ideas to the new ideas, and this reaches over the world. The educated Hindoo doubts the Vedas, the thoughtful Turk questions the Koran, the educated Catholic conforms outwardly, but the infallible Pope is a strange myth in his secret soul. Bishops and reverend clergy and laity, not a few, made their "beginnings" sooner than Heber Newton. Andover, the sure refuge of Puritanism, is perplexed, and the orthodox Old South Church in Boston, has a new preacher to open new questions of heresy. The Unitarian *Christian Register* with frank sincerity, highly commendable, says that the Bible is a human book, full of divine truth yet with errors also; and the Universalist "left wing" turns the same way. The Hicksite Quakers are of like mind, and hold "the light within" above the book. Millions of Spiritualists hold inspiration as natural and world-wide, to be found in the Bible and as visiting us to-day; trance, vision and mediumship to be in England and America as well as in Judea—not infallible but valuable everywhere. The "beginnings" are everywhere, the end will break all bonds of irrational dogma, put the soul above all books, open the way for a religion which does not degrade us, and the world will be the better for it.

At a meeting of Methodist ministers lately held in this city, the Rev. Mr. George and the Rev. Mr. Hatfield maintained that the increase in the number of suicides was due to lack of faith in God. If agnosticism prevailed few men would die a natural death.

## GENERAL NOTES.

Will Samuel Hixson please give us his post office address?

Mr. Duane Mowry, Wauwec, Wis., wants the address of Dr. E. B. Wheelock.

Col. Ingersoll lectured to a full house at McVicker's theatre last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. H. M. Lee of Syracuse, N. Y., spent Thanksgiving in this city, on her way to Kansas City.

Mr. Geo. W. Kates, Atlanta, Ga., has kindly remembered us by sending a cabinet photograph of himself.

Henry Slade is now at Ypsilanti, Michigan, trying the curative powers of the mineral springs. He will not likely be able to resume labor before New Year's.

Mr. William Nicol will conduct the Spiritualists' and Mediums' meeting next Sunday at 3 P. M., in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St. Seats free.

G. H. Brooks has returned to Chicago from a lecturing tour in Kansas. He attends the Wisconsin State Convention at Milwaukee, Wis., December 5th, 6th and 7th.

A rumor is current in Boston that the veteran editor of the *Banner*, wearying of solitude and salt air, is about to wed a blooming young lady of eighteen summers, and spend his honeymoon in New Mexico.

We are glad to learn that the estimable wife of Lyman C. Howe is gradually improving in health. Mr. Howe is engaged to lecture at Grand Rapids, Mich., for five Sundays, January and February he lectures at Kansas City, Mo.

Dr. J. K. Bailey lectured at Lowell, N. Y., to an excellent audience the 16th ult., he also held parlor meetings there. Mr. Hagaman, the medium with whom the doctor has been working, is now detained at his home on business.

We learn from a subscriber at Osceola, Iowa, that John Chaney, of Osceola, an open and avowed Spiritualist, was, at the late election, elected Judge of the 3rd District Court by the largest Republican majority ever given in the State. The Judge's wife is a very good medium.

We regret to learn that "M. A. (Oxon)," whose contributions to *Light of London*, have proved so valuable and interesting, lately met with an accident, resulting in a severe cut on the back of his head, and causing a great shock to his system. Absolute rest is enjoined on him, and absence from every kind of brain work.

Dr. J. Wilbur, magnetic healer, located at 2200 Michigan Avenue, corner of 22nd St., has kindly agreed to treat patients on Friday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock free of charge. To those unable to pay or who desire to experiment before entering upon a course of treatment, this is an excellent opportunity. We have been personally acquainted with Dr. Wilbur for fifteen years and believe him to be one of the best of healers.

Under the title of "A College Professor's Letter," we publish on the second page a letter from a professor in one of the leading Eastern colleges, and a reply by one of his old classmates. Unfortunately for themselves and those they teach, many professional men are by no means as open to conviction, as the average intelligent man. We commend this correspondence to the thoughtful attention of our readers.

At the inquest, Nov. 20th, at Cleveland, O., on the body of Mrs. Sarah Welker, in Gambier, it was found that Dr. George Burris, a medium, who had attended to the woman, caused her death by beating and cutting to exorcise an evil spirit. The doctor's wife, whose face and eyes were bruised, testified that after Sarah's death the doctor thought the spirit had entered her, and slapped, pounded and choked her. The people threaten to lynch Burris. He was undoubtedly insane.

Mr. Thomas Jackson has been appointed roadmaster of the western division of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, between Crestline and Chicago, to take effect December 1st, 1884, in place of Mr. D. L. Slapater, resigned. Mr. Jackson has been in the employ of this company since 1873, first coming to their service as rodman in the engineer department of the eastern division, from which position he has been promoted to division engineer, then to assistant roadmaster of the western division. He has resided in Fort Wayne since 1880, where he has a large circle of friends who will rejoice with him over his recent promotion to a position he is so eminently qualified to fill. Mr. Jackson is still a young man and has earned his advancement by strict integrity and the highest order of business qualifications.—*Fort Wayne Daily Gazette*.

Mr. Jackson is the son of the Hon. J. G. Jackson, President of the American Spiritualist Association; he is a young man whom it is good to know, and we hope he will make the acquaintance of our readers along the line of his road. He has a warm side for Spiritualism and we hope may in time be more fully identified with it.

Bishops, like all other men, have hobbies, the hobby of Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, being education. In an interview lately at Baltimore, he said: "The Government should encourage all such schools, no matter under whose management they are. There is plenty of room in every large city for both the parochial and public schools." The Bishop declared that the educational system of the parochial schools in Rochester was superior to the public schools. When asked if it was a violation of any law of the Catholic Church for a Catholic parent to send his children to the public schools, Bishop McQuaid answered: "The future success of this country depends upon the morality of its citizens. Morality can only be gained through religious training and no child can obtain that train-



ing in a public school, because in it there are no religious exercises. It is all very well for parents to say that they can educate their children in the public schools and give them religious training at home, but they can do no such thing." The Catholic Church, therefore, holds that it is a sin for parents to send their children to the public schools.

Mrs. H. Sparrow, of South Chicago, will visit Milwaukee the 1st of Dec., and remain till after the convention. Mrs. Sparrow has done some very good work in South Chicago.

The members of the Parker Fraternity give their December supper next week, Wednesday the 10th, at 6 o'clock P. M., in Parker Fraternity Hall. Col. T. W. Higginson will preside and Mr. F. M. Holland will read an essay on "How Religious Liberty is Invaded." Tickets fifty cents. A profitable and pleasant evening is sure to be had by all attending.

## General News.

Texas is furnishing Alaska with horses. The Queen of Roumania has a mania for music. Fifty per cent. of the cholera cases at Naples were fatal. In Canada, attaches of newspapers are called "the officers." There are sixty German societies in New Haven, Conn. Mathew Arnold intends to take another American tour. Many Western county papers take wheat on subscription. Eggs are 50 cents a dozen in Washington Territory. Europe cannot begin to get along without United States meat. Mrs. Justice Field is said to be the best read woman in Boston. Electric motors will be put on the Brooklyn bridge in about sixty days. The use of trade marks was common among the merchants of ancient Babylon. And now New Yorkers are projecting an ice palace after the style of Montreal. Lady Tennyson for several years past has written her husband's letters and "autographs." Bessie Jenifer, a new-boy on the Panhandle Road, recently found \$30,000 in an empty car seat. A negro of Crawford County, Kentucky, less than thirty years old, is the mother of eleven children. Pennsylvania has more Postoffices than any other State in the Union. A married lady in Whitney, Tex., weighs forty pounds. Her week-old baby weighs five and one-half pounds. The Empress of China is fifty-seven years old. Cows were pastured on Boston common as late as 1830. Few grandmothers are less than twenty-six off the stage. Nevada sends exhibits to New Orleans to the value of \$50,000. Florida expects a greater number of winter sojourners than usual. There is a scheme to connect Italy and Sicily by means of a bridge. An Erie County, Pa., woman horsewhipped a policeman for slandering her. Gen. Grant's intimate friends predict that he will not live more than a year or two. In England there are over 2,000,000 families that possess an average wealth of \$18,000 each. A writer on the habits of birds says: "One fact sometimes ascribed to man is, in the case of birds, a literal fact—they can sleep with one eye open." Two Englands, two Wales, two Irelands and two Scotlands could be carried out of big Texas, with enough left over for some nice little islands. There are 1,403 dust-women in England and Wales, who spend their lives in raking over dust heaps for what gain they may find. And they like work. Paper is made in France from the hop vine and it is claimed that the fiber secured is the best substitute for rags yet obtained, as it possesses great length, strength, flexibility and delicacy. Eighteen karat gold is worth about \$16 an ounce. The last importations of cocaine cost \$8 a pound or \$224 an ounce. An apothecary's promise of this substance, would, therefore, cost over \$3,500. Virginia has a larger state debt than any other state in the Union, Tennessee being second and Louisiana third. It is alleged that opium is smuggled ashore from vessels in the bay of San Francisco by means of floats made of bladders, which are thrown overboard at night, and which are then picked up by the occupants of row boats. Sunday gunning is against the laws of New York. There are only nine roller skating rinks in Minneapolis. In Boston the yearly tax averages \$27.30 to each inhabitant. A New York poodle has been taught to drink applejack. One of the new engagement rings has a garnet heart on it. The value of landed estates in England is rapidly depreciating. The largest United States bond issued is the \$50,000 registered bond. A Lewiston, Me., man distributed hair pins at the polls as Belva Lockwood ballots.

## Chinese Notions of Immortality.

A writer in a recent issue of the *North China Herald* discusses the early Chinese notions of immortality. In the most ancient times ancestral worship was maintained on the ground that the souls of the dead exist after this life. The present is a part only of human existence, and men continue to be after death what they have become before it. Hence the honors accorded to men of rank in their lifetime were continued to them after their death. In the earliest utterances of Chinese national thought on this subject we find that duality which has remained the prominent feature in Chinese thinking ever since. The present life is light; the future is darkness. What the shadow is to the substance, the soul is to the body; what vapor is to water, breath is to man. By the process of cooling, steam may again become water, and the transformations of animals teach us that beings inferior to man may live after death. Ancient Chinese then believed that as there is a male and female principle in all nature, a day and a night as inseparable from each other in the universe as the sun and the moon, in the course of ages, and in the vicissitudes of religious ideas, men came to believe more definitely in the possibility of communications with supernatural beings. In the twelfth century before the Christian era it was a distinct belief that the thoughts of the sages were to them a revelation from above. The "Book of Odes," frequently uses the expression "God spoke to them," and one sage is represented after death "moving up and down in the presence of God in heaven." A few centuries subsequently we find for the first time great men transferred in the popular imagination to the sky; it being believed that their souls took up their abode in certain constellations. This was due to the fact that the ideas of immortality had taken a new shape, and that the philosophy of the time regarded the stars as things belonging to this world, and therefore that which is purest on earth ascends to the regions of the stars. At the same time hermits and other ascetics began to be credited with the power of extraordinary longevity, and the stork became the animal which the immortals preferred to ride above all others. The idea of plants which confer immunity from

death soon sprang up. The fungus known as *Polyporus lucidus* was taken to be the most efficacious of all plants in guarding man from death, and 3,000 ounces of silver have been asked for a single specimen. Its red color was among the circumstances which gave it its reputation, for at this time the five colors of Babylonian astrology had been accepted as indications of good and evil fortune. This connection of a red color with the sign of immortality through the medium of good and bad luck led to the adoption of cinnabar as the philosopher's stone, and thus to the construction of the whole system of alchemy. The plane of immortal life is spoken of in ancient Chinese literature at least a century before the mineral. In correspondence with the tree of life in Eden there was probably a Babylonian tradition which found its way to China shortly before Chinese writers mention the plant of immortality. The Chinese, not being navigators, must have got their ideas of the ocean which surrounds the world from those who were, and when they received a cosmography they would receive it with its legends.—*Nature*.

## Gone to the Summer Land.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

You will recollect meeting the genial old gentleman, Doctor Thomas Willis, when you and your wife were on a visit at our place last July. The doctor was intensely materialistic, but was investigating Spiritualism, and, as you thought, making slow progress. He has, however, kept up the investigation, and recently has had some very convincing tests. Yesterday morning (Nov. 24th) he sent a note by a boy to say he was near the other shore, and would like to see us before he departed. My wife and I hastened to his bed side. He had been suffering for three or four days with a complication of pneumonia, heart disease and asthma, which made respiration almost impossible and painful in the extreme. Our presence seemed to please and revive him, and he entered into a lively and cheerful conversation on the subject of the future life. We asked what about the outlook ahead, and if all was bright and beautiful on the other side. "O, yes," he said, "I have never had any fear of horrid devils or angry gods, but my old materialistic views still cling to me, and at times I feel skeptical as to the continuity of life, but the beautiful and soul-satisfying philosophy of Spiritualism is fast dispelling the dark clouds of materialism. Spiritualism is the only religion that has any common sense, rationality or consolation in it, and it gives me much comfort."

He had reason to believe that departed friends and loved ones were waiting with extended arms to meet him and greet him on the other side. He lived until 12 o'clock noon, when breathing ceased and the freed spirit took its flight into the arms of his departed wife, children and friends, leaving the body without the slightest struggle or tremor as quietly and sweetly as a child would go to sleep on the bosom of its mother. Such was the happy, peaceful, trustful birth of the spirit of our dear old friend, Doctor Willis, into the celestial world. Some years ago his friends without distinction of party elected him to serve in the Legislature of this State, which post he filled with honor; but his services as a physician and surgeon were too useful and indispensable to the people to be diverted to politics, and he returned to the arduous duties of his profession. His kind and sympathetic disposition and fine social qualities, added to his long experience and eminent skill in his profession, greatly endeared him to the people, and although the infirmities of age and a disabled limb had prevented a general practice for several years, he has been sent for, far and near, to consult in difficult cases to the last. The oldest physician in the county, at the ripe age of 79 years, crowned with honor in his profession and enshrined in the affections of the people, he has finished his labors on earth and graduated to higher spheres of honor and usefulness in fields of endless progress; and thus, one by one, the agnostic, the materialist, and even the orthodox Christian—the hardest shell to break—led by the gleaming light of the Harmonical Philosophy and the benign influence and teachings of the Spirit-world, emerge from the mists and fogs of skepticism on the one hand, and dogmatic theology on the other, into the purer atmosphere of a scientific, philosophic and practical religion.

WM. DRURY.

Cassell & Company, New York, may take praise to themselves for having issued a handsome illustrated catalogue for this year. It is large quarto in size, thirty-two pages of extra fine calendered but paper. Nearly every page of the catalogue bears an illustration, and some of them more than one, all well printed. It is sent on receipt of ten cents to any address.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Sold by all druggists. 100 doses \$1.

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## Business Notices.

HULSON TUTTLE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attends funerals. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1827 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

It is beyond question that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has done and is doing vast good, and is worthy of the place of honor it holds at the head of all remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs.

FOR TEN CENTS. The St. Louis Magazine, distinctly Western in make-up, now in the fifteenth year, is brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems, timely reading and humor. Sample copy and a set of gold colored picture cards sent for ten cents. Address J. Gilmore, 213 North Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and Magazine sent one year for \$2.50.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets every Sunday at 3 and 7:45 P. M., at the new hall on Ave. C, 11th Street, near Fulton. M. J. T. Little, resident speaker; Daniel Conner, Sec'y.

A Spiritual Conference for discussing questions pertaining to the advancement of Spiritual Truth, will be held in the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, 416 Ave. C, between Groves and Fulton Aves. every Sunday at 3 P. M. Sent free on application.

December 7.—Address by Mrs. A. C. Henderson of New York City, with tests of spirit presence.

December 14.—A Mediumistic Session under charge of Mrs. T. R. Snyder of New York City.

December 21.—Lecture by Prof. Henry Kiddie.

December 28.—A Mediumistic Session with practical illustrations by Dr. F. F. Mearns.

R. B. NICHOLS, Chairman.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 125 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 3:30 P. M. and 7:30 evening, in Arcadium Hall, No. 57 West 25th St., corner Sixth Avenue.

Kansas City, Mo.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main streets. Dr. E. G. Granville, President; A. J. Colby, Secretary.

SEND TO JOHN H. MCALVIN, Lowell Mass., 14 years Tax Collector, for his remedy for DYSPEPSIA.

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## Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

### A Theosophic Marriage.

She was a theosophic miss  
Who sighed for sweet Nirvana;  
Who talked of ecstatic life  
And that in very mystic manner.  
She wore a wide and psychic smile,  
Used diction transcendental.  
Two suitors her beseeched meanwhile—  
Both soft and sentimental.

The one, he was a drummer bland,  
Who wore a lofty collar;  
He knew not things were hollow, and  
He chased the nimble dollar.  
The other was a soulful youth,  
Who talked of things symbolic;  
Enamored quite of inner truth—  
And predisposed to colic.

The one, he talked of common love,  
In tones that made her shudder;  
The other soared with her above  
To misty realms of Buddha.  
She sent the first upon his way  
With snub unmitigated—  
Upon the other smiled, and they  
By Hyman were translated.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

Within a lofty Harlem flat  
She found her sweet Nirvana;  
She does not think of this and that  
As many zealous fanatics;  
She dreams of wiser Buddha's nose  
And squawks Zoroaster,  
And mends their transcendental clothes  
Torn by occult disaster.

Her adept husband still can solve  
The mystic of eternal,  
But for some reason can't evolve  
A salary diurnal.  
He still floats on to cycles new,  
But fills his astral body  
With—not the Cheela's milky brew—  
But Jersey apple toddy.

She eloquently mourns her life  
And abjures her Latin,  
To daily see the drummer's wife  
Drive by her clad in satin.  
She has been heard, in fact to say  
When somewhat discontented,  
"Though 'cooptics' hold social sway,  
Though 'dogies' enjoy their day,  
I think, in love the good old way  
By far the best invented."

—Century Magazine.

### The Gospel of True Manhood.

BY CHARLES DAWKINS.

NO. 1.

I have no intention to discuss the question of divorce from its broad national standpoint, nor to regard it from any political aspect. But there is a scientific view of the subject, as well as an intensely practical for those who are or who will be married.

A very startling aspect is this, that complete divorce is impossible to the woman who has ever become a mother and motherly life may separate, and their marriage be nullified by law; yet in the face of that fact we declare that complete divorce is impossible for the woman who has become a mother. Recall what was said earlier in these articles, and you will soon see the force of this position. The husband's thoughts, emotions and true inner life, as well as his whole ancestral influences, have passed into the child.

Some of you have witnessed the wonders of psychometry, how a photograph held in the hand carries with it to the sensitive the loves, hates, weakness and strength of the man who sat down just where the sun's white rays were looking for the whole truth. Now, if that be the result of a few seconds exposure of a face to the camera, what must be the effect of nine months actual life upon the organism of woman, made doubly sensitive by her condition? And as the life of her blood is passing through the fetus, surging along with every heart beat, it is bringing back to her every thing of the special human nature belonging to the father of that child. She is no longer only the daughter of her loving father and mother, but has become in her inner nature a part of her husband, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

So far we have sufficiently proved our position; but now we will look to the practical side. Suppose a young man & have loved a girl who has become the wife of another. She becomes a mother, and then freed by law or death, marries her former lover. She cannot bear him children of his own individuality, as she could have done in the first place. Her first husband, actually continues to share the fatherhood of her present family. As I have already hinted, this may result in a blessing instead of a curse; and if the former marriage were one of mutual love, and a happy life was blessed by the cruel separation of death; and further, if the family antecedents of her husband were of the normal average, there is no reason whatever why such a second marriage should not result as happily as the first had done. Once in strong physical health, she launched at disease; now she is a chronic patient of the medical faculty; once sanctified with the holiness of purity, she may now have absorbed some weakness that shall only be discovered in the hour of a great temptation. Her first husband yet lives in her life, and all unconsciously to herself colors her thoughts. Thus a second divorce and a third become more easy, till at last the cause may be made to show in favor of her husband.

So we see that nature has no complete divorce for the mother of humanity. If this solemn fact could be fully realized it would teach several great truths:

1. The tremendous importance of marriage. It means, we see, far more than is popularly supposed. It shows the necessity for searching ancestral records. We have seen a young man marry a girl, the last of several sisters, who had all died of consumption. She died, leaving two children to a living death. You mark with pity this assured result and say the young man ought not to have so married; but do you not see that even worse consequences might have followed if he had married into a family tainted with vice and crime, though the girl might be pure and her parents most respectable?

2. It teaches that marriage to a widow who has been a mother, is not on the same basis as marriage to a maid, and demands a redoubled care in investigation.

3. If she be a widow by divorce, it teaches you almost to a certainty that the wrongs from which she has suffered will taint your children and imperil your married happiness.

4. It is the voice of wisdom warning every young married couple to keep pure in thought, word and deed as they dwell in the temple of their mutual love. There is always a moment which is a turning point, where wrong can be avoided, discord stopped, or a misunderstanding explained.

5. Discord carries with it, physically and mentally, more direct consequences to the woman than to the man, so most severely when the husband springs the cause of divorce upon him should fall the full responsibility to mother and children up to the last dollar he may be able to earn.

6. Since in all diseases to which humanity is liable, prevention is better than cure, we urge upon every couple that if they will continue to each other the same courteous after marriage as before, and live the true life of husband and wife, the whole subject of divorce might be relegated to the dim recesses of an unnecessary story.

New York.

### Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A terrific storm of wind and rain did not prevent a large audience from meeting Sunday evening, Nov. 23rd, to hear Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten's lecture, and who listened with deep interest to the close. The subject selected was "The Soul of Things," and while I shall not attempt to give a synopsis of this able and eloquent address I may be able to give a faint outline of it. She stated that the primal elements in nature are matter, force and spirit, and that these are all governed by the laws of attraction and repulsion; that by the action of this law of repulsion in nature's laboratories, that is thrown off which we call dead or inert. Force is the power that accomplishes this; spirit is latent in matter and force, and when through the evolution of nature, matter has thrown off certain elements through this force-power, new forms and new life are the results; hence the various kingdoms—mineral, vegetable and animal—are ever at work in unison and in accord with the divine economy. Spirit pervades all things, and that which once existed, can never be lost. The speaker argued, that the violet that sent forth its perfume in the air, has no need; it is the perfume of the flower that would bloom in the garden. Cities that had once existed on this planet, would exist again in counterpart in the Spirit-world; in fact they are component parts of those worlds that are eternal. She paid a glowing tribute to the labors of Prof. Wm. Denton, explained at length this power of the soul or spirit, and argued that every kind of good, beneficent act, or wrong done, will be felt in all the eternities. In closing she urged upon all to live their noblest here and now, to seek the highest inspiration, and hence they would be able to comprehend "The Soul of Things."

At our Conference Meeting in the afternoon, Mr. Wm. C. Bowen gave the opening address, upon the subject of "Imposture by Professional Mediums—What the Remedy?" The speaker said that he would have preferred to have selected a pleasanter theme, but this subject is one of vast importance, not only to the honest and true mediums, but to the cause, and one which all Spiritualists should consider carefully. He set forth that there is a portion of so-called Spiritualists who are ready to condone fraud and to cry "charity." It is far easier to be charitable than to be just. Many honest and sincere men and women are inclined to doubt the value of any honest or just exposure that has been made. He would only give a few cases of the exposure of bogus mediums, who were having large success nights after night for what is claimed to be full-form materializations. He said he believed that materialization is possible under right conditions, and he hoped that it would be scientifically demonstrated. The first case he would present was that of a woman in Boston, who had been before the public for some years, and a great many professed Spiritualists had believed that the manifestations given by her were genuine. There were some, however, who after attending her sances, believed that each spirit that came out was only herself. One evening the trickster was caught, after three spirits (so-called) had made their appearance. Instead of "Billy," "Walter," and "John," these female forms came out, one of the circles placed his arm around the supposed spirit, and found it composed of flesh and blood, and of the earth very earthy. A struggle ensued, and several confederates pounced upon this investigator; the lights were put out and darkness intervened. Some had matches, and on lighting them, Mrs. B. was found with red and angry white robes, and her black dress pinned about her shoulders. The cap and little blue shirt front, which she had worn as "Billy" was picked up with her shoes and were preserved as trophies by the investigators.

Another, and perhaps, a more flagrant case, occurred during the year in Philadelphia. An old man, a veteran Spiritualist, attended the sances of another professional medium, official after official, under the belief that his daughter "Esther" materialized. Some of the wide-awake reporters of the secular papers thought they would capture a materialized spirit, if possible, and see what it was made of. At this sance, this old man's daughter, Esther and Gertrude, were supposed to be present, and on this evening, when the supposed spirit appeared, the reporter sprang and caught the supposed spirit. The official of the police force were present. The spirit proved to be a man who had been giving these shows for years in the City of Brotherly Love. The stock of wigs, frizzes, hats, robes, etc., were enough to fill a large box. The medium and his paraphernalia were taken to the Police Court, and he was put into prison, but, probably, has been bailed out by some zealous Spiritualist, who disapproved of the proceedings. The venerable old man, who is quite wealthy, would probably become his bondsman, and the poor persecuted medium could again pick up his deception upon the credulous.

Another medium who also gave these materialization shows in Chicago advertised them in the leading dailies as follows: "Spiritualism—Extraordinary materialization science, full force, in light on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Business and medical sittings daily. Dr. —" An almost verbatim advertisement by the same person can be seen in the Daily Epochus any evening this week. You are well aware that the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has been doing valiant service in the exposure of these tricksters in all parts of the country, and has received the curses, loud and deep, from all who are perpetrating fraud, and from professed Spiritualists, who are ever ready to cry—"A war on mediums!" This person, who issued this advertisement in Chicago, came to grief on Thanksgiving night of 1883. It was a sad life of November to this pretender; and after his several spirit forms had shown themselves, including that of President Garfield, the White Prince, with the waving plumes appeared. The sances were investigated, and the spirit, it was a vigorous and lusty flesh and blood person who could strike from the shoulder. His stock in trade, wigs, masks, robes, frizzes, etc., were seized, and he and his traps taken to a police station, and on trial he was fined \$100 for obtaining money under false pretences. Not appreciating the exposure, he migrated to pastures new, and turned up in New York City. He was again exposed, that he may meet true, careful investigators, who may be able to find out what manner of spirit forms he may be able to show, and turn him over to law and justice.

But enough, friends. Does your heart sicken at the tale, and will not your righteous indignation find utterance in an untold effort to drive such impostors from the ranks of mediums? Have you ever been much in favor of organization among Spiritualists, but I hope a movement will be inaugurated all over the country to protect and surround all true and honest mediums, of whatever phase of mediumship, with a wall of fire; and that the press will also unite as one man in the work. Foremost in this work will be the pure white banner of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and the Light of the Branch, Light, Light for Thinkers. In this country, and in London, England, are with the good and the true. A strong and determined effort by every honest man and woman who profess to believe in our faith will drive these impostors into darkness and obscurity, and true and genuine mediumship will be honored and sustained by all who love our cause and have received the evidences of the presence of the loved ones who have passed to the other life. Mr. Bowen's lecture, of which my synopsis cannot do justice, was listened to with deep interest and warmly applauded.

Dr. V. B. Stocum followed Mr. Bowen, and said that he had a deep interest in the subject, and that Spiritualists would combine to rid the cause of charlatans and impostors, it would be respected by all candid men and women of whatever faith.

Brooklyn, N. Y. S. B. NICHOLS.

### A Psychical Research Society Desired by a Lady Medium and Physician.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have read an article in the JOURNAL on the subject of Psychical Research. I am glad to see so many interested for the time has come when the advanced Spiritualists of to-day call for something more than the phenomena of our beautiful faith. If Spiritualism can't stand the test of science, then let it go down. There is no fear but what it can. It is the science of all religions, and older than all others. It is the religion of the ancients long before the birth of Christ, and it was born with man, and developed with man, for his is the philosophy of all things spiritual, and must live and grow forever. I do hope you will keep this subject before the minds of your readers until we have Psychical Research Societies established in every town and city. I would most heartily co-operate with such a society as far as my poor powers could be directed.

Wm. Dr. A. COOMBS.

220 Second St. Minneapolis, Minn.

### Spiritualism in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

We have no sensational Spiritualism just now in this city; I mean no flaring-ghost apparitions, which have had such a checked history in these parts; yet Spiritualism is stronger here than ever before. Sensationalism does not constitute our strength, but that calm deliberate method, which takes time to consider and weigh evidence, is the great source of the growth of Spiritualism in this city. We cannot dispense with mediums. They are the foundation of the whole structure, the first element in the subject. It seems to me that we have too few mediums developed and developing; we want more good mediums, such as can stand before the cautious. We do not want fortune-telling mediums, diagnosing the mysterious future for 25 cents. What intelligent man will not turn away with abhorrence and loathing from that cause which fosters such humbug in this nineteenth century; yet what a large number of people are content to wallow in this superstitious bog-mire of Spiritualism. It is simply sickening. We denounce superstition on our platforms, and our rhetoric becomes wrathful at the credulity of Christians, though we have mediums ready to give the name of the fastest horse in Brighton Beach or the next rise in stocks in Wall Street. This is not Spiritualism, nor is this kind of work the business of the Spirit-world. Poor, detectable world, if such be thy work only! The Spirit-world looks with loathing upon ordinary fortune-telling. We do not want mediums for that kind of work. They exist because there is a demand for them. The vulgar credulous public are anxious to get at such mediums, and some of them have fine gifts of clairvoyance and clairaudience. Such powers are very mysterious to the unlearned, and exciting to the curious, so much so that craving curiosity is soon cultivated for their manifestations. I know there are a great number of this class of mediums in this city. I need not warn Spiritualists of them. 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## Mr. Gladstone at a Seance.

(Light, London.)

In last week's *Light* we stated in very general terms that the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had been present at a seance, and we promised to give further particulars in this week's issue. Within a few hours of the publication of our last number, the Metropolitan News Agency and members of the Press were busily engaged in the endeavor to get at the facts. In this they do not appear to have been very successful, and the brief narratives that have been presented to the public are so imperfect that we need offer no apology for giving at length the result of an interview with one of our own staff had with the medium, Mr. W. Eglinton, 12, Old Quebec Street, W.

Question.—I hear, Mr. Eglinton, that you had a seance with Mr. Gladstone. May I ask if that is so?

Answer.—I had that honor yesterday (Wednesday, October 29th). But how did you hear of it?

Q.—Never mind. It is already whispered in Fleet street, and the rumor will soon spread, so that you must expect, within a very few hours, to be harassed by a number of interviewers on the part of the newspapers. Are you at liberty to tell me the circumstances?

A.—To some extent I may do so, perhaps, not having been asked, as I am in some cases, to make a secret of it. But everything depends on what you wish to know.

Q.—Did Mr. Gladstone visit you at your rooms?

A.—No, I met him at the residence of a lady of distinction in Grosvenor-square. Beyond that I am not prepared to go.

Q.—You feel that you are not at liberty to mention the name?

A.—I am not. You may, for present purposes, call her Mrs. O. I had been invited to meet Lady X, the Marchioness of Z, and Mr. Gladstone.

Q.—To give a seance?

A.—I understood beforehand that I was to attempt to give some exhibition of my powers as a medium for slate-writing.

Q.—Experience has shown that for successful seances it is necessary for the medium, in such cases, to be quite at his ease—free from all mental disturbances. In accepting the invitation did you feel that you could be quite at your ease in the presence of a man of such distinction as Mr. Gladstone?

A.—I confess I did not. My feelings at first were of a decidedly nervous kind on learning that I was to be the only other man present, and naturally the knowledge that I was to meet England's greatest statesman added not a little to this nervousness. But I was soon relieved of all apprehension in this respect. I arrived a few minutes before Mr. Gladstone, and after he had saluted his hostess I was presented to him, when, with a pleasant smile, he stepped briskly across the room, and shook hands with me, saying, "I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir." I was much struck with this mark of affability, because when men meet for the first time in a drawing room, it is not usual to do more than bow, and that is often done in the most distant manner. And if anything more was needed to put me "at my ease" it was the fact that though Mr. Gladstone, at first, conversed for the most part on general topics, doing so in the most agreeable manner, and without the slightest air of conscious superiority, he gave me distinctly to understand that he had no skepticism in regard to the possibility of psychical phenomena. He was already convinced, he said, that there were subtle forces with which "our puny minds" could not deal, and which he could not comprehend; he held the attitude, therefore, not of a scoffer, but a student who had no reason to doubt the genuineness of my pretensions. His recent experiences in thought-reading were sufficient to show that there were forces in nature which were not generally recognized.

Q.—After that you proceeded to give illustrations of your mediumship?

A.—Yes. We took our places round an oval table of the usual description.

Q.—How were you seated in relation to each other?

A.—Lady X sat next to me, on my right. On Lady X's right was Mrs. O., then Mr. Gladstone, and then the Marchioness of Z.

Q.—What slates were used?

A.—Mrs. O. had provided two common school slates, and I had brought my own historic Brahman double slate with oak frame.

Q.—I have heard that that slate was presented to you by His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Albany, who had had it made expressly for seances which he had with you, and that on the inner surfaces of these locked slates he received written communications which he believed came from a departed relative who was very dear to him. Is that so?

A.—I am not at liberty to say anything about my relations with the Duke of Albany.

Q.—And your experiments in Mr. Gladstone's presence were successful?

A.—Quite so. We had communications in reply to questions, the replies being written, sometimes very lengthy ones, on the hostess's own slates, both when held under the table and when laid upon the table in full view of all present; and also within the locked slates.

Q.—Can you tell me the nature of the communications?

A.—No, I cannot do that, and you must not press me too closely. I can only tell you the most unimportant of them with which the experiments commenced. We began by asking Mr. Gladstone to write a question upon one of the school slates. He did so, and the slate was held by me beneath the table, with the question upon the under side so that I could not see it, the other side being pressed closely against the under side of the table. Presently the writing began—

Q.—Did Mr. Gladstone hear the writing?

A.—He did—and his face was a study. His intense look of amazement would have been amusing to those who have had experience of such phenomena, and was intensified when the slate was brought up, and the few words which had been written were declared by him to be a pertinent reply to his question. The reply was "In the year 1857," and on the slate being turned over it was found that his question had been—"Which year do you remember to have been more dry than the present one?" After that Mr. Gladstone took the locked slate into a corner of the room, and on the inside of it wrote a question, which of course none of us saw. Then locking the slate and retaining the key, the slate was handed to one of the ladies and myself, and we both held it in the sight of all. While in this position the writing was heard heard going upon the closed surfaces, and upon the slate being opened it was found that the question asked was, "Is the Pope ill or well?" which had been answered in reply by the words, "He is ill in mind, not in body."

Q.—It occurs to me that these were rather trivial questions to put, and such as the "Intelligence" or "Occult Forces" at work, were not likely to know very much about?

A.—Perhaps so; but you should bear in

mind that I have given you the particulars of the first experiments only, and in all probability Mr. Gladstone's mind was then occupied with the simple question of whether any writing at all was possible under the circumstances. Of the subsequent experiments I can only say that they were perfectly successful; that some of the communications were written upon Mrs. O.'s own slates when held under the table; that several messages were given, not only between these two slates, but also within the locked slate, in view of all present; and that some of the questions were put in Spanish, French, and Greek, and satisfactorily answered in the same languages.

Q.—Are you yourself acquainted with Spanish, French, and Greek?

A.—I know very little of French, and nothing at all of either Spanish or Greek.

Q.—I have myself had so many seances with you, under every conceivable variety of circumstances, that I cannot doubt the genuineness of the slate-writing produced through your mediumship; but, of course, a stranger to the phenomena could hardly be expected to be satisfied with his first experience, and therefore it was especially desirable that a gentleman of Mr. Gladstone's distinction and influence should have every opportunity of the closest observation. Do you think he was satisfied?

A.—Yes, I think so. He did not say so, in so many words, but his actions, and all that he said then and subsequently, seemed to point to it. Indeed, I do not see how he could be otherwise than satisfied that to whatever power the phenomena might be attributable—they were at least of an occult or abnormal character. The written questions were in every case unknown to me; and pertinent answers, as I have told you, were written between slates fully exposed to view upon, or held over, the table of a brilliantly lighted drawing-room—the writing being distinctly heard while in the actual process. Mr. Gladstone had the fullest opportunity of observation, and I have no doubt whatever that his keen penetrating eyes, as he carefully watched all that was passing, assured him that everything was genuine. As one indication I may mention the evident interest he took in the messages themselves, which he could scarcely have done if he had any suspicion whatever of the bona fides of the experiments. From first to last he made a careful record of all the questions and all the replies.

Q.—You spoke just now of Mr. Gladstone having said something after the seance—was that in reference to what had occurred during the evening?

A.—Not directly. But after the seance, and while the ladies were otherwise engaged, Mr. Gladstone entered into conversation with me on psychical subjects. I remarked upon the absurd attitude of the general public, and of many scientific men, in refusing to investigate what were but simple facts after all, when Mr. Gladstone replied in effect—(for I do not profess to be able to remember his words)—"I have always thought that scientific men run too much in a groove. They do noble work in their own special lines of study and research, but they are too often indisposed to give any attention whatever to matters which seem to conflict with their established modes of thought. Indeed, they not infrequently attempt to deny that into which they have never inquired, not sufficiently realizing the fact that there may possibly be forces in nature of which they know nothing."

As I talked with him on topics of a kindred character I was very pleased to see how his great mind could, even at this late hour of his life, open itself to the fair consideration of any new truth, however much it might run counter to previous experiences. He spoke at length of his own observations many years ago in the domains of clairvoyance and electro-biology, and then inquired whether there were any societies specially devoted to the study of occult phenomena. When I told him of the London Spiritualist Alliance and other societies, and mentioned some of the names of persons connected with them, and of others who had given attention to the subjects, he seemed greatly interested; and when I spoke of the literature of Spiritualism he said that he already knew that the movement was represented by excellent journals, and that many eminent men had written on the question—instancing Varley, Crookes, Wallace, Balfour, and others—one of whom, Mr. Crookes, had acknowledged his obligations to Mr. C. Blackburn, a wealthy gentleman lately resident in Manchester. I asked him whether he would honor me by accepting a few books upon the subject, to which he very kindly replied that, although he had many works on various matters laid by for reading when the time came for him to be able to do so, he would most cheerfully undertake to read any books I might desire to send him, adding, "And I shall keep them as a memento of this very interesting evening."

I had a long and very pleasant conversation with him, but I think I have told you all that I ought to tell you, and I have certainly said more than I intended to say when I began.

Q.—Upon the whole you were gratified by the interview?

A.—Decidedly. I have met princes and princesses, but kind and condescending as they always were, I have never experienced keener pleasure than in the reflection that I have done something towards helping W. E. Gladstone to a better understanding of the possibility of communion with "friends who have gone before."

## Spirits Amid The Elms.

Rapid Growth of Spiritualism in New Haven—Some Strange Stories.

(New Haven Register.)

"I see that the Rev. Mr. Houghton talks about starting a new church," said a well-known New Havener to a reporter on Chapel street this morning. "Well, that's all right, and his church would probably find room for itself and grow. But I can tell you it is really surprising to see the way that Spiritualism is growing in favor and influence, even in this conservative city. It is a quiet movement, with no noise or stir about it. But even among the business men, who are supposed to be practical, a belief in the philosophy of Spiritualism is gaining a strong foothold. I know men who regulate their business transactions largely by the advice received from some form of spirit medium. And they don't very often get left, either."

"Let me see. It was some fifteen years ago when the first lecture was given on Spiritualism in this city. For about seven years the meetings were kept up, and the best lecturers in the field spoke here. The meetings were held on Sunday evenings. As a rule they were pretty well attended. I remember a peculiarity of those meetings. On a stormy evening the attendance would be larger than on a clear, pleasant night. When it rained hard and was very dark, good orthodox Christians would pull their umbrellas down over their heads and quietly drop into one of the

back seats out near the door. Although they were ashamed to be seen, they no doubt heard much that enlightened them. At any rate the attendance increased."

"Yes, I believe that there is something in the manifestation of so-called spiritual phenomena. I don't say that it is spirits. But I have witnessed and felt unmistakable evidences of some inscrutable power. I have seen a table rise up and whirl about in the air, have felt a chair lift itself aloft and balance itself on my head. But that sort of business doesn't amount to anything. You wouldn't believe it, nor would any one else. I remember one evening when I was playing cribbage with a friend of mine who was a medium. We are both very fond of the game, and have often played all night together. I happened to think of mentally asking a question about my opponent's hand. I asked the spirits, or whatever you choose to call it, to rap three times if he had a good hand and once if he had a poor one. I heard the responses distinctly. Every time the three raps came my opponent had a good hand. That gave me something of an advantage and I beat him badly. At last he heard the raps, too, and asked me if I was asking questions. I lied to him and told him I was not. Finally he threw down the cards in disgust and went off to bed. That same man was privately examined by Yale professors. He answered questions they put to him in Latin, although he knew nothing about that language. He finally answered questions before they were put to him, anticipating what was coming."

"I have no doubt that if the truth were told you would be surprised to know how strong a hold Spiritualism has on many people here who attend orthodox churches. You see the clergy are so terribly down on it that their parishioners don't dare come out openly and say that they believe in Spiritualism. I could give you some names of prominent men who have been converted, but I guess I'd better not."

## Kate Smulsey's Past.

Kate Smulsey, who has now fasted 261 days at Fort Plain, N. Y., has not materially changed in the last few weeks. She is but slightly weaker, the irresistible shaking of her body and arms still continuing. The appearance of her flesh is not such as would be expected of one who has endured such a protracted fast, but is rather bloated and abnormal in semblance. She receives the best of care from her mother, who continually watches by her side. Miss Smulsey last tasted food on the 11th of March. Her mother testified to this, and adds that she earnestly wishes that her daughter would eat something. Katie herself talks little and in a scarcely audible voice. She says she has no appetite for anything, even were she in a condition to eat. She is firm in her belief that she will eventually be restored to health. Dr. Zoller, the family physician, says that she takes no medicine now, and has not for some time.

"It is a very strange case," said the doctor to a reporter. "I do not know what to think of it. To exist without nourishment for this length of time is contrary to all medical science, and yet during all my attendance on her I have never seen her eat anything, nor have I discovered any indication that she has done so. I have frequently advised her to eat anything her stomach could stand, and have taken delicate gruels to her, but she always absolutely refused to partake of them. How much longer she can live in this condition I can say nothing about."

There is no question in this community as to the veracity of the Smulsey family, which is highly respected. They were very reluctant in allowing the case to reach public notice, and are extremely diffident now on being approached with inquiries concerning the girl's condition. Miss Smulsey was twenty years old on the 24th of last month.—Ex.

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VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 13, 1884.

No. 16

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## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture Delivered at Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, Aug. 28th, 1884, BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

[Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

I am addressing Spiritualists, and when I say that this religion, science of knowledge—call it by whatever name you please—is the most priceless boon, compared with which all others sink into insignificance, I but echo the thoughts of your innermost hearts. I need not ask how you became Spiritualists; I read in your faces the history of the struggle. You were reared in the Church, not doubting its authority until you began to reflect and think. Those were days of mental anguish and nights of suffering. The foundations of belief were broken up, and no certainty anywhere; over the wide waste no land on which the dove of hope could rest its weary flight. The prayers taught by the sweet lips of a sainted mother, and the gentle songs she sang became a mockery. There was fierce conflict and weary struggle; and how anxiously you looked back on the days of unquestioning belief which brought peace and restful dreams.

Then you were led to the investigation of Spiritualism, which came as a balm of Gilead to heal your wounds. How you rejoiced in the new found light! You seemed overwhelmed with a celestial baptism, the veil was lifted, and the spirit-world bent low and blended with the world of men. It gave knowledge for fear and doubt; it destroyed the dogmas of blind belief; it led superstition to the light; it broadened the heart of the bigot, and dried the tears in the eyes of despairing grief. It came as a liberator, breaking the chains which made you thrall; and what unspeakable joy it brought when all the doubt and darkness of your soul vanished in its light! The wealth of the ocean world was as nothing compared to this priceless heritage of immortality, demonstrated and made known.

There are others who have had some one near and dear taken from them, and who have stood beside the casket containing the inanimate clay crying out with choking voice through sobs and tears, against the injustice of such sacrifice. Religion failed to comfort you, science gave no response to hope, and in the darkness of grief, God disappeared. Then it was that over the black waters of oblivion which beat at your very feet on the shore of the grave, came the whispered words of undying love! The dead lived! Oh! joy unspeakable, they came and made their existence known! and now you live in the presence of the departed. You feel them around you, and in darkness and storms, when life presses heavy with burdens, you know that whatever men may say or do, there are true and unselfish ones who know and love you.

It is said that when the fishermen on the Adriatic Sea are away on nights of storm, their wives and maidens go down to the shore and sing the songs they sang together in their cottages. Then they listen. From the scowling wrack of the clouds, from the white flash of angry waters, there comes the wall of winds and hoarse crash of waves beating with relentless anger the rocky shore, but no other sound. Then they sing again; loud and clear their voices blend with the roar of wind and wave, and then again they listen. There are no sounds but the rage of the elements, the howl of wolfish winds, the sullen roar of chasing waves. Oh! heart of undying love. They sing again a song of love, and far out into the darkness is borne the united notes of blended voices. Then

again they listen, and like an echo out of the night, above the shriek of winds and roar of waves, comes the responsive voices of those they seek!

So we as Spiritualists, standing on the shore of this life, before us the infinite sea of immortality, call, and with a faith that comes of knowledge, await the answer of those we mourned as dead.

This Spiritualism has the fullness of life and satisfies all our wants. It is not for a select few, who are admitted into its arcane realm. It comes not with a patent held exclusively by a priesthood, but as the broad light of the sun. It has as many sides as there are receiving individuals, and furnishes each with that which they most demand. To the seeker of the phenomena, it presents a wide range of manifestations, and to the philosophical it gives a fathomless system of research and speculation. It appeals to the most ignorant and the most intelligent. A dog may be attracted to the movement of a table by invisible force, and the most profound scientist is interested in the psychological problems presented. The wonder-seeker has a world of wonders; the miracles of the past are repeated, and a theory of life, here and hereafter, advanced, as profound as the abyss of time and space. Over that abyss, it is true Spiritualism that throws a bridge whose magic lines are anchored on the headlands of immortal life, and over its swaying archway the departed come; but let us not accept the belief that this was left until our time, and that modern Spiritualism is distinct from that of the past. Its greatest strength and enchanting beauty is in the fact that it utilizes all the spiritual phenomena of the ages. It is not for to-day, but for all time, and one law strikes through every manifestation, making whatever is possible in one time, possible in all past ages.

Through all the diverse religions of the races of mankind as recorded in their sacred books, the Testament Old and New, forming our Bible, the Zend Avesta of the fire worshiping Persians, the Vedas of the Hindus, the Book of Kings of the Chinese, the Koran of the Moslems, there are the golden strands of Spiritualism woven into the pattern, without which there is neither light nor beauty. Spiritualism gives us the key whereby we can unlock the mysteries of all these systems, and make them our own. Without its interpretation, we refuse to accept the wonder-works and miracles, as out of the natural order of events. With its light, they are co-ordinated and shown to belong to one vast order, referable to a common cause.

If the worshiper at the shrine of Mohammed should ask us if we believed his prophet was inspired, without this key we should reply: "No! he was an arch deceiver." With it we answer: "The departed sages of his race truly inspired him; and gave utterance to their thoughts through the entranced prophet." When the Christian asks us to believe that Ezekiel was taken up "between the earth and the heavens and brought to Jerusalem" (viii. 3), we have a parallel in the levitation of mediums, and readily accept the statement which otherwise would appear foolish.

Thus we, as Spiritualists, receive and blend the scattered strands of truth from all religions, and take all sacred books for our own. We change and modify, but there is little we wish to destroy. The cheap iconoclasm that would, red-handed, apply the torch to the past and consign all to swift destruction, has no fellowship with us. We respect the past as the foundation of the present. It has had its errors, its terrible blunders, its unspeakable atrocities, but these have been the results of ignorance attempting to reach the heights of knowledge. When I, from the headland overlooking the vast stream of history, retrospect the weary way over which man has traveled from savage ignorance to the present; when I consider the pains, self-inflicted, he has suffered; the tortures endured; the blight of bigotry and superstition on his soul; the dwarfing of his intellect; the stupefaction of his emotions and affections by the selfishness of self-constituted religious teachers—when I, looking over the interminable plain, see the countless hosts of martyrs for opinion, the smoke of ruined cities, the ghastly battle fields strewn with dead and dying, and most terrible of all, the blasting fear of offended God and the doom of eternal torture, sick at heart, I exclaim: "Poor humanity! what a thorny road has been thine, and how bitter has been thy cup!"

But the past bequeaths to us also substantial fruitage. It brings us culture, the self-hood which is our heritage from remotest ancestors. We are what we are, because we represent as an effect of cumulative causes, the history of our race. Our parents and grandparents back to remotest time eliminate in ourselves, and we express the causes and effects experienced by them.

We do not desire to live in Puritan days, and we smile at the fancies of those stern bigots who were so religious they made themselves miserable, and were only happy when most thoroughly wretched. We do not accept their theology; we do not believe in total depravity, infant damnation, eternal punishment, the absolute infallibility of the Bible, and a score of other dogmas which they received as cardinal doctrines on which their hope of heaven depended. But we would not obliterate the name and influence of the Puritans from history. The dogmas have passed, but the stern sense of justice, obedience to law, zeal for the right and true, the sterling character which holds duty above pleasure, and public weal above private desires—these remain, and make possible the glory of our republic.

The seeds of free thought were brought over in the Mayflower, and nourished by the ashes of the grim heroes who braved the terrors of the new world, they have borne fruitage in the Free Thinkers, Free Religionists, Agnostics and Spiritualists of to-day. Let us, then, reverently treat the past, freeing ourselves from the shackles it would impose, and profiting by its legacy of affirmed truths. But modern Spiritualism is distinct from other forms of Liberalism, inasmuch as it brings a demonstration of immortal life. It meets the demands of a scientific age, and furnishes evidence which cannot be gainsaid.

It has been objected that Spiritualism has not presented a single moral truth. It does not claim to have done so. Did Christianity bring new moral truths? Was not even the Golden Rule well known to the pagan world before our era? A new moral system is not demanded. We are systematized to death already. We want to escape from those we have. To patch up the ruins of theocratic religion is not its mission. It comes as the great light of our century, and is received by those educated to its plane; they receive it because it is not a system, but poured out copiously as the sunlight. It is the philosopher's highest conception of his relations to the spiritual universe, his fellow men and spirits; the living thought of the age, ultimately not in the perfection of religion, but in intellectual superiority, which goes on and rounds the character into moral completeness. Man needs not an external revelation, but an internal illumination whereby he can understand the relations he sustains to himself, his brother men and the physical world. Such an illumination is bestowed on all, though unperceived. The myriad hosts of the angel world are around us. They mingle in the affairs of men. Their atmosphere is an exhaustless fount from which we draw our thoughts.

Not to the skin-clad prophets and seers of old, fierce wanderers of the desert, or reclines in mountain cavern, are we to look for truth. They placed themselves outside of humanity, and warped and dwarfed by seclusion, they held narrow views of human needs. To-day a fountain of exhaustless flow is free to every one, intoxicating as Castalian waters, as life-giving as the springs of perpetual youth; and every one may become inspired, with the divine life and a prophet unto himself.

Do you say that the manifestations—moving of physical objects by invisible hands, rappings, the trance utterances of mediums—is Spiritualism? True, they are a part, a very small part. Gather all the manifestations together, and they form but a wave in the ocean, which is supplemented by other waves into the dim remoteness of historic time. It is true, having by this means received the positive assurance of life after death; that those we mourned as dead still live and are near us, we can sit down in the satisfaction of our unspeakable joy and be content. Many do so, and after their years of anguish, they are not blamable that the great light blinds them. The mother who years ago, consigned her darling child to the grave, and because unconvinced regards it either as lost in torment, or its life blotted out like an exhausted taper; after the weary doubt, the despair, and the ceaseless gnawings of regret, suddenly becomes conscious of the presence of that child as a beauteous spirit, with all the old love and affection; she finds this fact sufficient to fill her soul from nadir to zenith, and all the horizon round.

Yet Spiritualism is vastly more than this, for it reaches beyond all phenomena, being the eternal principles on which they all rest. It is the science of life, here and hereafter. It brings a philosophy of causation and being distinct from that of the physical scientist.

There are two theories of being; there can be only two. The first assumes the eternity of matter and its attributes, and by the co-fluence of atoms, explains the causation of the universe. There is nothing outside of matter. It is all in all, and spiritless and godless, it is capable of itself of arising out of chaos into worlds and into life, and through nerve-cells into thought; so much phosphorus consumed in the brain, so much thought. Homer's Iliad, La Plaine's Celestial Mechanics or Cicero's Orations, represent an exact and ascertainable amount of oxygen and phosphorus consumed. The animal frame is a furnace in which food is burned, and the highest flights of intellect but the vibrations of matter. Beyond the revelations of the senses it declares that nothing can be known.

This theory is called materialism. The other theory, that beneath the fleeting phenomena of the world is a realm of pure spiritual energy, out of which and by force of which all existence flows. It is not from matter, but from the infinite energy of spiritual forces, creation flows as the outward expression of an inward conception. This is the spiritual theory. By one or the other the phenomena of the world must be explained. Can we believe that matter set itself in vibration and through a multitude of changes thus began, culminated in the perfection of creation we see around us to-day? If so, this cause must have had infinite time in which to effect the observed changes, and should have reached perfect results. Hence the time has not been infinite. The creative force began to act at a given period, and has not yet completed its task; there consequently was a time when the attributes of matter were not sufficient to awaken the vibrations of the lowest life. If working in infinite time, what prevented this activity, and why was not perfection attained as it should have been if the premises are correct? Without these qualities, matter is not matter, nor is it matter

without their activity, hence either matter must have come into existence in finite time, or acquired these activities, which is the same.

About matter, which is declared so certain and knowable, really the senses know nothing. The atom is a hypothetical existence, unseen by the eye, unheard by the ear, never revealed by touch; it is the creation of theory for the purpose of supporting other theories, and instead of the certainty so vaunted as characteristic of science, it is a philosophical dream.

Spiritualism in its solution of this profound problem, furnishes the foundation of the temple of true science. In its application to individual human beings it becomes not only a science, but a system of morals and a religion. The profound and subtle Paul expressed the doctrine of Spiritualism most unexceptionally when he said: "There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial—there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." In other words, the terrestrial body is mortal, and the celestial immortal, and death is the severance of the cord which unites the two during earthly life, allowing the freed spirit to go on in its immortal destiny an individualized identity henceforth independent of the vicissitudes of the physical world.

Here we perceive the purpose, the object of creative effort. Viewing the ceaseless turmoil and unrest of nature; the constant ebb and flow of creation; the struggle for existence out of which the sharpest fang and strongest talon have been victorious, the materialist claps his hands in delight and calls the strife progressive evolution! Oh! scientist, evolution for what and to what end? What is the gain? "The gain!" It is answered, "is developed man, a higher civilization, the control of the forces of nature, and the greatest good of the greatest number." "And is that all?" "Is this life the total of existence?"

"The question of a fool!" replies the material scientist, substituting for the sneer of the priest the sneer of sham pity. "Do you expect to hear the hum of the bee after the insect has departed on its busy wings? The song of the bird after the songster is dead? The music of the organ after the instrument has been reduced to ashes? No more should you expect mind, intelligence, after the body ceases to be?" Great are the achievements of modern science, and great are the scientists; but when an association assembled at Washington glibly set themselves to talking about protoplasm as the basis of life and the plastic material which had from itself created all living beings, one of the professors confounded them all by asking the difference between dead and living protoplasm, for to all tests they could apply it was the same.

With like results they investigated the brain of Guitau, with probe and knife, cutting through the tissues, as though they expected to find the causes of his conduct in the flexures of that organ. A little profferance, slightly larger than a mustard seed, was found, and triumphantly spoken of as the cause of his becoming an assassin! Poor Guitau! Poor scientists, who would search for the invisible spirit, knife in hand, through the substance from which it has gone; as though they would tear the cage to pieces to learn the character of the bird confined yesterday by its bars, but to-day singing songs of gladness in some far away and fragrant grove. With a saddened heart we turn from this conception of creation, which, with all its boasted perfection, is purposeless.

If there is no answer to our infinite aspirations, and the human soul is created with all its infinite longings after perfection, its intense emotions its lofty moral ideal, strange so exclusively for the touch of love, only to be swept by the rude hand of pain, and to go out like a flame in the wind; then creation is a failure, and man a blot and blemish on the face of this fair world!

By the light of Spiritualism we interpret quite differently the problem of creation. As we turn the leaves of this earth's history, the thick strata of the rock on which tooth, and fin, bone and scale are the alphabets of God, we find the prophecy of superior beings which came in their order. Everywhere we find the prophecy of man. Every change is made toward the human ideal, as though an irrepressible design working under the restraint of opposing conditions, was constantly asserting itself and making closer and closer approximations to its ideal type. The molusk foreshadowed the fish, the fish the reptile, the reptile the mammal, and the perfection of the mammal is man. In man there is no physical prophecy of a superior or more perfected form. He is the perfect fruitage of the great life-tree, whose roots strike down to the foundation of the physical world. The perfection of man is the immortal nature which is revealed in his organization.

In this life, the struggle for existence has significance and meaning, which otherwise it has not. Man, instead of being a fleck of foam, thrown up for a moment to perish in the next in the tide of being, is the resultant of that tide, and the individualization of creative energy. He is the nobleman of nature, owning all things, for whom all things exist, and having the capability of comprehending all; not for to-day only but the companion of the stars; eye, more; in the youth of his immortal life the stars will grow old and fade from the heavens.

What a sublime position is this; on one hand the lower forms of life, the brutes of the field; on the other, angels of light, toward whom he is hastening, one of whom he will become after death shall have cast off his earthly garment. As all the elements are

represented in his physical body, so all the forces of nature are concentrated in his spiritual being. And as he is the fruitage of all past ages, spiritual science reaches back to the dawn of creation and sweeps the field of evolution while it is borne onward into the illimitable future by man's immortality. Would you narrow its domain to the tipping of tables or a few raps, this mere revelation of spirit-identity? You might as well represent the vast Atlantic by a drop of water, the glorious sun by a spark of fire.

I do not speak lightly of these always delightful manifestations from the departed, which are like the fruit of the tree of life and the sweet waters flowing beneath its shadow; yet they are as wavelets on the mighty gulf stream of Spiritualism, sweeping past the promontories of the ages, an accumulating flood of ideas and principles. Are we, poor deluded mortals, helpless and hopeless wanderers between two bleak promontories, the past and the future? So we are informed by the materialist; a dreary past, a future without hope! In the light of Spiritualism the past is revealed as the royal highway over which we travel to the high lands of the present. It is a rich heritage, conquered by our living; and the frowning headlands of the future become aflame with glory; while through the purple mists we see the smiling faces of dear friends and relatives, awaiting our coming with outstretched arms.

In this spiritual light, we have to begin anew the study of nature. For thousands of years the physical world has been observed, patiently and carefully, until scientists count the scales on the wing of a moth, the facets of the eye of a fly, and enumerate the stars. They have become so engaged in this work that anything beyond receives their sneers, and the idea of spirit-life provokes their laughter; yet we now know that we are standing on the coast line of the spirit-realm, infinite in horizon, and fathomless in depth. Over this sea no daring voyager has yet ventured, and the Currier, the Humboldt or Darwin, who will co-ordinate its phenomena and write out its laws, is yet to come. Aside from the personal pleasure of phenomena, as Spiritualists this field of study is ours. In the very beginning we depart from matter, we accept the highest authority that the atom-material is of little moment; the forces which emanate therefrom are the essentials. Whether we regard it as a center of force, or as an entity, changes not the result. In either case we can only know of it by results. The forces it manifests are invariably from within, outward. The most materialistic philosophy admit this, and in the study of nature, questions of force are becoming more and more prominent. The things to be explained are changes, active effects; motions in ordinary matter, not as acted upon, but as in itself inherently active. The chief use of atoms is to serve as points or vehicles of motion. Thus the study of matter resolves itself into the study of forces (or spirit). Inert objects as they appear to the eye of sense are replaced by activities revealed to the eye of intellect. The conceptions of "gross," "corrupt" and "brute matter" are passing away with the prejudices of the past, and in the place of a dead, material world, we have a living organism of spiritual energies. When philosophers take this high ground, they may congratulate themselves on their positivism; they really are in the vestibule of Spiritualism. The admirable experiments of matter freed from pressure, conducted by Prof. Crookes, show that as the atom escapes control of the testing appliances, it seems to fade into spiritual energy. The boundaries between the two worlds fade and blend.

Thus when the mind is freed from the prejudices created by the old and accepted views of matter, that which has been regarded as fixed and unchangeable becomes fleeting and changeable shadows of unseen spiritual energies, and it can comprehend how these may be immortalized in specialized forms and spiritual beings.

Spiritual existence is not a gift bestowed because of belief, but our inheritance; and the study of the origin of spirit thus becomes that of nature as a whole. Man is a part of all and related to all. Not by belief, by subscription to creeds, by prayers or formulas, but by a perfect life is the highest result attained. A perfect life is one which flows onward in harmony with the laws of existence. The most divine and holy of joys, the sweetest of all happiness, is that which flows from this knowledge. Yet we may at times feel regret for the old time when we had faith in our infallible authority, when we turned to the Bible or to holy men.

Once in a strange city I turned into a vast church, and passing along the aisle, which gave no sound of life, I sat down on a luxurious seat. The dim light half revealed the cowering worshippers. The low solemn chant, and the grave, deep voice of the organ, fell on the perfumed air. All was restful, peaceful, and sweet as a summer evening dream. What a contrast to the jar and unrest of the hall I had left! Who can blame those who, weary of labor and of thinking, find this place so needful, so in accord with their wants? Above the altar was a painting of Faith clinging to the cross, arising from a rock in a storm-swept sea. The waves, like hungry wolves, leaped to clutch her fragile form, yet she bravely clung to her unfailing support, and Hope's stars beamed brightly through the black clouds of the drifting storm.

Oh! delightful faith; that, when weary with the burdens of life and dreary pains of unanswered aspirations, trusts in an infinite power; after all vain strivings at last to find

Continued on Eighth Page.



**Additional Contributions to the Psychical Research Agitation.** Rev. J. Vila Blake; W. M. Salter; John Allyn; Hudson Tuttle; The Olive Branch.

REV. JAMES VILA BLAKE, MINISTER OF THE THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH OF CHICAGO, EXPRESSES HIS VIEWS UPON THE PROPOSED PSYCHICAL RESEARCH INSTITUTION.

MR. BUNDY.—MY DEAR SIR: Let me thank you for your article, your editorial, I mean, which I have read with pleasure and sympathy. Your protest against a certain contempt of science, and asserted independence of close reasoning and careful investigation which makes itself apparent among people of strong faith very often, whatever that faith may be, seems to me both brave, and needed at this time. I see that you do not fear to press that truth home even against those of your own household of thought. I am not among those who dogmatize on either side. I shall be glad to see scientific work done whatever be the issue. I am not interested to maintain that anything is truth, but feel happy and satisfied when the truth, whatever it be, is discovered. I am not, it is true, much in sympathy with the form of thought which you represent, but it is plain to me that, after all allowance has been made, there is still a residuum of fact, either unquestioned or the least questioned, and worthy of investigation. I see, too, that, even if we have not yet attained to communication with our friends who have "gone over to the majority," that is no proof that we shall not. Nay, I feel sure that we shall do so, provided it be attainable, and that is the important question at issue. I am willing to conclude with you that it has not yet been settled definitely. I may differ with you in my views as to how it will probably be settled, but I agree with you heartily in wishing to see it scientifically treated. But, after all, a man whose religion turns on that point seems to me badly off in soul, and to miss the deepest joy of life. For what joy can be so deep, so unalterable, so independent, as the profound conviction that this life is in itself a great and glorious thing, worth living, full of divine opportunities, serious responsibilities and noble joys, both of heart and mind? Neither, I must confess, do I need for my hope or faith the kind of proof which you deem valuable and wish to increase.

Am I then, you will say, absolutely sure of a life to come after death? What does the word sure mean? If you mean by it logical or mathematical demonstration, I must answer, No. If you mean that we have a probability amounting to moral certainty, then again I must answer, No. The probability is not, in my mind, equal to that which causes us to expect the sun to rise to-morrow, and the seasons to come in the same order next year as they have observed for ages past. But if by assurance of the future life you mean a probability strong for heart-comfort, a great, happy, enduring, supporting faith, hope—hope, if you please, intensified and raised to a great power—then I answer, Yes. In that sense I am sure. It seems to me all nature is full of the probability—I might almost say of the assertion—as the atmosphere holds the vapor which, in the setting sun, becomes golden clouds. What if this is the kind of assurance which is to be increased and to grow in proportion to the heightened internal life and greatness of understanding? What if, as we develop and become finer and higher in reason, in spiritual discernment, in all the powers of soul, we shall have that kind of perception which would make unnecessary the proof which you value? This seems to me likely to be the fact. Neither Beethoven nor the music from which he sprang, are possible among African tribes, nor do their rude carvings on stone, or their coarse colorings on skins seem to predict a Raphael or an Angelo. Having the Beethoven, the Raphael, the Angelo, we can look back and see how the rude art of a savage is the beginning and the prediction of these great masters; but without our experience of this greatness, the incipient work of the Hottentot would not appear to foretell this mighty art. Now why should music, and sense of color, and sense of form grow slowly in man from such small beginnings to such grand accomplishment, and yet spiritual completion not take time and attain equal development, of which, perhaps, as it is the grandest of all, we yet stand upon the outer threshold? Thus it seems to me. It is to this that I look forward with hope and a joyful expectancy. Respectfully yours, J. V. BLAKE.

W. M. SALTER, LECTURER OF THE ETHICAL SOCIETY OF CHICAGO, ADDS HIS TESTIMONY AS TO THE GREAT NEED.

MY DEAR MR. BUNDY:—I have only been kept from writing a word about Societies for Psychical Research by pre-occupation, with other matters, and I want now to tell you how great I believe to be the need of them. The same scientific method that has been so richly rewarded in other departments of research must be equally so, it seems to me, when applied here—though, of course, the phenomena are of great complexity and need patient analysis and sifting. What the result may be, the scientific student has no right to ask at the outset; one person may have one kind of expectation and another a different kind. But all should be willing to bide and accept the results of the investigation. I am sure that I have no belief or non-belief that I would not give up to the evidence of facts. And I admit it to be perfectly possible that such investigations as are proposed, may force us to change entirely our common notions of matter and spirit.

Permit me to thank you for your able editorial in this week's JOURNAL on "False Philosophy." It is refreshing to read such a vindication of the truths of morality, and of man's moral freedom.

In haste yours truly, W. M. SALTER.  
227 Chestnut St., Chicago.

A CALIFORNIAN TALKS TO THE POINT AND IS READY TO BACK IT UP WITH TIME AND MONEY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am greatly pleased with the prospect you have of organizing an association for Psychical Research. For several years I have endeavored to interest the friends of liberal thought in San Francisco, in forming such an association, but without results. When you get well under way, I trust the Star of Empire will move westward. Its investigations will interest and convince that portion of intellectual people who have stood aloof from the spiritual movement. Huxley said: "If the phenomena are true, they do not interest me." Dr. Carpenter set aside the whole subject as illusion, after one or two sittings at table-tipping with an amateur. It is to be hoped that psychical research will demonstrate that there is a realm of nature worthy of the investigation by the best minds, and upon which they have never entered.

I believe that the investigations of such an association will develop a substantial basis for a cult, which may appropriately be called

a religion, and which was never more needed than at present. Humanity has never been able to maintain its integrity and morality without a religion in which the people believed; they cannot longer believe in one founded on fables and historical extravaganzas. If such a basis for a cult is possible, Spiritualism must afford it. But we need better methods, more scientific and accurate observations; and to this end greater co-operation and better facilities are needed. Every source of error and distortion of results must be carefully eliminated. Investigations must be continuous and careful so as to gain the advantages of training on the part of both mediums and investigators. I must here protest against physicists insisting on applying the principles obtaining in their specialties to these investigations. I trust they will have the good sense to see that spiritual phenomena, forces and personalities, if such there be, have laws of their own of a most delicate character, and to make any progress it is indispensable that we learn these laws and conform our methods to them. To attempt to apply the laws of mechanics to photography would not be worse.

Mediums should be paid a salary and thus have every inducement removed to give anything but the pure results of spiritual forces. Every one not blinded by prejudices, and acquainted with the spiritual movement, must realize the importance of this. In saying this I am not disparaging mediums; they are human, and surrounded by human conditions. They are neither better nor worse than the lawyer, the physician, the preacher, and the vendor of goods, all of whom cater to the ignorance, cupidity and prejudices of their customers.

I am prepared to contribute money and time, if by so doing I can promote the objects sought.

JOHN ALLYN.  
St. Helena, California.

VIEWS OF A MEDIUM AND AUTHOR.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

No scheme for the enhancement of the cause of Spiritualism has thus far been proposed so fraught with promises of great and desirable results as that of the founding of a society for the purpose of thorough and scientific investigation of its phenomena. These phenomena come to us as a scientific demonstration of what has thus far passed as blind faith, thus elevating the myth, the hypothesis, the belief into the realm of certitude, and extending the reign of law over the Spiritual world, with the same absoluteness as over the physical.

Such being the fact, a realm of causes and effects opens before the investigator across the threshold of which, as yet, no exploring foot has passed, and of which only gleams and glimpses have been obtained. It is true that the manifestations of spirit power and identity have caused a great awakening, and millions have been convinced; yet the investigations have not been satisfactory to the "men of science," who have been implored in vain to approach the subject and thoroughly examine its claims. They have not descended from their lofty materialism, except in a fugitive manner, and then have shown how strongly warped their comprehension had become by the force of educational prejudice. They are repelled, not because of the conclusions to which the subject leads, but from the manner of its presentation, the difficulties attending it, and the uncertainty of the results of the experiments.

It cannot be expected that they will enter a new field, when the old fully occupies their attention. If they are interested, it must be by the methods used by them in pursuing their previous investigations. Association, leaving each individual to pursue his own course, coming together at intervals to compare notes, mutually profiting by suggestions and criticism, has been found invaluable to those engaged in the culture of the physical sciences, and of necessity, must be of still greater value in the new field of psychical research.

Such an association will not require belief in any theory, or even acceptance of certain phenomena, as essential to membership. The true man of science has no infallible theory, but is in search of the truth and ready to accept it when found. Hence no one need be excluded from its ranks, however, doubting or unbelieving. The association will not be for the purpose of upholding any ism, but for the discovery of truth, although those who have already entered the field, will have no doubt as to the result.

It will readily occur to the reflecting mind that the boundless field opened before such an association, embracing all the most subtle and spiritual forces, must become divided into many departments, and in each of these, special lines of investigation must be prosecuted. There are two great classes of manifestations, the physical, and the strictly spiritual, and these are subdivided into several divergent orders of phenomena. There appears to be two distinct forms of materialization; one tangible and physical, the other intangible and like a shadow. The rappings, movement of physical objects by unseen forces, the audible voice, levitation and its opposite, are some of the leading branches in the first. Trance, writing, mechanically or inspirationally; impressibility, psychometry, clairvoyance and clairaudience, are some of the streams into which the last divides.

The seasons of such an association, where the ripe experiences of its members in the departments they have chosen as special fields, are presented and discussed, will be looked forward to with intense expectancy, and fraught with grandest results. In fact, such an association would be a scientific and philosophical school for a new order of thought, arising from the contemplation of creation from a new point of view, and in an essentially new light. Its work would by no means be confined to the investigation of modern spiritual manifestations, but would cover all those of the past, and all phenomena of mind in its lowest or highest manifestation; in short, its object would be the foundation of "the true science of life, here and hereafter, and in doing so would make tributary every other department of knowledge.

At last, we have come, after a third of a century of desiring, to the possibility of having Spiritualism scientifically investigated in an impartial, complete manner, and that, too, at the hands of its friends. At last we have come to the possibility of commanding the attention of the thinking world. The demand is organized effort, devotion to detail of investigation, patience, unity of action, and love of the truth for its own sake.

Berlin Heights. HUDSON TUTTLE.

BENT OF THE OLIVE BRANCH.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, in its issue of the 25th ult., offered some valuable suggestions in relation to psychical research, which interpreted means a scientific investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. Col. Bundy urges the establishment of a school or college devoted exclusively to this subject, and we are pleased to see

in the issue of November 22nd, letters from men of known scientific attainments, editors of some of our leading papers, and clergymen of broad comprehensive minds putting themselves on record as in favor of a movement of this kind and character must be established, whether independently or in conjunction with other collegiate studies, is yet to be determined. We have so much phenomena we don't know what to do with it. A scientific sifting process is necessary, and we trust that the movement begun will be carried to a successful issue.

Cranks will rave, fanatics howl; Impostors curse, and devils growl; But firm-eyed science with subtle skill Will probe the depths of mind and will.

—Olive Branch (Utica, N. Y.) for December.

Psychographic Experiments with Mr. Eglington.

H. A. KERSEY, IN LIGHT, LONDON.

On Friday, September 26th, three lady friends and I attended a séance by appointment at 230 E. 34th St., with Mr. W. Eglington, at residence, 12 Old Quebec street, Hyde Park. We were shown into a front drawing room on the first floor, where we met Mr. Eglington for the first time, all being strangers to him. The séance was held in a small room at the back, communicating with the front room by folding doors. The apartment was furnished in the usual manner. We all seated ourselves around a table (technically known as a "Pembroke") in the center of the room. Mr. Eglington sitting with his back to the window. He asked for the greatest skeptic to sit near him on his right hand, and Mrs. X. was placed there; opposite to her and Mr. Eglington's left hand sat Mrs. Z., while myself and sister occupied the remaining side of the table and consequently sat opposite the medium. There was full daylight, the window not being darkened, but simply draped with a pair of thin muslin curtains.

Mr. Eglington took some slates from a pile close by; and let me say here that they all bore the most palpable signs of newness. I also produced a slate which I had purchased about half an hour previously at a shop in the Strand. Mr. Eglington with a wet sponge proceeded to clean the slates on both sides, whilst I took a dry sponge and rubbed the slates, taking special care to press heavily so that if any marks had been previously made upon the slates they should no longer remain there. These slates were left on the table before us and never passed out of our sight previous to the experiments taking place. Mr. Eglington next produced some small pieces of slate pencil and various colored French chalks, and taking the slate which I had brought with me asked us to select a piece of pencil or chalk and put it on the slate. We selected slate pencil; it is an advantage to hear the writing, that not being possible with the softer chalk. We then joined hands all round the table, the psychic's left hand being held by one of us. He then placed the slate close under the top of the table near to the corner of his right, the slate being kept in position by grasping it and the top of the table firmly together with his right hand; thus the thumb of that hand was always visible, and I, who sat farthest from him, could always see not only the thumb but also part of his wrist. Very shortly, in not more than half a minute, we heard a sound as of writing on the slate, the dotting of "i's" and crossing of "v's" being very marked; on the cessation of the writing three little raps were heard on the slate, and the psychic then drew it from the table and handed it to me. On the upper surface and at the farthest end of it from the psychic's hand, I found written as follows:

"Truth is indestructible as is our power; we are glad to meet you all."

I will call this Experiment A, and can only add that under the conditions described, it was, in my judgment, simply impossible for Mr. Eglington to do it. The writing was upside down in relation to Mr. Eglington's hand; there was no other person present, and four pairs of eyes watched him closely.

For the sake of brevity it must be distinctly understood that the same conditions as the foregoing existed in all the following experiments, variations or special features being alone noticed.

Experiment B.—Mr. Eglington took the same slate, and reversing it held it as before under the table. We again heard the sound of writing, and on examination we found written in a different "hand" as follows:

"DEAR SIR.—We are glad to meet you as being the champion of a great cause, 'JOY.'"

Experiment C.—Mr. Eglington remarked that portions of the surface of the slate on two sides were left blank, and asked for them to be filled up. When the slate was again held under the table we once more heard writing, and afterwards found the following:

"We shall hope to bring our to Newcastle some day."

Mr. Eglington suggested that some word or words had been omitted, and requested the omission to be supplied, also that in one word, of which we were uncertain, if there was a "t" in it to cross the "t." The word "medium" was then inserted after the word "our," and the "t" properly crossed.

Experiment D.—Mr. Eglington produced a handsome double or book slate, mounted in polished oak, bound with brass at the corners, and fitted with a patent Bramah lock. This slate having been cleaned, he asked Mrs. X. to write a request to some friend of hers, and in such a position that he could not see it; she did so, and then closed the slate and locked it, withdrawing the key and retaining possession of it. Mrs. X. and Mr. Eglington then placed their hands on the top of the slate as it lay on the table before us, and shortly we distinctly heard writing being produced inside the locked slate. When Mrs. X. unlocked the slate she found the following reply to her request:

"Your Aunt Emma will communicate later on."

Experiment E.—Mr. Eglington asked Mrs. Z. to write a request on a slate and not let him see it. She wrote, "Is Alfred my son, here, and will he please write me a message to take home with me?" The slate was turned over so as to keep the message from Mr. Eglington's sight. He took the slate in his left hand, and held it under the corner of the table on his left. Mrs. Z. also grasping the slate all the time and helping him to hold it, Mrs. X. at the same time holding his right hand; we all heard the writing, and Mrs. Z. solemnly declares that she also felt the vibrations in the slate produced by the writing; the reply found on the slate was:

"MY DEAR MOTHER.—Thank God I am able to come to you. Give my love to all at home, and with plenty for yourself, I am your loving son, ALFRED."

Experiment F.—Mr. Eglington took two slates, and placed one on the top of the other after putting a piece of pencil between, and

keeping them on the table in full view of us all he placed his hands on them, Mrs. X. doing the same; presently we heard much writing going on on the slates, and on removing the top one the following message was found:

"DEAR NIECE.—I rejoice so much in being able to manifest myself to you in this decisive manner. It must comfort you to know that I am ever near you, and endeavor to convey the sense of my presence to you. How truly comforted and grateful should those be who have a knowledge of this great truth, and of the happiness this communion brings us and them. There is much I would like to say had I the power, but I must content myself with having been allowed to come. Keep on in the good cause, and you will be rewarded. Good-bye. God bless you. Love to John. —Your loving aunt, EMMA."

Experiment G.—Mr. Eglington expressed a wish to obtain a message for my sister, and placed two slates together on the table, as in the previous experiment, but all that could be got was a brief statement that the power was exhausted and they must bid us good-bye. Mr. Eglington not being contented with this brought the two slates round to my sister, and resting them on the top of her head he held them there, but no writing came; he then placed one end of the slates on her shoulder, holding the other end himself. In this position a brief message was written, reiterating that the power was exhausted, and bidding "adieu." Thus ended an excellent séance, and under such satisfactory conditions that we all were convinced of Mr. Eglington's power, and felt much indebted to him. In the experiments E and F, the replies received are characteristic of the deceased persons from whom they purport to emanate, but the handwriting does not resemble theirs. The style varies considerably in the different messages, but what is most noticeable is the speed with which the communications are written, and also that whilst the writing is taking place the psychic labors in his breathing as if suffering. This ceases with the writing. In conversation afterwards, Mr. Eglington admitted to me that these séances were exhausting, and he therefore guarded himself by limiting their number per week.

Comments on Mediumship by an Experienced Spiritualist.

I have been very much interested in the "questions and answers" regarding various phases of mediumship, lately published in the JOURNAL. I think it is an error for a medium to refrain from study and self culture; by study one does not necessarily adopt the ideas of others, but increases knowledge and enlarges the field of thought. One's own idiosyncrasy always leads after facts are mastered, and each individuality must bring a special light to bear upon what has been acquired. If a medium is an instrument merely, like a piano or violin, then, perhaps, as when under control, the newly acquired ideas learned from the mind, materialized in the books read, might not be entirely expelled by the communicating spirit, who sometimes fails to understand the methods of control. But the mind is many sided, and can entirely put by a train of thought and take up another, as many messages may be transmitted at the same time on the same wire, without mingling. Self-culture belongs to one's own mentality, and is a thing apart from the special quality which constitutes one a medium.

When A. J. Davis was engaged in the transmission of Nature's Divine Revelations, if I am not mistaken, he distinctly states himself to be, not in communication with an individual intelligence, but with the aggregated knowledge of what he termed "spheres" or "circles." Swedenborg expressed it as "immersion" in such spheres; as if one were introduced into an atmosphere saturated, for instance, with a chemical element or perfume, from which he inhaled or absorbed all he could, and to do which his condition was exactly ready or receptive.

Only the quantity can be absorbed which the capacity can assimilate, as the sponge can only receive and contain a limited quantity. The instrument we call a medium has a distinct being, and study and the acquisition of knowledge can only raise the grade and increase the mental horizon but not impair its mediumistic power. It will possibly, and very probably change its phase of mediumship, but its individual growth ought not to be kept back one instant to enable it to continue as the channel of utterance of any being "in the body or out of the body." It is a selfish direction to give any person, that they are not to read and study for fear that the receptive and obedient medium grow up spontaneously to ideas such as they wish to impart, and in the utterance of which they would thus be forestalled. Mediumship is a special organization; one may grow into it possibly, but I am inclined to think it is not inherent in every one, or to be acquired; it is like a talent born with one, and may pass through many phases, but is not to be acquired, at least, not in this condition of life. Herein it differs widely from intuitions, which do grow with intellectual growth. I have seen a medium who was for years a healer, pass under the control of scientific minds, and her healing powers "left" her, as she said, whether permanently or not I am not informed, but certainly were not exercised with one exception, during a period of several years. Her faculties were simply used in different channels; during those years she learned geology, physiology, astronomy, chemistry, and a great deal of the science of mind, physically considered, as well as spiritually. She possessed great natural talents, and, when under "control," technically speaking, was eloquent, dignified and elegant in every sense of the word. The nature inherited from her noble French blood, on the father's side, and from her peasant mother, each at times predominated and controlled her. He was a republican of French Revolutionary times—a perverted nature, untrue to all the traditions of his ancestors, who married his wife from the "people," while in his inner being revolting against what his "class" called a misalliance. The peasant mother had nobler qualities, it seemed to me, than the patrician father. The daughter was an unbalanced compound of qualities inherited from both. Her mediumistic powers were not at all injured by the teaching she received in all those years. What did injure her was a capricious temper, an obliquity of moral nature, a suspicious quality of mind, always unable to comprehend a straightforward, truthful course of conduct, always seeking below the surface for motives to deceive, which did not exist, considering the very honesty of the one with whom she was in most intimate contact, as only a skilful and impenetrable armor hiding some object which she could never find, because it did not exist. She was to be controlled simply by a positive attitude of unflinching courage, which, understanding her, never swerved, and compelled the best work of which she was capable, all the time, never failing to let her know that her attempts at simulation were understood and

brushed aside as unworthy even of notice. The conflict of the dual nature in her was never allowed to control or influence the use of her mechanism, and at times the disgust of the controlled for the individual, would break out and flash like a discharge of electric fluid, into that wayward nature, and compel its obedience. It was not a pleasant or comfortable task, but certain information was to be obtained, and no other means could compass it, and so the uncongenial contact was endured. Finally, she married, and the husband was of a nature whose contact could not be borne.

Of her condition since, I know nothing, and I only write about it now, to controvert the idea that reading any sort of literature can do harm to the medium's power to transmit other trains of thought than those acquired by any study. As soon as self-hood mingles with the communications, the individual, to my idea, is no longer what I should call a reliable medium; if the magnetism, embodied or disembodied, cannot lay this asleep, no communication can be considered. I think, reliable. Utter passivity, docility and harmony are requisites of a real medium. If the magnetism is still dwelling in the earth sphere, never she must obtain absolute control of the instrument, and never relax it for an instant; for faults of character, deceitfulness, self-love, vanity, or any of this class of vices will, like so many imp springs up to tempt the medium from the straight path of honest and literal transmission of exactly what is seen and heard, and so the whole communication becomes unreliable; and when we have the communication, we must in no case give up the right of weighing all the probabilities of its truth, and if it so trenches on the absolutely unknown, as to leave us no way to decide whether it is true or not, then we must wait and the logic of events will, in process of growth, prove it in some way.

The unconscious working of our own minds, aided, no doubt, by streams of spiritual magnetism, with which the very act of seeking puts us in communication, will, no doubt, come to our aid. If we receive from extra mundane sources a message we do not understand, the light will flow in, and the growth will follow in proper time. Nothing supernatural about this, only the action of laws, the knowledge of which it will be the crowning glory of this age to fathom and teach. Protect the individuality of the medium by all means, and foster the culture, even if the spirits must go elsewhere for an instrument, this one having passed under another control, and for the time being, becoming no longer fit for that specific use.

ASTRA.

Educating a Girl as a Medium.

When She Finds that She is a Failure She Accuses Her Tutor of Theft.

[World (N. Y.) Nov. 22nd.]

Charles A. Payne, of No. 788 Eleventh avenue, conceived the idea two months ago of starting on the road giving "spiritualistic performances." George Barry was to be his associate and they were to be known as the Bishop Brothers, Spiritualists. One of the necessary adjuncts to the proposed tour was a "second-sight medium," and an advertisement for such a wonder proving unsuccessful, Payne answered that of a person who advertised as a "variety actress eager to go traveling." The usual correspondence brought about a meeting between himself and Ida Hickey, of No. 230 West Nineteenth street. In his opinion she possessed the necessary qualifications for the position, and preliminaries were arranged. She consented to take a salary of \$10 per week and expenses. He next proceeded to teach her "lines" and they practiced together for several days. She proved an apt pupil, and everything went well until Barry was invited to view his assistant.

The three met in the "medium's" room and her adeptness was exhibited with pride by her tutor. Barry's idea of a medium, however, differed from that of his partner. He declared her to be an unsuitable person, not slight enough in build and generally too awkward. His decision was regarded as final, he having had a varied experience in giving séances. After rendering this adverse decision privately to his partner he took his leave and left Payne to attend to the disagreeable part of the affair. He stayed to dinner before blasting the actress's hopes, and when he did tell her of Barry's verdict in as consoling a manner as he was capable of, she grew highly indignant. Springing from the table she rushed into an adjoining room, whence he overheard a masculine voice proclaim: "Wait a moment, I'll knock him out."

Payne lost no time in reaching the street. He next was reminded of his adventure several days later, when he was arrested on Miss Hickey's charge of theft. She had complained to the police that in taking his departure he did so with two watches which lay in a dressing-case.

The case was tried in the General Sessions Court before Judge Cowing yesterday. Payne and his accuser both made their statements, which differed only as to the taking of the timepieces. The Court, from the straightforward manner of the accused while on the witness-stand, decided that he was innocent of the crime alleged. He expressed himself accordingly, and when Assistant District Attorney Gove rose to sum up to the jury, he informed him that he need not make a speech, for if the jury did convict, he would grant a new trial.

Thereupon Mr. Gove, with evident reluctance, sat down, and the jury promptly acquitted Payne.

Yassar College, New York, has graduated 593 students in the regular course. Since the year 1867 twenty-seven of these have died and 188 married. The college has given the second degree in arts to twenty-one of its students on the completion of post-graduate courses. One received the second degree from Cornell; one the degree of LL. D. from Michigan University; one has held a fellowship at Johns Hopkins. Fifteen of the alumnae are practicing physicians; three have filled professorships at Wellesley, Pennsylvania and Buchtel Colleges. The list of occupations further includes two organists, three bookkeepers, two instructors in chemical laboratories, thirteen principals of schools, one clerk in the Census Bureau at Washington, two farmers, one insurance agent, 204 teachers, three artists, one clerk in a law office, four librarians, one copyist, ten music teachers, two assistants in observatories, two journalists, three teachers of gymnastics, one missionary, two chemists, two public readers, three authors and one Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

SPECIFIC VIRTUES IN DYSPEPSIA.

Dr. A. JENKINS, Great Falls, N. H., says: "I can testify to its seemingly almost specific virtues in cases of dyspepsia, nervousness and morbid vigilance or wakefulness."







## Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO.

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, 1 year, .....\$2.50.  
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Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, McCormick Block, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

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## A Paper for all who Sincerely and Intelligently Seek Truth without Regard to Sect or Party.

To him who desires to keep well informed, to avoid pitfalls and errors, to be abreast of the times, and familiar with the latest developments and progress in Spiritualism, it is necessary to take a newspaper specially devoted to the exposition of the phenomena and philosophy. In making a selection, if he be an intelligent, fair-minded investigator, one who prefers to know the truth even though it runs counter to his preconceived opinions, who investigates in a candid, receptive spirit, dealing justly, considerately, patiently yet critically and courageously with everybody and everything encountered in his researches; if he be of this sort of an investigator, or strives to be, he will become a continuous reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The JOURNAL, in the estimation of a large proportion of the leading authorities on Spiritualism, stands pre-eminent as a fearless, independent, judicially fair advocate of Spiritualism. It is admired and respected not only by reflecting, critical Spiritualists, but by the large constituency just outside the Spiritualist ranks, who are looking longingly and hopefully toward Spiritualism as the beacon light which may guide to higher, broader grounds, and give a clearer insight to the soul's capabilities and destiny. It is disliked by some very good but very weak people; it is hated by all who aim to use Spiritualism as a cloak to serve their selfish purposes. The JOURNAL has received more general notice, and more frequent and higher commendations from intelligent sources, regardless of sect or party, than any other Spiritualist or liberal paper ever published; the records will confirm this.

The JOURNAL is uncompromisingly committed to the Scientific Method in its treatment of the Phenomena of Spiritualism, being fully assured that this is the only safe ground on which to stand. Firmly convinced by rigid investigation, that life continues beyond the grave and that spirits can and do return and manifest at times and under certain conditions, the JOURNAL does not fear the most searching criticism and crucial tests in sustaining its position.

The JOURNAL is unsectarian, non-partisan, thoroughly independent, never neutral, wholly free from cliques and clans.

The JOURNAL is published in the interests of Spiritualism and the general public; its columns can never be used to grind the axes of individuals, nor as a channel for cranks, charlatans and hobbyists to reach the public.

The JOURNAL never trifies; the passing breeze of the hour, but holds steadily to its course, regardless of the storm it sometimes raises as it plows resistlessly through the great ocean of mingled truth and error.

The JOURNAL is proud of the friendship and appreciation of hosts of level-headed, intelligent, progressive men and women, scattered the wide world over.

The JOURNAL is careless of the hatred, malicious antagonism and untrifling but bootless opposition which charlatans, pseudo-mediums and cranks heap upon it.

The JOURNAL lends its active support to every scheme adapted to the amelioration of man.

The JOURNAL is ever ready to back an honest medium with all its power, and its bottom dollar; it is equally ready to drive into the bottom of the last ditch every persistent, unrepentant swindler.

The JOURNAL has a large and well-trained corps of regular and occasional contributors and correspondents, not only in America, but in England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Australia, and is therefore always in receipt of the earliest and most trustworthy information on all subjects coming within its scope.

The JOURNAL opens its columns to all who have something to say and know how to say it well, whether the views are in accord with its own or not; it courts fair and keen criticism, and invites honest, searching inquiry.

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## TERMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rapidly increasing interest in subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL's field has caused many friends to ask the publisher to supply the paper on trial to those not heretofore subscribers. Yielding to this request he will until January 1st, 1885, send the JOURNAL Three Months for Fifty Cents, on Trial, to those who have never been subscribers. To all new yearly subscribers, the paper will be sent free until January 1st. Every friend of the JOURNAL should feel that he or she has as much interest in its circulation as the publisher. If all who express their admiration for the JOURNAL will work for its interests from now until New Year's Day with a tithe of the assiduity the publisher and editor labors the year round in the interests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

## RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 13, 1884.

## Mr. Blake's Letter.

Among several interesting communications from representative people to be found on the second page, is a letter from Rev. J. V. Blake, minister of the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, in response to our editorial of October 25th on a Society for Psychical Research. We make this letter the text of some remarks because it seems to us a typical letter. It is typical of the Unitarian clergy, and of the present Unitarian position in the world of religion and of thought. It is to be said in the first place, that for Unitarianism we have always had a hearty respect. For its long, and at length victorious battle against irrational and immoral dogmas in religion it deserves the reverent admiration of all thoughtful men. Its great fundamental affirmations are in favor of freedom of inquiry, the dignity of human nature, and the goodness of God. Whatever changes may come over religion in the future these affirmations will continue among its foundation stones. And for the noble men and women whom Unitarianism, in this country and in England, has trained up during the last hundred years, every lover of mankind must rejoice. They have been leaders in statesmanship, in humanitarian reforms, in science, in literature, and in religion. We will not mention their names. In our firmament they are shining stars which all may see. Moreover, for Mr. Blake, personally, we have no reason to cherish other than feelings of respect. All must honor his manly life and his high thought. His pulpit work from week to week is, in literary finish, in poetic insight, and in lofty moral purpose, equal to that from any pulpit in America. Instead of speaking to the small congregation that greets him every Sunday, his pews ought to be full to overflowing. It is a wonder that in this great city there is such a comparatively small number of men and women who are interested in his words.

Of his letter it is to be observed first of all, that he totally misapprehends our position. He is seriously at fault in supposing that the continuity of life and spirit return and manifestation have not been definitely settled in our mind. In the pressure of his pastoral work he has not read our editorial, on which his letter is based, with sufficient care. That the great central truth of Spiritualism, that is, the reality of spiritual life and of spiritual communion, is settled so far as we are personally concerned, is our incentive and support in urging the most crucial investigation with the cooperation of trained observers, who either deny on *a priori* grounds, or plead "don't know." Unlike some Spiritualists we have not the slightest fear of the most rigid investigation. We invite such investigation, firmly believing that a percentage of the phenomena will finally be acknowledged as of prehuman origin,—the manifestation of returning spirits. And furthermore, that along the border-line, will be developed new fields for science, fraught with immeasurable importance to the world. If these manifestations are not due to returning spirits, or if, being due to such spirits, they are injurious to mankind, we want to know it. But our personal conviction, based on many years experience, and on the testimony of many able and noble men and women, is that a percentage of the manifestations is due to spirits who have passed Death's portal.

While Mr. Blake admits the possibility of a demonstration of immortality he depreciates the value of such demonstration. He argues that on this subject, the most important in its practical bearings with which the human mind has to deal, a strong probability, an intensified hope, is of more worth than demonstration. But why so? Why is not positive knowledge as to immortality desirable and valuable? All progress in all departments of human life comes from advance in knowledge. A knowledge of human rights leads to liberty in governments. A knowledge of mechanical laws leads to the construction of many helpful machines. A knowledge of the order, power, intelligence, goodness in the universe leads to spiritual worship instead of reverence for a fetish. If everywhere else knowledge is better than mere probabilities and guesses, why is it not better, also, in regard to immortality? When a friend has been for many years in a far country and then somebody tells us that he has returned and awaits us in the next room, we are not content with looking at the map to see if there is a way by which he could come, nor with the statement that he has come, nor with the hope that he still loves us; but we gladly go to meet him, and to give him hearty greeting, and to learn from him that he is still our friend, and to be helped by his companionship and knowledge. If now, that friend passes the gateway of death, and then is able to come to us with the assurance that he still lives, that he is surrounded with divine possibilities, that he is in a grand company of earnest souls, and that this life, these possibilities, this company are all open to us, is not this knowledge of vast importance to us? Is it not much more important than mere probabilities and guesses?

Mr. Blake says: "Neither, I must confess, do I need for my hope or faith the kind of proof which you deem valuable and wish to increase." And again: "What if, as we develop and become finer and higher in reason, in spiritual discernment, in all the powers of soul, we shall have that kind of perception which would make unnecessary the proof which you value?"

Proof may be divided into two kinds, probable or moral proof, and demonstrative proof. Probable proof is not to be derided. It is often very valuable. Upon it many important truths are based. If demonstrative proof cannot be had then men gladly accept whatever probable proof can be found. But demonstrative proof is everywhere looked on as more valuable, when it can be had, for it is of such a character that anybody who is capable of understanding the proof must accept the conclusions to which it leads. Now as to immortality, Mr. Blake says he is content with probabilities. We say to him, and to all like him: Your probabilities are well enough in their way, but we can give you demonstration of immortality, by putting you in direct communication with men and women who were once in the flesh, but whose bodies being dead, their spirits now live in a spiritual realm, and will prove to you their existence by all tests which a rational inquirer needs. Why spend time in the accumulation of probabilities when demonstration is at hand? Why leave large numbers in deep sorrow and bitterness, when, by putting before them the proofs of immortality, their judgment will be convinced and their sorrow assuaged? This is the kind of proof that we deem most valuable and that we would increase. It is the kind of proof which the scientific world has always valued and endeavored to increase. Not to value it is not to have the scientific spirit.

Mr. Blake speaks in warm terms of the worth of life now and here. In all that he can say of the beauty and dignity of this life we gladly follow him. Suppose now it is proven that this life, so full of beauty and dignity, continues forever; that it does not stop in blank oblivion at death, but goes on to all eternity with constantly increasing beauty and dignity; that it can evermore learn truth, go forward in goodness, come to more perfect beauty and a higher dignity. Does not this knowledge add a sublimer glory? Would not the knowledge of this God-like dignity help to give earnestness, purity, love, to every soul? Surely it is of value to know that there is something more than life here, precious and beautiful as this life may be.

This brings us to speak of the present pressing need of a demonstration of immortality. Many causes have led during the last hundred years to a large development of materialism. The immense strides in physical science, in mechanical inventions, in navigation, manufactures, mining and agriculture, have attracted and absorbed a vast number of the most active minds. Material pursuits have to-day a dignity and power never before equaled. Then the gradual growth of the power of the people in every civilized nation has released multitudes from subservience to tyranny, and set them free to think for themselves. Into their new-found freedom they have brought the crudeness, the ignorance, and the superstition in which they were trained, and hence they run into wild and often immoral excesses. Moreover the old dogmas in religion, both Protestant and Romanist, have lost their grip on men. A personal devil, a local hell, eternal misery, total depravity, vicarious sacrifice, were once dogmas that brought terror to the stoutest hearts. To-day their power is but a shadow of what it once was. A very large part of the best educated people reject them entirely; others give them modified interpretation. They can never again be the hideous nightmare that once they were. But in giving up these errors not a few men are giving up, also, vital spiritual truths that have been associated with the errors.

This great progress of natural science, of mechanical inventions, of civil liberty, and of the decay of irrational dogmas is, in itself a good of which the value can hardly be estimated. The follies, and excesses, and immoralities attendant upon it are due to weaknesses, and errors, and superstitions which the old system had fostered, and which men cannot at once overcome. But everybody must see that these follies, excesses and immoralities are to-day very great evils. They cannot be overcome by any return to the old dogmas of innate depravity, of a Devil and a Hell, of a substitutionary sacrifice by which a few are enabled to escape the Devil's power. Some truth is needed that is in itself so strong, so regenerating, so beautiful, that it can quicken, lead, inspire all men. Some truth that will show men the dignity of their own nature, the divine possibilities that are within their reach, the inevitable sorrow and pain that attend upon all transgression, the glad progress and peace that come with obedience.

We believe fully that Spiritualism is the truth that can do this. We believe that it is the only truth that can do it. This belief is the inspiration of our life and work. Spiritualism proves, beyond question, the fact of life after the body is dead; that life after death is, in mental and moral qualities, the same as life before death; that all transgression of physical, mental and moral laws brings penalty, and that all obedience brings good; that in life after death there are opportunities for companionship, for work, for study, for large mental and moral growth. It does not prove these by mere probabilities, nor by airy guesses and speculations. In proving them it pursues those scientific methods which have approved themselves to the best intellects of the last five hundred years. It follows observation, experiment, induction and deduction.

It is because we see the need of large moral and spiritual power in the world to-day, and because we see in Spiritualism this needed power that we advocate a Society for Psychical Research. By the facilities such a society could offer to investigators we hope that some

of the most able and unprejudiced scientific men in the world could be led to give the whole subject of Spiritualism a careful investigation. Whatever their reports might be, the Society would print them and circulate them. Only the outer border of this limitless and invaluable field has, as yet, been entered. Such a Society will have abundant work for indefinite centuries to come, and its Reports will contain truths upon which may be reared the Diviner Humanity of the future.

Mr. Blake says: "I am not interested to maintain that anything is truth, but I feel happy and satisfied, when the truth, whatever it may be, is discovered." We can say with Mr. Blake that we "are happy when the truth is discovered." We cannot follow him in saying that we are "satisfied when the truth is discovered," nor can we say that we are "not interested in maintaining that anything is truth." The discovery of truth, merely, does not satisfy us, although we rejoice in it. It is of all things essential that truth be operative in human lives and human institutions. For a man to know truth which would be a great help to men, but of which they are ignorant, and then not to teach and maintain that truth, is a most unbrotherly and selfish position. Indeed, Mr. Blake would probably agree with us in this. He did not mean just what his words say. He is interested in maintaining that something is truth, his work every week shows it. If he has no truth to teach and to maintain, the sooner he steps down and out of the pulpit the better for him and his congregation. We do believe that something is truth, and we are mightily interested in maintaining that truth. If anything we now hold as truth shall ever be proven to be error, we hope we shall not be backward in giving it up.

It would seem as if some of our Unitarian friends had, during these last years, been drifting away from any clearly conceived truth, which they are willing to state and to stand by. The old school of Unitarians fought a great battle, and overthrew a brave and vigorous enemy. They denied errors with a manly force, and with the same force they affirmed truths. They had great fundamental thoughts as to man, salvation, God, which gave a coherent fibre to all their work. Their freedom to think led them to great truths which they were "interested to maintain." Some of the modern Unitarians vapor much about freedom to think, but are very cautious, perhaps with reason, in stating any truths to which their thinking has led. Any positive affirmation of a great doctrine, as a basis of work, excites their strongest opposition. Their freedom seems to lead them to inquire not "how much truth can we learn?" but, "how little truth can we get along with?" Here is their organ in Chicago, our genial neighbor, *Unity*, which may be taken as an exponent of their position. One may read *Unity* for months and not find in its editorial department any strong affirmation of truths that characterize Unitarianism. It says now and then some true things and good things, but they are not distinctively Unitarian. They might just as well be said in the secular or in some other religious papers; they do not occupy any distinctive field. Take the subject of immortality: If a man's life is to continue forever, the thought of that everlastingness should certainly have a large influence in shaping the life now. But one would search *Unity* in vain for a twelve-month to find any reference to immortality as a motive or an inspiration, or a consolation; the subject is simply ignored. The veriest materialist could not be more silent about it.

Indeed there are not wanting indications that not a few of the Unitarian clergy are already in the grasp of Agnosticism, or Materialism in a modified form. As a result the Unitarian body is to-day much less influential, compared with the population, than it was twenty years ago. In Chicago it now has four churches where twenty years ago there were two, but the two then were much stronger than the four combined are now, while in business, in wealth, in population, in influence the city has during these twenty years made immense strides. Why this weakness? It is because men and women are not attracted by those who are "not interested to maintain that anything is truth." Most men and women, who are at all interested in religion, have a positive belief in immortality, a belief that is with them a motive and a consolation. They have other strong convictions as to the "over soul," the Christly spirit, the destiny of man. They do not long go to a church when these topics are systematically ignored.

Unitarianism has, to-day, a large body of important religious truth, it has many clergymen of real intellectual force, it has a laity that in education, social position, and wealth are second to no other. It needs to rouse from its worship of freedom, and use the large freedom of to-day in organizing its great truths into the life of the American people. It needs to free itself from the dread of believing something, and force to the front the great affirmations on which it is based. It needs impetus, stimulus, inspiration. It seems to have been looking for these in the direction of Agnosticism and Materialism. These have never yet inspired any large number of men to humanitarian work. They never will so inspire. And so Unitarianism is fast lapsing into sterility. It is largely engaged

"In dropping buckets into empty wells, And growing old in drawing nothingness."

The inspiration that it needs can come to it from one source, and only one. That source is modern Spiritualism. We can see, already, the sneers of contempt with which some Uni-

tarrians will read this. Nevertheless, friends, it is true, in spite of your derision. Add to your present fundamental affirmations the two great affirmations of Spiritualism—the reality of the spiritual life, and the open communion between that life and this—and you will have a body of truth that will be dear to all men everywhere. You will have, moreover, truths so inspiring that they will overcome your dread of believing anything, your undue devotion to scholarly ease, your unwise fastidiousness that has sometimes refused to consider the most important truths because they have come before you in homely garb or from unsavory quarters. You will have truths that will fill you with a warm enthusiasm for the help of the most ignorant, most degraded, most sinful of your fellow men. Then your churches, instead of being mainly for the educated and the wealthy only, will be found largely among the poor, the outcast, the friendless, the corrupt—among all those who most need the helpful truths which you will be "interested to maintain." Then, in place of the spiritual barrenness with which you are now so conspicuously afflicted, there will be in your glad message a truth and an enthusiasm that will mightily help all men of every class and condition.

## To Transient Readers.

To the ten thousand or more who will see this number of the JOURNAL and are not subscribers, the editor sends his compliments and hopes they will read it with care. A paper cannot be judged by a single number, and it is hoped that all who are interested in the field the JOURNAL traverses, will send fifty cents and thus secure three months reading of the paper.

## GENERAL NOTES.

Rev. Samuel Watson has finished a course of lectures at Conway, Arkansas.

We shall have many gratifying surprises for our readers within the next few months.

The Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, Ohio, has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon Elizabeth Boynton Harbert.

Continuous readers of the JOURNAL who do not file their papers will do well to send this number to some friend.

The length of the leading editorial this week we fear may discourage some, but the subject matter could hardly be put in less space.

New Year's Day will soon be here; will not every subscriber indebted to the JOURNAL make a determined effort to pay up and renew for a year in advance?

Mr. William Nicol will lecture before the Peoples' Society of Spiritualists next Sunday, at 3 P. M., in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St. Subject: Spirit Communism, its Relation to all Religious Systems.

A new lyceum has been organized in Cleveland, O., on the West Side. A correspondent writes that it is succeeding well. Mrs. Smith, a local medium, speaks for them morning and evening.

A correspondent writes: "Lyman C. Howe speaks for the society at Grand Rapids, Mich., this month. We think him one of the best of speakers, and wish we could keep him for a year."

Hon. Jonathan Gould Wait of Sturgis, Mich., lately celebrated his 73rd birthday with a party, to which fifty old pioneer friends were invited. Judge Wait has seen an eventful life, and has a host of warm personal friends.

Comments on mediumship are made in another column by one of the best read and most experienced Spiritualists we know. Whether agreeing with the views or otherwise, they should be considered by all interested.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou is about to enter the lecture field again. For several years past she has had a studio in San Francisco, and the productions of her brush have been pronounced excellent by good judges, it is said. Her address is 759 Market street, San Francisco, California.

Mr. Bundy desires in this way to notify correspondents whose letters require his personal attention, that they will oblige him by exercising patience. With a stenographer and type-writer, he is still unable to keep up, often getting weeks behind. He hopes friends will not wait answers where they have new matters to write of, but promptly forward.

The rumors of psychical societies formed in Boston, Cambridge and New York, are as yet only rumors. It is easy to talk and resolve, but another to find money and men to work. It is no small thing to start and equip a Psychical Institution, as these good people will find before they go very far. But let them persevere; the object is worthy of most determined effort.

The name of Hudson Tuttle is known around the world and his books and lectures have been published in foreign languages. Though just in the prime of life, his career as a medium, writer and lecturer dates back to the early days of American Spiritualism. Some men have done more polished work, none better or stronger. As a representative Spiritualist his letter on the second page in advocacy of an Institution for Psychical Research, is worthy the attention of all, regardless of their respective beliefs.

Mr. Tuttle's Lake Pleasant lecture which appears on the first page, is also valuable reading. Our stenographer has failed to do full justice, yet the report is very good, considering the confusion arising from the noise of railroad trains and the usual turmoil of a camp, which stop not for lecturers or reporters.



The second course of lectures by Dr. R. B. Westbrook was commenced Sunday evening, Dec. 7th, at the City Institute, Chestnut and Eighteenth Sts., Philadelphia. The object of these lectures is to check infidelity and promote true religion and morality.

The JOURNAL is informed that one T. B. Taylor, an ex-Methodist minister, who delights in writing A. M., M. D. after his name, has in his wanderings brought up at San Francisco. He is no credit to any sect or party. The less our Pacific Coast readers have to do with him, the better it will be for them.

We have received a copy of "Select Progressive Spiritual Hymns and Songs," by Wm. W. Mayberry and J. H. Rhodes, M. D., Philadelphia. It contains a few old hymns and many new ones, and the tunes are mostly familiar. It will be found useful in the Lyceum and Conference. For sale by J. H. Rhodes, M. D., number 315 N. 10th St., Philadelphia.

The number of deaf mutes in the world is roughly calculated to be from 700,000 to 900,000; and of these sixty-three per cent. are said to be born deaf—others losing their hearing by different accidents. To meet their educational wants there are on the face of the globe three hundred and ninety-seven institutions containing 26,473 inmates of both sexes, and employing over two thousand teachers.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for 1885 offers some rare attractions and prominent among them are the following: The Serial Stories by Henry James, Mrs. Oliphant, Charles Egbert Craddock, Sarah Orne Jewett, Oliver Wendell Holmes and others. Poems, Essays, Stories and Papers on Scientific, Literary and Social Topics, may be expected from popular writers, and altogether the outlook for the coming year is a literary treat. The publishers offer the November and December numbers of this year free to those sending in their subscription before December 20th.

Those who have had the good fortune during their investigations of Spiritualism to make the acquaintance of that most excellent medium, Mrs. Jennie E. Potter, of Boston will recall with pleasure the memory of her daughter Mary. May, as she was called, was not only the pride of Mr. and Mrs. Potter, but a favorite with the friends of her parents. The editor of the JOURNAL has watched her grow from a bright little girl into a sweet, beautiful, cultivated woman. On the 28th ult., she was married to Mr. Frederick E. Tripp, and the young couple will be "at home" in Providence, R. I., after the 15th inst. We extend our cordial congratulations.

The Warrenton Clipper makes this statement: "There is an old negro in this country, it is said, whose touch will drive away warts, heal cancers and cure instantaneously the worst cases of rheumatism. Reliable people inform us that several severe cases of disease have been cured by the simple laying of his hands on the affected parts. One old gentleman, who, by the way, is one of our best citizens, is troubled with the periodical appearance of a cancer on his face, and for years has been under the treatment of this colored prodigy. On these occasions, when the cancer becomes inflamed, our friend goes immediately to the negro and has him to rub it, and soon after it disappears, leaving no trace of its former existence save a little dry scab."

"I know my mother will be with me to-night," was Laura G. Clancy's remark before she died, Nov. 10th, in Baltimore, at the house of her friend, Mrs. H. Leimback, on South Broadway. She was a Spiritualist, and the remark meant that she knew her mother's spirit would call for her. "Have my body cremated and the ashes divided so that one-half can lie with sister Venie, in Baltimore, and half with mother, in Burlington, Vt." She made her friend promise that she would carry out her wish, and that is why Laura G. Clancy's body was cremated at the crematorium at Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 1st. The ashes, weighing about four pounds, were placed in two urns.

Dr. D. P. Kayner, of St. Charles, Ill., was called to South Bend, Indiana, last Tuesday, Dec. 2nd, by Dr. E. H. Denslow, to conduct the funeral services held over the remains of his brother. Both families being Spiritualists, believed that the doctrine by which they shaped their lives, and on which they had anchored their hopes for the future, was the only proper one to be presented to the people on this occasion. The Disciple Church, near the cemetery, was kindly opened for the services and a large gathering of the members and the friends of the deceased were in attendance to listen to the impressive remarks of the Doctor as he unfolded to them the objects of life here and hereafter in the light of spirit revelation. Such discourses cannot fail to do good and our friends should lose no opportunity of having them properly presented on all similar occasions.

A short time ago Henry Watson, of Mill Village, Pa., was seized with a premonition that his services were necessary at a certain point on French Creek. The influence was so strong that he was drawn as if by a charm to the spot, and when within a short distance of it cries for help reached his ears. In the creek he found George Dowler and his wife struggling for their lives. Dowler had tried to ford the creek and, missing the way, was submerged. He was holding on to the horse, while the swiftly running current was carrying his wife to her death. Securing a boat, Watson rescued the unfortunate woman as she was sinking. The affair is the wonder and talk of the neighborhood, and but for the timely arrival of Watson Mrs. Dowler would have drowned.

The Hon. Daniel Dougherty lectured at Central Music Hall, Dec. 9th, under the auspices of the Star Lecture Course. By special request Mr. Dougherty delivered his great lecture on "Oratory." On December 18th, the Redpath Concert Co., and Miss Nellie Brown will appear.

Mrs. Helen Willmann gets out another number of her paper this week, *The Woman's World*, which was suspended for lack of patronage a year or so ago. She says she will not run in debt, and so will only publish it as she receives the money to pay for it. Price \$1 per year. Staats Zeitung Building, Chicago, Ill.

John Wetherbee of Boston has been a prolific writer for the Spiritualist press these many years; of late his fancy has been to write over the nom de plume of "Shadows." He has practiced long enough to hit upon a style which pleases a majority of his readers, and now he is about to try the experiment of publishing a book. Under the title of "Shadows," his venture will contain twenty-eight chapters, bearing upon the phenomena and personnel of Spiritualism. When published the JOURNAL will know better what to say of it.

#### Anna Kimball.

This notorious adventuress after a career on two continents, has gravitated to Boston. After her last return from Europe, she made a tour as far west as the Rocky Mountains, but at no place has she been able to long ply her wiles with financial success. She has now baited her hook with the Theosophical worm and is industriously angling for game. Her history would be a fortune to any publisher of cheap sensational literature. If she will write it up herself, it will make her more money than anything else she can undertake.

#### General News.

Women bull-fighting is a new wrinkle in Spain. Washington Territory votes to tax church property. Autograph hunters are besieging the President-elect. New Jersey has been in the wilds of her southern counties. A residence of sheet iron is being erected in Sherman, Texas. The beer hall is supplanting the cafe in the affections of Parisians. Ashtabula, Ohio, has a hotel for the exclusive use of colored people. Oscar Wilde and wife are reported to be planning a trip to this country. The Crown Princess of Sweden is said to be the ugliest Princess in Europe. Coaches with a chapel for religious services is the latest convenience of rail travel. Thomas Harrison, the "boy" preacher, has just celebrated his forty-third birthday. An Arkansas family traveled sixty-five miles to see a show at West Plains, Mo. The fate of mortality in the United States navy is much less than among the dwellers upon the land. King County, Washington Territory, has one woman Justice of the Peace and one woman constable. In the fourteenth century it was the fashion to carry toothpicks of silver suspended round the neck. In London banks each one of the directors serves in turn a short time as practical manager of the institution. An old lady of eighty-six has just cast her first vote in Washington Territory. She didn't think she would live to do it. The present Emperor of Russia in his earlier days was noted for his feats of strength, and is still one of the strongest men in his empire of giants. The jar of heavy freight trains rushing through the tunnel under Heidelberg Castle is gradually racking that interesting structure to pieces. The question of compulsory attendance on religious exercises is again being agitated at Harvard. The Vermont Legislature bill to allow women paying taxes the right to vote was defeated. There are but two living species of elephants, the African and the Asiatic. A father and son are both under sentence of death in a Farmersville, La., jail. China is the largest consumer of pig tin. It is chiefly used for the manufacture of idols. During the dry season, now about to begin, 50,000 men will be employed on the Panama Canal. Mr. Gladstone's salary as Premier is \$25,000, and as Chancellor of the Exchequer \$12,500 per annum. The heat and mosquitoes at the Danish scientific station in South Greenland are suggestive of a tropical climate. According to the truth-telling Post of that city, Boston made way with 10,000,000 quarts of beans during the last year. Twenty thousand tons of coke are shipped every month from Alabama to Arizona, where it is used in smelting silver ore. Mulhall, the great English authority, gives London, New York and Liverpool as the three most important ports in the world. Jacob Mathis, a New Haven, Conn., engineer, has a rifle that was carried by John Brown for many years, and was used in the Kansas riots. Charles B. Richards, a workman and later a superintendent in Colt's Pistol Works, Hartford, has just been chosen to fill the chair of Dynamics in Yale College. There are 450 signal service stations in the country. Bob Burdette has left the Burlington Hawk eye. Boston is about to erect a \$25,000 statue to Paul Revere. Beef and mutton at retail are 24 cents a pound in London. The son of Boston's Mayor was fined \$152 for pounding his tailor. A South Carolinian, twenty-two years old, is charged with having five wives. Last Sunday was the seventy-fourth birthday of Senator Payne and the sixty-sixth of Cyrus W. Field. In England and Italy there are several physicians who hold the view that cholera is merely an aggravated form of ague. There has been a decrease in the number of suicides in New York State since self-murder was made a statutory crime. Building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad will continue throughout the winter. Twenty thousand men are employed.

Bishop Huntington is writing an article on "Veneration in Politics," for the January number of the *North American Review*.

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#### Notice to Subscribers.

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#### Business Notices.

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#### Passed to Spirit-Life.

In Ripley, Ohio, Mr. Wm. Norris passed to spirit-life Nov. 19th. Mr. Norris had been a sufferer from cancer for a long time and was confined to his bed for many months. The local paper of the town speaks in high terms of him as a man and a citizen. He was a Spiritualist and an old subscriber to the JOURNAL. A co-resident writer. "He died as he lived, a Spiritualist, a liberty-loving, honest man, loved and respected by all who knew him." Though 79 years of age his mind was strong and vigorous to the last. He leaves a wife over 80 years of age.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets every Sunday at 8 and 7:45 a. m., at their new hall on Adelphi Street, near Fulton. Mrs. J. T. Little, resident speaker; Daniel Costa, secretary. A Spiritual Conference for discussing questions pertaining to Man's Advancement in Spiritual Truth, will be held in the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, 410 Adelphi St., between Grove and Fulton Aves. every Sunday at 8 p. m. Seats free and every one welcome.

December 14.—A Medium's Meeting under charge of Mrs. T. B. Striker of New York City.  
December 21.—Lecture by Prof. Henry Kiddle.  
December 28.—A Lecture on Psychometry with practical illustrations by Dr. V. P. Slocum.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 329 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. W. J. Cushing, President; Lewis Johnson, Vice-President.  
The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 124 West 43rd Street, New York.  
The People's Spiritual Meeting, 222 West 11th St., convenes every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. and 7:30 evening. In Arcadium Hall, No. 57 West 25th St., corner Sixth Avenue.

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The two batteries I purchased of you when you were at the Allen House, have given me perfect relief from the Rheumatism which I have been subject to for the last three years. Gratefully yours, PERNA HOFFMAN.

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I have used one of your batteries about six months ago, hearing they would cure headaches, from which I suffered every other day for more than three years, and at the same time I was worn out with neuralgia in my left arm. From both of which I received instant relief. WILLIAM HOLLEY.

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When I heard of your batteries, I went and bought one for 50 cents, and after wearing it for five weeks, can say I am cured of rheumatism, and I want to say, also, of rheumatism, but I am not cured, I have been wonderfully helped. Enclosed you will find \$1, for which send me two batteries. I am respectfully yours, HARRY MORRIS.

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BY HATTIE J. RAY.

### The Dying.

### A Worthy Society.

**S. D. Comfort** writes: The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is the standard theological paper of the world.

**Truth.**

BY THOS. HARDING.

When the steam issue from the mountain side flows murmuring toward the south, who would suppose, that it would change its course and empty into a northern sea? When the weak and fragile blade appears above the acorn, it gives no prophecy (to the unsophisticated) of the future strength of the swelling babe in the cradle. We do not suggest to our minds the combative man of the world: we have always "to wait and see." It sounds well, and is very nice to say, "Honesty is the best policy." But honesty, sincerity, directness, belong to the future. Honesty is indeed the best policy in the present. It is the best policy for the upper and lower, and for the rich and the poor, and for the honest man in a palace and the honest man in a poor house. Sturgis, Mich.

### The Sentence of Pontius Pilate.

was bought by Lord Howard, on the sale of his cabinet, for 2500 francs. There seems to be little or no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this document, and it is obvious to remark that the reasons of the Jews for their conduct correspond exactly with those in the Gospel. The sentence itself runs as follows:—  
Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, intended for the province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross.—In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th of the month of March, and in the most holy city of Jerusalem, during the Pontificate of Pontius Pilate, procurator of the province of Lower Galilee, sitting in the praetorial seat, on the day of the festival, in the presidential seat of the praetor, sentences Jesus of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonies of the people prove that.—1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited the people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls himself the Son of God. 5. He calls himself false, the King of the Jews. He has said, I will destroy this temple, and I will build it up in three days. He has said, I will build a multitude carrying palms in the hands. It likewise orders the first centurion, Quirinus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution, and forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of the law. The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are—1. Daniel Rohani, Pharisee; 2. John Zorababel; 3. Raphael Rohani; 4. Capet. The names of the witnesses are taken out of Jerusalem, where the trial was held. The sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its side is an inscription certifying that "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe."

W. H. Sagers writes: How proud I am of the JOURNAL'S white face, pure morals, lofty principles and indomitable courage. I have read the JOURNAL fourteen years; it has been the best educator I have had during the 70 years of my life.

### Items From the Pacific Coast.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:

## RETROSPECTIVE

**The Lecturer by O. S. Wheeler**

**The Lectures by O. S. Wheeler.**

To the Editor of the *Hellenic Philosophical Journal*:

—

### The Horse.

The finances of Germany are in bad shape. A Detroit lawyer thinks divorces should be granted under the title of "quit claims."

**An Awful Lesson, and James B. Felton.**

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*

### Spiritualism in Boston, Mass.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*

Boston, Mass.

### An Earnest Investigator.

By the Station of the United States District Court

—

### A Story of a Blind Negro

**Miss E. M. Smith**, of East Portland, Oregon writes: "I am not afraid to be called a Spiritualist and medium. I am about the only one here that has heard the "crow" in the morning and not denied the master."

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous

### Subjects.

In the neighborhood of Lampco, Cal about 15 tons of honey will be stored by bees this winter, yet one-twentieth of the bee range there is utilized. There are thousands of acres of sagebrush land that will never be cleared of this peculiar brush; hence apiculture is destined to become more and more one of California's chief industries, and one in which men of small capital can embark. There are lands on the Santa Rita and Perlama ranches for sale at not to exceed \$5 per acre, which are covered with heavy growth of sage and other flowering shrubs from which bees extract honey.







CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY  
DEVOTED TO  
THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 20, 1884.

No. 17

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plans what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spiritual communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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**FIRST PAGE.**—The Tribune's Coloring Removed. Two Great Dailies on Spiritualism. Letter from Boston, Mass. The Free Religious Association. Mr. Blake Explains. Meeting at Romeo, Michigan. Psychological Research. The Haverhill (Mass.) Laborer says: The discovery and analysis of laws governing the material world has exercised a fascination over thoughtful men ever since science began to throw light in dark places. Vast advances have been made in chemistry, the parent of all sciences, and many of the subtle forces have been chained and harnessed to the service and for the welfare of humankind.

**SECOND PAGE.**—Dorus M. Fox.—The Spiritualistic Trump. Possessor of Inimitable Savoir, Monumental Assurance and Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds Avoidpots. American Psychological Research. Remarkable Phenomena in Troy.

**THIRD PAGE.**—Woman and the Household. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Magazines for December not before mentioned. January Magazines Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**FOURTH PAGE.**—Special Notices. Notice to Subscribers. Terms to New Subscribers. The Vicarious Atoneement—An Orthodox View. The Border Line of Insanity. Henry Slade in Chicago. The Tribune's Trend. Sir Bernard General Notes.

**FIFTH PAGE.**—The Divining Rod. General News. Books for the Holidays. Telepathy. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**SIXTH PAGE.**—Dolores at the Gate of Heaven. In Memoriam. An Excellent Test. Sketches from a Medium's Life—Spiritualism in Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Hudson Tuttle. Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Hamilton in Cincinnati. Haverhill (Mass.) and vicinity. The New York Spiritualists. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

**SEVENTH PAGE.**—Orthodoxy and Spiritualism. The Joke on Mr. Hume. A New Antidote. A Curious Phenomenon. Beware of Him. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Herbert Spencer. A New Departure in the Far West. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

The great merit, in my constant opinion, of the method of investigation adopted by our English Society is that it has been logically progressive. Starting from what is known and accepted, the Society has endeavored to add naturally to that accepted knowledge reasonable explanations of occult phenomena which have hitherto been regarded as isolated and inexplicable by any known laws. In so doing the Society for Psychical Research has committed itself to no theory whatsoever.

I ought to add, to explain delay in replying to your letter, that it arrived at a time when I had met with a very serious accident. One of the first duties I have discharged, since I have been permitted to attend to business by my Doctor, is to write this letter.

I am, Faithfully Yours,

W. STANTON-MOSES, M. A.  
Vice-President and Member of Council of the London Society for Psychical Research.  
London, Nov. 26, 1884.

## Two Great Dailies on Spiritualism.

The New York "Evening Telegram" and the Philadelphia Daily "Press" respectively, Express their Views in Plain Language. The Truth can Stand it, and so can the Great Body of Spiritualists who hold Allegiance to Truth, Paramount.

## AIRY TONGUES.

[Philadelphia Daily Press.]  
The bequest of the late Henry Seybert to the University of Pennsylvania was given, as our readers will recollect, with the request or condition that a full, impartial and scientific investigation should be made of the subject of Spiritualism. The investigation is now being made by a committee composed of some of the most prominent literary and scientific men in Philadelphia. Whether the result of their inquiries is immediately to be made public we do not know; but, let us believe in Spiritualism or not, we must all agree that it is high time that the subject should receive a full irradiation from the cold, searching light of science. For nearly forty years this belief has been an active, increasing influence in the social and religious world here and in England. There are sixty journals devoted to promulgating its doctrines, and it numbers its disciples by the hundreds of thousands. "If it be an error, it is too important a factor in our present condition to be set aside with a sneer; if it be a truth, still less is it careless contempt an expedient or conclusive way of disposing of it."

Unfortunately the possibility of the return of the dead is a subject that at once appeals directly to the tenderest associations and emotional nature of most men and all women. They come to its consideration either with a vehement repugnance to belief or else so blinded by grief and hope that they offer an irresistible temptation to trickery. There is no way in which a clever juggler can make so much money as by turning medium. Hence the sect or cult of Spiritualism has gathered into its folds so large a number of cranks, charlatans, hysterical women and unpractical men that the cool, scientific inquirer, who only could have tested its phenomena, has been repelled from it with disgust.

There is a probability that its status will now be changed. There is growing belief both here and in England that, under this haze of Spiritualism, and the kindred mysteries of clairvoyance, animal magnetism, mind-transference and telepathy, there is "something" which is not humbug or trickery, but which, whether it be an uncomprehended physical or mental force, deserves the same conscientious research that we would give to any other natural or spiritual truth. It is an age which is determined to prove all things and to reduce them to the classification of science. A century ago men either shuddered at ghosts or jeered at them. The educated man of to-day shudders and jeers at nothing. He will not be at all startled or astonished at the disclosure of an invisible world about him, but he will insist on bringing it within rational laws and system. He is quite willing to release the spirit Ariel from his imprisonment in his oak, but like Prospero, he will set him to work, and get some tangible good of him.

In England the Society for Psychical Inquiry has vigorously taken up the subject of Spiritualism, clairvoyance, telepathy or the communication of mind to mind at great distances by sudden and profound impressions, until they have accumulated a mass of well authenticated facts on which to begin their investigations. A branch of this society was formed here, but their proceedings have not as yet been made public.

We begin to hope that definite truth will be elicited when scientific men thus take hold of the matter; that there should be invisible living creatures in the universe stretching up beyond us just as the ranks of brute creation stretch down from us to the microbe, and that the mysteries which now and then touch us, "striking the electric chain where with we're darkly bound," should be their efforts to communicate with us, is neither unphilosophic nor an absurd idea in itself to the majority of men. Science and philosophy only can prove its absurdity and sweep these cobwebs out of the sky which covers our daily life: They only can prove its truth. Whatever be the truth, let us have it. But let believers in Spiritualism have done with all shams and talk of "unfavorable atmospheres," and the refusal of the spirits to ap-

pear before unbelievers. If there be any truth in the matter the unseen powers will be glad to meet science half way in its inquiry and will make no such feeble dedges to escape intelligent criticism. Let no deference be paid to the respectability of mediums. If they are respectable and honest, they, too, will be glad to meet every test, however searching, to prove that they are neither cheats nor expert prestidigitators. If this thing is a lie and delusion, let us prove it so; if not, let us accept it, no matter what the results.

"THERE ISN'T A MAN IN THE UNIVERSE WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY."  
(New York Evening Telegram, Dec. 10th.)

Colonel John C. Bundy is the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, a paper devoted to the interests of Spiritualism. He is not, however, a fanatic on the subject, for he exposes all frauds with relentless vigor. It may be imagined, therefore, that his hands are full of business most of the time, for the number of those who are ready to call up all your defunct relatives at a dollar a head, is legion, and they make a fair living by practicing on the religious credulity and mental weakness of the community. Colonel Bundy asserts, however, that there is a large mass of facts, well authenticated, which are of such a startling character that they ought to be scientifically investigated and formulated, and for this purpose he proposes a Psychical or Psychological Society, something like that which has done brave work in London during the last few years, whose business shall be to cross-examine witnesses, and gather testimony which shall be indisputable. It is a very sensible suggestion, for if there are any precious stones in this vast heap of rubbish, the sooner they are found the better. With the ordinary Spiritualist, who swallows the shallow trickery of the day, we have no patience, but if Colonel Bundy has any facts which go to establish a relationship between the two worlds, everybody will be glad to know what they are. There isn't a man in the universe who doesn't want to believe in immortality, but there are a great many men who don't propose to accept such a doctrine on the ipse dixit of any "old wife" who has seen a muslin mask, with half a dozen yards of tulle hanging therefrom, and who is ready to swear that it was her sister or grandmother.

## Letter from Boston, Mass.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The grand march of liberalism is now making such mighty strides that one is obliged to keep well posted, or he is soon left far in the rear. Possibly able pens than mine have already told you of the commingling of the two largest spiritualistic organizations in Boston, that took place at Berkeley Hall the last Sunday in November. A full attendance of all the members of both societies was present. They were entertained and edified by a most wonderful discourse from the inspired lips of W. J. Colville, on the subject of "Fraternal Brotherhood," given him by M. C. Ayer.

Weekly receptions by leading mediums are in vogue this season—a very good thing, as they call together not only the mediums, but their adherents, producing a cordial sociability, that tends to overcome those petty jealousies that so long have been the mediums' bane. Within the past year there has been considerable sifting of the chaff from the pure grain, and while true mediumship burns with a clearer flame, fraud is being justly punished in penitentiaries and insane Asylums.

A few months ago, it was said from the pulpit not sixty miles from this city, by a clergyman, that "Spiritualism is fast fading out, there being now none engaged in it except feeble-minded men and fanatical women." We found on investigation, some of the leading citizens of the town, not only believers in the spiritual philosophy, but anxious to spread the glad tidings to other people. In the adjoining town, we found a circle of ten who, with a medium, also a resident, met every week for instruction and development. From this little band an invitation was given to Mrs. Maud E. Lord, a lady of superior mediumistic ability, "to come and help them." The 16th of October, she met them in a séance at the medium's house, where the numbers had been increased to twenty-one honest souls, seeking light, although they were among the most highly educated to be found in the old classic town of Exeter, N. H. The manifestations were varied and exceedingly interesting, being a great credit to even Mrs. Lord's wonderful mediumship. Independent spirit voices talked with the loved husband, wife, father, mother, brother, sister and friend, as naturally and kindly as when in the flesh. Their hands warmly clasped ours in gladness and welcomed us in tones that could not be duplicated by fraud. Mrs. Lord had a cordial invitation to come again, from one of the leading lawyers. Thanksgiving evening she accepted the invitation, and was met by a glad surprise on being ushered into the lecture room of the First Congregational Church, to find it packed with an intelligent audience, who gave the closest attention for two hours or more to the truth as it flowed in sweet pathos and unaffected eloquence from her inspired lips, closing by giving ten or a dozen most excellent tests, that were, indeed, pearls of great price, for they were the gates of heaven to their grieving hearts. The next evening,

her séance at the house of a good Baptist brother in the village, was full to overflowing, notwithstanding the heavy fall of rain all the afternoon and evening. Clergymen, lawyers and physicians made up the company.

The manifestations were of a nature to convince the most skeptical, and several who disclaimed any and all belief in a hereafter, came forward at the close and acknowledged their "theories broken into atoms." Some of the leading citizens now say: "If Mrs. Lord will come again, we will fill the largest Hall with the town's best people; who have become interested by the earnestness with which she has presented her work to us." Their clergy are waking up. One said, after Mrs. L. had given a lecture there: "As Christians, it is our duty by every honest endeavor to try these spirits and see if they be of God; if so, we should encourage Mrs. Lord in her great missionary work; but if we find them evil, then should we try to save her from condemnation."

Mrs. Lord is in truth a great "torch bearer," carrying the light into the very heart of the churches, dispelling the clouds of doubt and superstition, and saving thousands from despair, who crowd around her on every side, with eager, anxious faces, asking the question, "If we die, shall we live again?" We know of none that so fully and nobly emulate the example of the lowly Nazarene, as does this medium, who having sacrificed home, comfort and friends, has gone out into the highways and byways, disseminating the grand truths of Spiritualism, overcoming all obstacles with facts that cannot be denied; diagnosing disease, healing the sick by the "laying on of hands," and uplifting the degraded, until she has become indeed a marvel in all the country, from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the gold-laden mountains of the far West. Very many readers of your valuable paper have said they wished Mrs. Lord could be prevailed upon to write a semi-monthly, if not a weekly sketch, of her work for publication. It would doubtless be exceedingly interesting, she is so well and favorably known. I forbear saying more of this time, lest I weary you; but soon will tell you of other mediums' work, as we wish all true mediums God speed.

OLD GRANITE STATE.

## The Free Religious Association.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 10th, a social gathering was held in Parker Fraternity Hall, of this city, by members of the Free Religious Association. At 6:30 about one hundred and twenty-five people partook of the supper which was served in the lower hall. A little before 8 o'clock Col. Higginson, who presided, called the assembly in the upper hall to order. The meeting was opened with music by the 25th Congregational Choir, after which Col. Higginson made a few remarks. He spoke of the work undertaken by this association, and asserted that in his opinion it will not be taken from its hands by any improved Unitarianism or reformed Universalism. Speaking of the inconsistency of many liberals whose professions of liberality are not supplemented by broad tolerance for the opinions of their opponents, he cited the action of Lydia Maria Childs, who, after laboring long and earnestly in the interest of liberal and progressive thought, left at her death a bequest whose benefits were limited to Protestants. He said that we must show our liberalism in the broad tolerance of all, Catholic or Protestant, Orthodox or Infidel; and meet in good fellowship all who differ as well as all who agree with us in religious and other questions.

Mr. Holland of Concord then delivered a short address upon the subject: "How Religious Liberty is Invaded in Massachusetts." He said that religious liberty means more than safety from dungeon or cell. We have not complete religious liberty when atheists and agnostics are disqualified as witnesses in courts of justice. He said that there is a law against blasphemy, the penalty being two years imprisonment. These laws are practically dead, but they ought to be buried. Church property must be taxed and made to support its just portion of the public expense. When it is not taxed, tax payers who do not share in the benefits or desire the ministrations of a sectarian body are compelled to indirectly contribute to its support, by paying taxes which should be shared by that body. We are not free until any man can pursue any legitimate business on any day of the week. Shall I be compelled by law to lie idle because my neighbor wants to go to church? I do not object to a holiday once a week, but if the people want it they will keep it, and if not they should not be compelled by law to observe a particular day as holy. If we are to have a holiday once a week, it must be free from restrictions upon any moral amusements. It must be a holiday, not a holy-day. The State has no right to interfere in the interests of orthodoxy, more than heterodoxy. He also spoke of the Bible in the public schools as a source of embarrassment, and an infringement upon the rights of religious freedom, where the book is read "without note or oral comment," it being then a mere object of superstitious worship.

After Mr. Holland's address, Col. Higginson made a few remarks, giving his experience in the legislature with these questions. He showed the embarrassments under which legislators labor when attempting to deal with them, and considered the question of the taxation of church property as an exceedingly complicated one. He said that educational interests are involved, for since

most colleges are sectarian and dominated by religious prejudices, they would, by application of the same arguments, become justly liable to taxation; and this would seriously cripple the power of educational institutions.

He said that the Bible is kept out of the schools in Holland, and will doubtless soon be in this country, and that the law against admitting in courts the testimony of unbelievers, is so restricted and limited by judicial decisions, that it is comparatively harmless, and it is, therefore, difficult to interest legislators in its repeal. Regarding dead letter laws he declared that they are a source of danger, for in times of excitement they are sure to be called into operation. They are like a loaded pistol supposed to be not loaded.

F. A. Hinckley, of R. I., was called upon by the chair, and made a few remarks. He thought liberals should be careful, in opposing religious oppressions, not to combat the principle of religion itself. We must distinguish carefully between secularization and secularism. Rev. Mr. Babcock, of several successive ministries at large, as the chair announced him, next gave expression to a few thoughts in favor of universal social intercourse and the destruction of all artificial barriers in the relations of men.

John S. Cobb spoke upon the objects of the Association, and urged hearty co-operation among members.

Mrs. Bisbee, who took a full theological course at Cambridge divinity school, but entered the field of liberal thought, next made a few remarks, expressing her desire and intention to work for freedom of thought, standing upon a platform not limited by any creed or obligation to recognize the authority of any man or book. The meeting closed with singing by the congregation, and it is safe to say that all went home highly pleased with the success of the affair.

Boston, Dec. 11th.

## Mr. Blake Explains.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Thanks for your kind and energetic treatment of my letter. What I mean by "not being interested to maintain that anything is truth," is simply that all theories or views or results set lightly on my reason, however dear to my sentiments, so that I am always ready to abandon anything for cause, and know that the sentiments will kindly even the more, in time, if they have the more and better founded truth to kinde for. Dr. Bartol put it thus: "I will not bind myself to my own words of yesterday, nor can I beyond the moment accept yours." Here the emphasis must be put on "bind." You mistake (my own fault mainly for using so ambiguous a word in such a place) my sense of the word "interested." I don't mean I have no feeling and no depth of conviction about what I teach for truth, but that I have no advantage or institution or creed or anything else at stake to disturb my appreciation of any reasoning offered to me for any view.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 12th. J. V. BLAKE.

## Meeting at Romeo, Michigan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

DEAR SIR:—On Saturday and Sunday, the 6th and 7th ult., the Quarterly Meeting of the District Association of Spiritualists of Macomb and three adjoining counties, was held. It was, indeed, a meeting in the midst of outward difficulties—storm and wind, and darkness and mud, ruled the hours from first to last, and kept away those from towns near who had planned to be present. A dozen met Saturday afternoon, forty at night, a hundred the next day—more than double the number in the large churches near by. It was an encouraging meeting, and all felt from this goodly attendance and the earnest spirit which prevailed, that a large audience could have convened, had the storm raged less fiercely. In the conferences Messrs. Ewell, Barron, Evans, Hopkins and others took part, and addresses were given by the President, Mr. Whiting, and by Mrs. Pearsall and Mr. Stebbins.

At some future time, with fairer skies and with the wintry winds softened, the Association will probably again meet in the good town of Romeo.

## Psychical Research.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Laborer says:

The discovery and analysis of laws governing the material world has exercised a fascination over thoughtful men ever since science began to throw light in dark places. Vast advances have been made in chemistry, the parent of all sciences, and many of the subtle forces have been chained and harnessed to the service and for the welfare of humankind.

While this progress has been made in the domain of matter, research has been baffled as to the laws governing the mysterious universe of mind. Certain phenomena have been observed as accompanying certain mental conditions and temperaments. Various theories have been broached, and the basis for several creeds founded upon these unexplained manifestations.

There is, to-day, a wide-spread movement organizing among thinking people for investigating one phase of the question. These societies are formed for the purpose of "Psychical Research." It is proposed to form such a group in Haverhill, and there is no doubt but that sufficient material exists to guarantee its success of numbers and interest.



Sections of Georgia are troubled with wild hogs which are almost as ravenous as wolves.

A Philadelphia woman who has an income of \$30,000 a year has been found guilty of shoplifting.



## Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.  
(28 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.)

## TRANSFIGURED.

I said to Grief, "My portion, thou!  
My meat and drink this rain of tears;  
Henceforth on broken wing, as now,  
Shall trail the remnant of my years."

And dark days came and went again;  
And thought was without form and void;  
Save as a sickening sense of pain,  
Of wasting want, of hope destroyed.

At last the Mount of God was seen,  
And Grief became transfigured there,  
And angel presence passing fair,  
And angel presence passing fair.

And from that travel, sore, of woe,  
When earth was brass, the sky a flame,  
Was born a Faith 'twas joy to know,  
And life's great Peace through suffering came.

—Mary C. Webster.

Under the modern system of physical culture, either from necessity or choice, women are developing greater strength and powers of endurance. It is, happily, no longer fashionable to be puny, delicate and ready to faint on the least exertion. It is not reasonable to suppose that woman's activities will ever embrace outdoor work, but when that seems to be the only thing to do, it is better to do it well than to starve or do worse. That women have "risen to the occasion," the following examples testify:

From the Yakima, W. T., Signal: "Miss Carrie Minner, aged fifteen years, has twice this season driven a four-horse team to the Dalles and brought out heavy loads of freight. The distance for the round trip is nearly two hundred miles. The road crosses over and through the Simcoe mountains, where many long, steep and narrow grades call for skillful reining and good judgment to avoid accidents. On one occasion Miss Carrie, having twenty hundred pounds on her wagon, increased her team to six horses while ascending the summit of the Simcoes."

A writer in the *Woman's Journal* mentions having seen several female railway station agents in Minnesota. One was a girl of fifteen who took the place of her father, an invalid. She was telegraph operator and train despatcher as well as ticket agent. Conductors and freightmen came to her, telling her to have such a car side-tracked, and asking her where No. 57 was, and so on. At another station two girls had entire charge. One was telegraph operator, the other ticket agent and baggage master. In summer, when there were heavy trucks, the agent was allowed a man to help her. Women's quick ears and fingers seem especially to fit them for telegraphing and ticket selling. The traveler was informed that the girl agent was very reliable, and that the railway company esteemed her highly. Then came the question: "Does she get as much pay as a man?" "Just the same."

Mrs. S. C. Vogt of the *Woman's Journal*, writes from Willow Brook Farm, Oxford, Me.: "I am boarding at a most congenial place. The farm of over three hundred acres is run by two sisters, who inherited it a year or two ago. One of them has been for years a teacher in Dr. Gannett's school. They can paint beautifully and sell their pictures, play the piano, make butter and cheese, embroider, read Greek, French and Latin, do delicious cooking for fifteen, keep posted on new books and on the daily news, oversee their hired men, know the qualities of the soil and the raising of stock—in fact, do the double duties of housekeepers and business managers. They keep their farm in tip-top order, quite a contrast to the farm at which I recently boarded, which was run by an ignorant, opinionative farmer, in disorderly fashion, while this one is cultivated by educated girls who use their brains to help their hands. Board is only five dollars a week, and we enjoy excellent beds and a bountiful table, requirements for summer comfort not attainable at most farmhouses."

## "SWEDEN."

A writer for the *Detroit Post* gives his experience as a huntsman while camping near Marquette and Lake Superior. One day he strayed away so far as to take refuge in a cabin situated in a small clearing and near a lake. He continues: "A trim built woman of thirty-five or forty years of age stood in the door, dressed in a short grey dress and a russet jacket, neat, well-stocked and stout shoes, and a white and dainty linen collar. She invited me to a seat in the cabin, which was neat and well kept and contained many articles of use and ornament not met with in the log houses of other settlers. The lady, for such she was, brought out a refreshing cup of spruce beer and treated me hospitably. I told her I would be glad if I could hire her husband or brother to guide me back to my camp, and asked how long I would have to wait until one of them got back. She smiled and said: 'You will have to wait a long time.' She quickly informed me that she lived there in the heart of the wilderness alone; her nearest neighbor being a mile and a half distant. She lived in Chicago at the time of the great fire in that city, and, losing all she had, went out to service in several places, the last being Marquette, from whence she came to the place where she now lives." The woman then said that she had not only selected and secured the eighty acres, but had made the clearing and put up the cabin herself, without assistance. In reply to his question about loneliness and fear, she answered in this wise:

"She seized a Winchester rifle that hung conveniently to hand on pegs of her own construction, and stepping to the door fired, without raising the rifle any higher than her hip, at a blaze on a tree a hundred feet distant, and put the ball into the small mark."

"But," said I, with increased wonder, "you cannot carry that rifle all the time?"

"She slipped her hand down to her side and drew from a buckskin pocket that had been hidden by the folds of her dress, a pistol, not of the toy kind, but a heavy Colt's navy revolver."

"How long," I asked after the weapons were disposed of, "will it be before you get your land?"

"It will all be paid for this next spring," she replied. "I have been here three winters. I calculate on killing enough game to pay my way," she continued, "and pay for the land, and I have succeeded. The small game I sell at Marquette, and the large game, such as deer and bear, I ship away."

"Bear?" I interposed with dilated eyes.

"Why, yes; bear," she said. "Wouldn't you like to buy this bear skin?"

"But did you kill that bear?"

"I did," she replied, "and I shot him so as not to spoil the skin. See, here are the two ball holes in his head. I fired twice. I hit him on this side of the head first and I waited until he turned the other side, then I fired, and he dropped dead."

A few days afterward the writer visited her

again. She further unfolded her life. Having just refused \$1,000 for the pine on her land, she was about to engage as a guide to some young hunters.

Her knowledge of the habits of animals, made her services valuable to parties from cities who were ignorant in regard to securing game. The amateur hunter finishes his description in these words:

"Well, as I suppose you came here to settle and to live and die, wouldn't it be better to have a husband to share your labors? Some smart young fellow; you know."

"She laughed merrily as she frankly answered: 'I don't find such smart young fellows. I have seen a good deal in my time in the cities.'"

"How do you live when the winter comes on?"

"Oh, very well indeed. I can take my ax and in half an hour get fuel enough for one day."

"Thinking over this practical solution of the woman's rights question as I returned to camp, I confess that the feeling uppermost in my mind was one of the greatest respect and highest admiration for this courageous woman. I also found that this feeling was shared by all of the settlers that knew her, and that 'Sweden' as she is familiarly called by them, is never mentioned except in terms of praise and commendation."

"There is nothing rude or masculine about this woman. Her pleasant but resolute face is bronzed by exposure; she is of medium height, and somewhat slight, but her every movement is as lithe and active as a deer's. Her name is Emma Christina Nielson."

Many thanks to unknown friends in various parts of the country, who have sent to the editor of the *Woman's Journal*, papers, documents and letters of exceeding interest. If they are not recognized in any other manner, be assured, kind friend, they serve to keep alive a bond of sympathy between those of common hopes and aims. A portion of such documents will be used sooner or later. Where many things crowd, and all seem of import, something must wait its turn. But, because there is so much material, do not fail to send more. Some one may wait for just the word which you must not withhold.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE LIFE OF THE BUDDHA AND THE EARLY HISTORY OF HIS ORDER. By E. H. Johnston. Works in the Bhikshu and Bhikshuni. Followed by Notices of the Early History of Tibet and Khoten. Translated by W. Woodville Rockhill, Second Asst. Secretary U. S. Legation in China. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, cloth, gilt top, \$2.50.

There are several lives of Buddha that have been presented to the people, and Mr. Rockhill says in the preface: "No attempt has been made to criticize the texts which have been studied; they are only intended as materials for those who heretofore may undertake to write a history of the Buddha founded on the comparative study of works extant in the different countries in which these doctrines flourished." The first part of the work is an analysis with literal translations of the greater part of the historical or legendary texts of the Tibetan Buddhists, which is the most trustworthy and probably the oldest portion of the Bhikshu.

The sixth chapter contains a literal translation of a large part of Bhavavijaya, a renowned Indian Buddhist work on the Buddhist schools of the Hinayana. The author pays a very high tribute to Alexander Cona de Koro, but says that his premature death prevented him from examining as fully as he could have desired. The Tibetan Bhikshu also acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Leumann and Mr. Bangs Nanjo for notes furnished, which are reproduced in the appendix. Students and admirers of Buddha are under many obligations to Mr. Rockhill for his very exhaustive work.

ONE YEAR'S SKETCH-BOOK. Illustrated and Arranged by Irene E. Jerome. Engraved and Printed under the Direction of Geo. T. Andrews. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Billingham. Chicago: James McIlhenny & Co. Price, cloth, \$5.00; Morocco, \$8.00.

This exquisite holiday book is an original series of illustrations from nature, comprising fifty-six full page pictures (9½x14 inches) of great power and beauty, engraved in the best manner and at a great expense. The illustrations are full of life and color. Natural beauties are taken from all the year round. Scenes of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, in landscape and water sketches, by flashes of sunlight and through struggling mosses, in every variety of shape, shade, and color, mingle with gems of poetry applicable to the season. The volume is elegantly bound in black and gold, also turkey morocco, and reflects great credit upon the publishing house of Lee & Shepard. The illustrations are by Irene E. Jerome; her sketches for one year—she has displayed great skill and artistic ability and the poetic selections accompanying each sketch also possess much merit.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS. By Bishop Heber. With full-page illustrations by Thomas Guilfoyle and Edmund H. Garrett. Prices: Cloth, full gilt, \$1.50; golden floral, \$1.75.

THE MOUNTAIN ANTHEM. The Beatitudes in Rhythmic Echoes. By Wm. C. Richards, author of "The Lord is my Shepherd," with illustrations from designs by Miss L. R. Humphrey. Price: Cloth, full gilt, \$1.50; golden floral, \$1.75. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Billingham. Chicago: James McIlhenny & Co.

These two poems belong to the beautiful series of Household Favorites in song and story, of which Lee and Shepard are the founders, and these are the two new hymns added this year. Prof. Richards in "The Mountain Anthem" treats the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount in a similar manner to "The Lord is my Shepherd" of last year. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," is illustrated by Miss L. R. Humphrey in "The Mountain Anthem," and "The blessed in his kindness bow down to wood and stone," by Edmund H. Garrett. In "Greenland's Icy Mountains," are fair samples of the artistic work of the designers and engravers.

PERSEVERANCE ISLAND; OR, THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Douglas Frazer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Billingham. Chicago: James McIlhenny & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

This story proves the limitless ingenuity and invention of man, and portrays the works and achievements of a castaway, who, thrown ashore almost literally naked upon a desert isle, is able, by the use of his brains, the skill of his hands, and a practical knowledge of the common arts and sciences, to far surpass the achievements of all his predecessors, and to surround himself with implements of power and science utterly beyond the reach of his prototype, who had his wreck as a reservoir from which to draw his munitions.

PRETTY LUCY MERWIN. By Mary Lakeman, author of Ruth Eliot's Dream. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Billingham. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Those who remember the charming story, "Ruth Eliot's Dream," will be glad to read another of this author's pleasing stories. This is a short history of some parts of the lives of a number of young people. It is healthy and moral in tone, and these young people are entertaining and sensible. We commend it to all young people.

OUT OF THE WRECK; OR, WAS IT A VICTORY. By Miss A. M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Billingham. Chicago: James McIlhenny & Co. Price, 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

This volume is uniform with Miss Douglas's other novels. Her stories are domestic in character, point a moral, and are read with pleasure and profit by a large number of readers. She is a prolific writer and her writings meet with a ready sale.

THE MODEL SINGER. A book for Singing School Conventions and Choirs, by W. O. Perkins and D. R. Towner. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Price 60 cents.

A new, and to appearance an excellent book for singing classes. Mr. Perkins' work as a composer is well known, and Mr. Towner's music evinces taste and ability. The book contains 192 pages, well filled. The usual singing school course is well furnished with graded exercises. There are many bright and singable harmonized songs, and a good assortment of hymn tunes and anthems. The moderate price is a recommendation.

GEMS FOR LITTLE SINGERS. A Collection of Songs for Kindergarten and Primary Schools. By Elizabeth U. Emerson and Gertrude Swayne, assisted by L. O. Emerson. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Price 30 cents.

"Gems for Little Singers" contains 62 songs, of which some of the words are by Kate Greenaway, Lucy Larcom and other well-known sweet poets. 26 pictures add to the attractiveness, and the book is nicely printed and bound. Teachers who wish to examine can get a copy by sending three dimes to the publisher.

## New Books Received.

THE MODEL SINGER. By W. O. Perkins and D. R. Towner. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Price, bound cover, 60 cents.

GEMS FOR LITTLE SINGERS. By Elizabeth U. Emerson and Gertrude Swayne, assisted by L. O. Emerson. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Price, 30 cents.

THE MORMON INQUIRY. A Discourse delivered before the New West Education Commission, Nov. 2nd, 1884. By Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D. Chicago: Jameson & Morse.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW WEST EDUCATION COMMISSION. Chicago: Cowdery, Clark & Co.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston; James McIlhenny & Co., Chicago, the following have been received: PERSEVERANCE ISLAND OR THE ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE 19TH CENTURY. By Douglas Frazer. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

OUT OF THE WRECK OR WAS IT A VICTORY. By Amanda M. Douglas. Price, \$1.50.

ONE YEAR'S SKETCH-BOOK. By Irene E. Jerome. Elegantly bound in cloth, black and gold. Price, \$5.00; Turkey Morocco, \$8.00.

THE MOUNTAIN ANTHEM. The Beatitudes in Rhythmic Echoes. By Wm. C. Richards. Illustrated, Golden Floral. Price, \$1.75.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS. By Bishop Heber. Illustrated, Golden Floral. Price, \$1.75.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY. By Albert W. Paine. Bangor, Me.: O. F. Knowles & Co. Price, cloth bound, \$1.00.

Magazines for December, Not Before Mentioned.

WIDE AWAKE. (L. L. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) Contents: Frontispiece in colors—"A Merry Christmas to You!" Christmas Day; Down the Ravine; Wonderful Christmas of Old; The Christ Child; A Christmas Carol; Benny's Appearance in Court; An Afternoon Nap; Little Maid Bertha's Story; The Postman's Doll; A Christmas Carol; Child-Elephant in Spring; Bob's Petticoats; How they learn next Venice's Trees; In Leisler's Times; The Snowflake Tree; December; How Christmas Cards are made; Christ Blessing Little Children; When I was a Boy in China; The bubbling Teapot; Lady Slipper Slopper; Tangles; The Children of Westminster Abbey; Souvenirs of my Time; The Temperance Teachings of Science; Boy's Heroes; Ways to do Things; The Making of Pictures; Search Questions in American Literature; All the world Round; This Christmas number is a masterpiece of art with appropriate stories, poems and illustrations.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) Contents: Thomas Gainsborough, R. A.; The Squire Vauxhall; A Christmas Eve in the Khyber Pass; Cleopatra; A Family Affair; St. Guido; Our Mission to Abyssinia; Calvados; That Terrible Man; Iron and Steel making in South Wales; A Family of Adventures—The Sforzas of Milan; The Path of Duty. Scattered through the pages of this issue are eight full page illustrations, by celebrated artists. The table of contents is double the usual size and is unusually attractive and interesting, and deserves the name of "Christmas Double Number."

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York.) Interesting articles under the following heads will be found in this number: General Articles; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. (S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.) A magazine containing "notes and queries with answers in all departments of literature."

THE SEASON. (The International News Co., New York.) An illustrated monthly magazine containing all the newest designs and fashions.

## January Magazines Received.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. (J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., Philadelphia.) The current issue of this magazine is an unusually attractive one and contains some very useful designs for Christmas tree ornaments, together with instructive articles concerning their manufacture, and giving some new ideas about holiday decorations. The publishers have also presented every subscriber and buyer of the January number with a beautiful imported Christmas card, and they offer as a premium for 1885 a fine engraving of "Sleeping Love."

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Have you Kidney Disease? "Kidney-Wort" is the only remedy that cures them. It is a natural product of the human system, and is the only remedy that cures them. It is a natural product of the human system, and is the only remedy that cures them.

Are you Constipated? "Kidney-Wort" is the only remedy that cures them. It is a natural product of the human system, and is the only remedy that cures them. It is a natural product of the human system, and is the only remedy that cures them.

Have you Malaria? "Kidney-Wort" is the only remedy that cures them. It is a natural product of the human system, and is the only remedy that cures them. It is a natural product of the human system, and is the only remedy that cures them.

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Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Aline line. Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

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Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 20, 1884.

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Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

## TERMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rapidly increasing interest in subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL's field has caused many friends to ask the publisher to supply the paper on trial to those not heretofore subscribers. Yielding to this request he will until January 1st, 1885, send the JOURNAL Three Months for Fifty Cents, on Trial, to Those who have never been subscribers. To all new yearly subscribers, the paper will be sent free until January 1st. Every friend of the JOURNAL should feel that he or she has as much interest in its circulation as the publisher. If all who express their admiration for the JOURNAL will work for its interests from now until New Year's Day with a tithe of the assiduity the publisher and editor labors the year round in the interests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

## The Vicarious Atonement—An orthodox View.

J. Cryslar sends us the following on our comments on Shippard, the Christian suicide, and says:

"Now this is short, and I want you to give it a place and send me the paper."

"It is strange that Spiritualists continue to dwell upon the orthodox doctrine of the vicarious atonement, or one dying for another. You all talk as though the orthodox doctrine gave a license to sin when it is the farthest from it possible. What is taught plainer than that 'Faith without works is dead'; faith that don't change the heart and life is dead and avails nothing. The death of Christ avails nothing unless the subject becomes a new creature. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness.' Certainly you know too well the sense of the term in which we believe in the death of Christ to be always accusing us of giving a license to sin. 'A new creature' is what we seek for."

With the rather curt request of Mr. Cryslar, which has almost the air of command, we comply, because we believe in a fair hearing; but we must remind him that orthodox journals give plenty of abuse to Spiritualists and other heretics, but give no opening for reply. Heretics have no rights which Christians are bound to respect, seems to be their rule in such cases.

"The sense" in which the vicarious atonement puts the death of Christ, is that he died for our sins, his punishment a substitute for ours. Man had sinned; sin must be punished; Jesus died on the cross to bear that punishment and make it possible for God to save a small part of the human race from eternal hell.

Suppose a human father laid down certain laws, and punishment for their violation. Some of his sons, weak and ignorant, violated those laws and one son did not. The wrathful and inexorable father must punish somebody, and the innocent son pleads with him, saying: "Let me suffer and forgive these, my weak and sinful brothers." The wrathful parent accepts this offer, and the guiltless son dies that his brothers might live; he "bears their sins on the cross," that the impenitent father may be satisfied. That father would be branded on the page of history as a moral monster, an inhuman and irrational tyrant.

This horrible doctrine of the vicarious atonement, makes a being of infinite love and

wisdom perpetrate a like tyrannical absurdity—libels Deity by putting God below decent human men, down among hardened tyrants and despots.

As for "giving a license to sin," whatever lessens our own sense of personal responsibility for our acts, tends that way.

Hammond, the revivalist, who fills churches, and has plenty of orthodox clerical helpers in his work of unwholesome excitement, has a favorite hymn of which two lines read as follows:

"Jesus Christ has done it all,  
Nothing's left for me to do."

This surely opens the wide way for sins of omission. A do-nothing saint is a miserably worthless creature, fit only to live in some monkish cell. Brave and true daily work, life and growth in grace, is what we need, and all other piety is but cant and pretence, or childish groping in the dark.

We give Mr. Cryslar the benefit of his statement of a better view of the atonement—more practical and inspiring—and we are glad to know that a growing number in the orthodox churches hold like views.

But he and they had better fling to the winds that hideous dogma of the Dark Ages—the vicarious atonement. Then the natural beauty of the life of "the man, Christ Jesus," and the sweet heroism of his death, by which he chose rather to suffer wrong than to do wrong—will be at-onement, reconciliation, and inspiring help for us to "work out our own salvation."

## The Border Line of Insanity.

We have observed lately several notices of the insanity of persons called spiritual mediums. One of these cases was certainly erroneously reported, but there is enough of morbid delusion among Spiritualists to demand our attention. That Spiritualism has any tendency in itself to produce or promote insanity was thoroughly disproved by Dr. Crowell when the charge was made some years ago. But that people of credulous and cranky minds have become greatly interested in Spiritualism and made their folly very conspicuous, is unfortunately true, and it is the duty of all who wish to see Spiritualism honored and cultivated, to resist the influence of the superstitious and cranky class who have done so much to lower its reputation.

There is a superstitious and fanatical class of Spiritualists, who receive the utterances of mediums with almost as much credulous reverence as that of the ancient Jews, who took their spiritual impressions for the voice of God. Laying aside their moderate stock of common sense, they question the spirits through a medium for information about the most trivial matters, as a child would question its father. The consequences of this folly would not be serious if it were not for the fact that to them mediumship is a species of apotheosis. The most depraved, corrupt and licentious people, addicted to lying and fraud, selfish and malignant, are revered as saints when they assume mediumship; and not only are their impostures accepted, but their falsehoods are received in preference to the unanimous testimony of the most honorable citizens. People of this depraved class are continually put forward as mediumistic representatives of Spiritualism. Their moral depravity and psychical powers make an unhappy combination which carries them along the border line of insanity, and we are not surprised to learn that the notorious James A. Bliss, now at Boston, was arrested lately as a raving maniac. Such men as Bliss, the monomaniac Roberts of Philadelphia, and his drunken and depraved medium, Alfred James, and a few others, inflict a disgrace on Spiritualism from which it cannot be relieved until there is sufficient moral sense and self-respect among Spiritualists to consign such characters to obscurity. While blind fanatics, such as Henry Kiddle—to whom as the fittest heir seems to have fallen the mantle which had become too heavy for Thomas R. Hazard to carry, with his four score years—persist in thrusting forward disreputable mediums, to the entire neglect of the eminent literary scientific and honorable advocates of our cause whom the intelligent public might respect, the inevitable effect must be to prolong the contemptuous prejudice which regards Spiritualism as unworthy of the least attention or courtesy.

So long as the utterances of all sorts of mediums are accepted as the voice of the Spirit-world, and Spiritualists who ought to know better propagate this error, we cannot blame the public for suspecting the intelligence and judgment of any one who accepts such folly. The public does not understand that so-called messages through mediums are in many cases nothing more than an expression of the medium's own mind, independent of any external spiritual power, precisely such as were formerly received through mesmerism, somnambulism and ecstasies. In one conspicuous instance, an address, claimed to be from the spirit of Thomas Paine was delivered, which was in extreme contrast to the character and literary style of Paine—verbose, obscure and bombastic—evidently impossible to have proceeded from the spirit of Paine, unless he had lost all the literary characteristics by which he was known in life. Yet this was widely circulated among Spiritualists as an utterance from Paine.

We do not deny, but gladly affirm, that many genuine messages come through mediums, especially such as have a personal and practical character; but when the medium rises into pretentious declamation, uttering the thoughts with which he is most familiar and in his own peculiar phraseology, the probability is that the spirit has not much to do with it, and a few questions addressed to the supposed spirit would show that he could

not recollect his own life or the knowledge he possessed on earth. Such messages are but the expressions of the medium's mind, stimulated, possibly, by a spiritual influence.

There are very few mediums through whom spirits can give expression at all comparable to what they could have uttered when living on earth and using their own brains. Even supposing the mediumship to be perfect and passive, the capacities and culture of the medium may be quite inadequate to the task.

Wherever Spiritualism has been diffused we find the victims of that credulity which accepts every thing from a medium as spiritual or divine. Men and women whom one would suppose intelligent and sensible, devote themselves to writing long messages and filling blank books without number with vague declamatory utterances of a feeble moonshiny character, which impart no new ideas or useful information, and cherish the fancy that they have been enriched by communing with the highest sources of truth, and may some day publish their revelations.

The literary follies of a supposed mediumship are less disastrous than the visionary undertakings, the absurd business enterprises, the hunting for buried treasures, the assumption of impracticable missions and the formation or disruption of conjugal ties under the delusive guidance of such supposed mediumship, whose teachings and prophecies are but the day-dreams of an unbalanced mind, or mere reflections of ideas thrown upon the sensitive by the weak and silly seeker after heavenly advice.

Spiritualists need to be very much more careful in discriminating between sensitiveness and mediumship. A medium through whom returning spirits manifest is always a sensitive, but a sensitive is not always a medium. Neither are genuine mediums always in such "form" as to enable spirits to manifest; and when their mediumship is inoperative, if urged by their own necessities or the unwise importunities of a patron to attempt a séance, they serve merely as mirrors, reflecting only what comes from their mundane environment. Sensitiveness, and even genuine mediumship, when not joined with a disciplined, cultivated Will, is sure to lead to mistakes and disaster involving all concerned. A sensitive or medium who does not strive to cultivate his Will, to maintain great self-respect and to lead an even, orderly life, is in constant danger of passing the boundary line of sanity.

We would earnestly caution our friends when they are disposed to venture into the border land of insanity by undertaking to carry on their religious, literary or business enterprises under the *ignis fatuus* guidance of what purports to be mediumship, to test the supposed spirits very carefully by getting what the spirit is supposed to utter through one medium and comparing it carefully with the utterances that purport to come through other mediums from the same spirit.

If they find that the supposed spirit preserves his identity under this test, adheres to the same ideas and recollects in speaking through one medium what he is supposed to have said through another, then it may be safe to believe that a spirit voice has been heard, and that its advice is worthy of just that deference which would have been given to the same spirit in earth-life, and no more.

## Henry Slade in Chicago.

Henry Slade, whose reputation as a medium is world-wide, is now stopping for a brief period at the Langham Hotel, corner of Wabash ave. and Adams st., where he will be glad to see those who wish to consult their spirit friends, also those who, still skeptical, wish to have their doubts removed. A reporter of the JOURNAL called on him last week, and was greatly pleased with the startling as well as convincing nature of the phenomena presented under the full light of three gas jets, and under conditions which fully established the genuineness of the manifestations.

In the first place the reporter was greeted by loud raps on the slate, table and on the back of a chair, indicating that the spirit communicating was in good cheer, and hoped to do something wonderful. Then he carefully examined the slate, preparatory to submitting them to the invisibles for a communication, and found them perfectly clean. Without removing them from the scrutinizing gaze of the observer, the medium clasped them together, and putting one end on the shoulder of the reporter, the writing commenced at once. He could distinctly hear every movement of the pencil from the commencement to the end of the communication. The signal being given that the message was completed, the slates were opened, and the JOURNAL representative was greeted with the following communication:

MY FRIENDS:—We are pleased to see the eyes of the unbeliever open to this divine truth. Why has this generation been so long in finding out that the soul of man never dies? This power of spirit control has existed in all ages, and among all races and countries, as ancient history will prove.

## CHARLES BAKER.

Charles Baker, the communicating spirit, was a total stranger to the reporter, but his message was none the less acceptable.

Then a long pencil was suddenly taken from the hands of the medium, transported to the opposite end of a large table on the under side, and then exhibited, apparently dancing in the air, or acting as if imbued with life and intelligence.

A spirit, somewhat jovial, then wrote on the under side of a slate laid flat on the table before the reporter: "How is this for hi." He evidently had lived in that period of the world when this saying was in common use,

hence can not be designated as an ancient spirit.

The slate was then suddenly snatched from Mr. Slade, taken to the opposite end of the table, and there oscillating for a moment, it seemed to say: "Is n't this a convincing test?" Then a chair on which the medium placed the tips of his fingers, seemed attracted thereto and stirred around in the most lively manner.

In response to the question: "What is the present outlook of Spiritualism?" the following was written:

"The outlook to-day is better than during several years past."

In conclusion a bell was placed on the floor under the table, and while no mortal agency was in contact with it, and while the reporter was closely watching it, it rang distinctly, a fitting termination to the remarkable manifestations that preceded.

As the visitor was not in need of tests from spirit friends he did ask for them; but from what he hears from others who have called on Mr. Slade, he is satisfied that many excellent tests of identity are daily given.

## The Tribune's Trend.

Under the title of "Telepathy" *The Nation* of October 25th had a lengthy article, in which the work of the London Psychical Research Society was outlined and the phenomena of Spiritualism touched upon in a very fair spirit, evidently by a writer who knew something of his subject. The article was apparently the inspiration of an editorial in the Chicago Tribune entitled, "Talks without words," written by one who knew nothing of his theme, and cared nothing for it beyond a compliance with his order to write. This editorial contained a gross misstatement.

An explanatory letter from Rev. W. Stainton-Moses, embodying a statement from President Sidgwick will be found on the first page, in which the Tribune's assertions are most effectually uncovered and their incorrectness established.

## Sir Reynard.

It would appear as though the wandering newspaper man must move again. He has worn off the varnish, exhausted the efficacy of his standard method for replenishing his resources, and so must tramp. His name is Fox—most significant name—and he has with polyphonic prayers besought the good people of Minneapolis, Chicago and probably other places to furnish the needful. He is said to have had an offer of the munificent sum of \$200, to move to Indianapolis—nearly enough to pay freight. For the benefit of thousands who have become Spiritualists during the past six years, the JOURNAL this week republishes from its issue of Dec. 7th, 1878, an incomplete, yet suggestive account of some of the pranks of this fox. It will be found on the second page and if its perusal shall save the public further imposition from this individual, the object of the JOURNAL in republishing it will have been accomplished. When the sketch first appeared Fox was located at Rochester, New York, but the atmosphere ceased to agree with him not long after, as it has in several places since.

The Burlington, Kansas, Republican alludes to a séance with Geo. D. Search, as follows: "In the dark circle musical instruments, viz., a guitar and a violin, were carried around the room, and hands were plainly felt on the faces, heads and hands of the members of the circle. In the light circle hands were shown through an aperture in an improvised cabinet, while the medium sat, not behind the curtain, but in front and in plain view of the audience, securely held by one of the number, so that it was a physical impossibility for him to move either hand or foot without being detected. The medium requested that the guitar be placed behind the curtain."

The Greenville (Ill.) Democrat says: "Teachers throughout the State, north and south, should arrange to attend the meeting of the State Teachers' Association, which will be held in Springfield, December 29, 30 and 31. All railroads will sell excursion tickets and the hotels will entertain at reduced rates. If a teacher desires to keep up to the times, he must embrace every opportunity of advancement, and this meeting will be one of the most profitable ever held. Every newspaper in the State should urge teachers to attend. The programmes will be mailed throughout the State in a few days."

A special dispatch from Louisville, Ky., to the Chicago dailies, contains a curious statement with reference to the defense. In the larceny case of James Heath, son of a formerly wealthy father. It appears that the son was born during the War, and his mother having exhausted herself in assisting Rebel soldiers could not nurse him. Accordingly a colored wet nurse was employed. After the child was weaned it was found the woman was an incorrigible thief, and that in nursing the child she had given it the same traits, which manifested themselves at a tender age.

The third entertainment of the Star Lecture Course, will be held at Central Music Hall, December 18th. The Redpath Concert Co., which consists of a fine Soprano, Whistling Soloist, Violinist, Humorist, Pianist and a distinguished Reader, will be the attractions for the evening. Our city and suburban readers will find this a most entertaining course and should secure their seats early.

Send the JOURNAL for one year to some investigating friend; or what is better still, get your friends to take and pay for it themselves.

## GENERAL NOTES.

Our subscribers can make no more useful holiday gift to friends, than a year's subscription to the JOURNAL.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer is speaking very acceptably, we learn from a correspondent, to the society in Baltimore.

We regret to learn that Thomas Gales Foster is not yet in robust health. He looks forward to spring to fully restore him.

Mrs. L. H. Champion, formerly of Philadelphia, passed through Chicago last week with her son and his wife, bound for San Jose, Cal.

If you are in arrears for the JOURNAL, don't let the morning sun of the new year shine on you with the debt unpaid.

The Spiritualists at Olympia, W. T., have formed an association and affiliated with the A. S. A. See the communication from Mr. Smith in another column.

Mrs. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., is an estimable lady and excellent medium. On the second page will be found an interesting account of one phase of her mediumship.

Dr. Henry Slade is expected to be present at the Peoples Meeting at Martine's Hall next Sunday, at 3 P. M., and will probably participate in the proceedings.

Mr. Jacob Bensch, Rainier, Oregon, in renewing his subscription, very kindly thinks of our poor fund and sends 75 cents for the same. He has our thanks.

The Christmas number of *Wide Awake* is very handsomely illustrated. The frontispiece is brilliant with color—a reproduction by L. Prang & Co., in eighteen colors, of a water color, by F. H. Ljungren.

Mr. William Nicol will conduct the mediums and conference meeting for the Peoples Society of Spiritualists in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., next Sunday at 3 o'clock. All are invited. Seats free.

Mrs. H. J. Horn, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., wrote a Thanksgiving address which was delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists there Sunday evening, November 30th. It was read by her husband. The address was an excellent one.

We hope to find time during Henry Slade's stay in this city, to continue the interesting experiments begun several years ago, accounts of which appeared in the JOURNAL at the time. We have not yet seen Slade, but hear his health is much improved.

Mr. Coleman has an excellent article on the second page. In the 48th line from the top of the column, however, the sense is marred by an error in punctuation; after the word, means, there should be a period instead of a comma.

S. M. Baldwin of Washington, D. C., recognizing the utility of skeletons in imparting a knowledge of the human system to the young, has ordered two physicians, after his death, to prepare his body for future use in some school.

Miss Mary G. Caldwell of New York has offered to the Roman Catholic Church of this country \$300,000, to be used in founding a Catholic university similar in its scope and work to the Catholic universities abroad. Miss Caldwell is the eldest daughter of the late William Shakespeare Caldwell, who was a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. He gave liberally to the church and charities during his life; at his death, which occurred several years ago, he left a very large fortune to his two daughters.

A Savior of Children! The degradation and misery of the children, who, until George Smith appeared as their savior, tolled from earliest history in the brickyards and on the canals of Great Britain, can never be appreciated by those who have not seen it. What the child's life in the brickyards really meant may be imagined faintly from the fact that it was no rare thing to see a little child toiling under the weight of forty pounds of clay, which it was the duty of the children to carry to the table where the bricks are made. These mere babes—some of them only four or five years old—would do such work as this for thirteen or fourteen hours a day, and work nights in addition. George Smith was the son of a poor bricklayer, and began his life as one of the little serfs of the brickyard. For sixteen days he would carry these heavy weights of clay, walking the equivalent of fourteen miles, and on every night of extra work, carrying a weight which mounted up to a total load of five tons. Mr. Smith's first achievement was the Brickyards act of 1871, by which these 30,000 children were taken out of their pens and sent to school. When he had done this for the 30,000 brickyard children he turned to the rescue of 60,000 children who lived on the canals of Great Britain in an ignorance, degradation, and brutality even worse than that of the brickyard children. In 1877, six years after the passage of his Brickyard act, he got from Parliament the Canalboat act, by which these 60,000 children, too, were allowed to escape from the little six-foot-square cabins of the canalboats into school. Mr. Smith may be truly regarded as "A Savior of Children"—after such wonderful success in bettering their condition.

TID BITS, (John W. Lovell Company, New York, Publishers.) is a spicy weekly paper containing original matter and selections from the best books, newspapers, and periodicals in the world, and the illustrations are the most humorous and always to the point. We see that the publishers offer a \$1,000 Bohmer Piano Forte for the best selected or original story for the number of February, 1885, which is the last number of volume one. Writers will now have an opportunity to show their ability and gain a prize by so doing.



N. ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



## Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### Dolores at the Gate of Heaven.

O friends! can my faint voice reach you off in the  
solitary world?  
Will you look this way for a moment? Death's fury  
is on me buried!  
I thought I was strong and enduring—could walk  
through the valley of tears.  
With no pity from mortals or angels, though the  
journey were wearisome years!  
But oh, for a brief time come near me, and cover  
your eyes while I weep.  
For faintness and weakness are on me, and misery  
nameless and deep.  
My purposes, shapeless as ashes, are lying all dead at  
my feet.  
And hope is as white-tipped and pulseless as eger  
corpus in a sheet;  
Ahead of the mad pain and Peril are laughing in in-  
solent glee.  
And I know past all doubting or hoping the fate of  
poor me.  
I would not cry out in my weakness, nor shudder at  
aught that may come.  
But my soul has leaped up from her silence—she  
will not sit motionless and dumb!  
And seizing these lips, once so sunny, she shapes  
them to sighs I would hide.  
Secure in the depths of my bosom, locked in by a  
laudable pride.  
O Friends, look this way at my darlings, who live  
and abide in my love.  
And whom I love tenderly truly than God or his an-  
gels alone.  
Remember them, talk to them, kiss them in kindly  
affection for me.  
And know I shall thank you, and bless you, wherever  
my spirit may be.  
They plead, pretty ones, their mother to tarry  
and lead them along;  
They try all the arts they can think of to make me  
grow happy and gay.  
And maybe I can—I am trying—dear darlings I love  
them so well.  
For then I would bear every anguish the tongue of  
a mortal can tell.  
Down! round! all ye workers of ruin, which reel  
round my wavering life!  
I bolt back your threats in defiance—I meet you for  
battle and strife!  
A will is aroused in my bosom like Hercules, daunt-  
less and strong.  
And I shall be victor, as God lives, and stand with  
my feet on this wrong!  
Now friends, leave me here in the stillness, for life has  
come back to my soul  
And I feel the old master throbbing in me. Love health  
and maketh me whole!

### In Memoriam.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
Mr. Carlos Green passed to spirit-life on board of  
the S. Ship Heredia, Caribbean Sea, Nov. 4th, 1884.  
Scarcely a month ago we clasped hands at parting,  
with words of cheer and assurances of a pleasant  
voyage and successful return, and now so soon  
his dead form is wafted to us. Mr. Green was far  
from well when he left, but he expected the warm-  
er climate would restore him. He overestimated his  
strength, and the second day from port of New Or-  
leans he was taken with fever, which quickly de-  
veloped the most alarming symptoms, and on the  
fourth day his sufferings were at an end. The ship  
was then in the middle of the Caribbean Sea, and  
his body was consigned to the deep. Mr. Green was  
in the prime of active life. For many years he  
was an officer, either on a sail or steam craft on the  
lakes; was heavily interested in lumbering in Min-  
nesota, and at last he became connected with build-  
ing a railroad for the government of Costa Rica,  
from the coast to the capital, San Jose, or rather to  
the mountains twenty miles from that place. He  
was superintendent of large section for three years;  
then the road being completed, he engaged as con-  
ductor. The government having decided to com-  
plete the road over the twenty miles of mountain  
which cut it off from San Jose, he intended to take  
his old position as superintendent on this vast un-  
dertaking.  
He was too widely and favorably known to need  
the words of faint praise. He was a liberal, warm  
hearted, and for years had been a pronounced Spirit-  
ualist.  
His bereaved wife and family have not even the  
poor comfort of a gray mound granted to them,  
over which to shed their bitter tears. They must  
think of him as buried in the wide, wide sea, beneath  
an immeasurable expanse of wave and sky, the lone  
ship at long intervals casting the widow down into  
the unfathomable depths, and the white sea bill  
with slowly flapping wing passing but resting not  
its tireless flight.  
In the measureless depths of the sea; in the hush  
of eternal silence, undisturbed by the clash of winds  
and waves, the sheeted body rests; but what matters  
it where?—how this mortal coil reposes, for the im-  
mortal has escaped as an eagle through the broken  
bars of its confining cage, and returned to its sor-  
rowing friends; for the magnetism of love is strong-  
er than time and space; and death itself, and bids  
the waves give up their dead.  
Berlin Heights, Ohio. HUDSON TUTTLE.

### An Excellent Test.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
Having noticed with great satisfaction the intense  
interest taken in the direction of Spiritual Research,  
and believing that one well attested fact would be  
worth more to the world than a whole year of in-  
genious talk on the thinness of the changeable  
now, and the whiteness of the shadow of the future,  
I pretend to know nothing, and none are so blind,  
"etc., will apply to him with great force,"  
hence I am pleased to send the following account of  
phenomena that are almost of daily occurrence  
throughout the organism of Mrs. Bishop: A young  
married lady living in our neighborhood, whose hus-  
band had gone West to seek a home, became alarm-  
ed at his long absence, and having had word from  
him for six or seven weeks, and his friends feared  
he had deserted her. She confided her troubles to  
the wife of her grocer. That lady said to her: "Don't  
worry about it; you just go and see Mrs. O. A. Bishop,  
79 South Peoria Street. They say she can see  
wonderful things, and if she don't tell you what  
proves true, I will pay the dollar myself." On the  
10th of November, the lady came to the grocer's  
shop in which the above conversation took place.  
She was an entire stranger to Mrs. B. After sitting  
for a few minutes, Red Hand, Mrs. B.'s familiar  
spirit, assumed control and said to the lady: "Little  
squaw, don't make a cry. Your Indian is honest,  
and all right; he makes a paper (a letter) to you six  
weeks back, but it got lost. Oh! I see it come to  
your wigwam (house) now; may be to-day, but be-  
fore the week go out. Oh! I see two papers come;  
one from the West and one from the East; the one  
from the West has got something in it. Oh, ho! it  
is \$300.00 paper. Ain't you getting it, little squaw? Now  
you can pay your bill and make them old squaws  
stop their mischief!"  
And now for the sequel: Three days after the  
young lady came to tell Mrs. B. of her good luck.  
Sure enough she had received the two letters for-  
told, one from the West with a \$300.00 P. O. order,  
and one from the dead letter office (East); the first  
written six weeks before, but misdirected; the latter  
one scolding her for not answering the former letter.  
Now, what was it if not spirit interposition? Noth-  
ing of what was foretold was known to the lady or  
to Mrs. B., hence it cannot be called mind-reading.  
Chicago, Illinois. O. A. B.

Cyrus Fuller of Livonia, Mich., writes: The  
question to mediums, as to whether they have their  
eyes closed or open when speaking, brings to my  
mind the case of Aden T. Cory, of Skaneateles, New  
York, a very prominent preacher among the Society  
of Friends. He always spoke with his eyes closed.  
I have heard old Friends say they regretted it very  
much; they thought if he opened his eyes his ser-  
mons would have a much better effect. I have heard  
them relate the story of his conversion, he being an  
officer at or near Buffalo about the time it was burnt,  
in 1815 or 1816. Cory one day concluded to go to  
his meeting and have "a talk" with other wild  
boys, wearing his regimentals to show his office.  
Before he left the meeting he preached a sermon.

## Sketches from a Medium's Life.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having concluded that a few of my thoughts and  
experiences as to my own mediumistic life might,  
perhaps, prove interesting, or may be encouraging to  
some of my sister mediums, if to no one else, I have  
jotted down some things in a rambling manner and  
submit them to you for insertion in your paper if you  
deem them of sufficient merit.  
The life of a medium is not by any means a bed  
of roses. Those of us who have to rely upon our medi-  
umship to furnish the means to keep soul and body  
together often encounter the thorns without the  
roses, but still we have much to encourage and cheer  
us on our way if we but strive for what is true and  
try and make the best of everything.  
In the first place it is absolutely necessary that we  
have confidence in our spirit guides. I once heard the  
evangelist, George O. Barnes, say to his hearers:  
"My brethren, love Jesus; let him enter into his arms."  
That is just what we must do—fall entirely passive  
into the hands of our spirit controls, first being sure  
that they are honest, for they have no conscience  
at heart. Again, we must live down and disabuse  
the public mind of the idea that we are not worthy  
of the confidence, respect and esteem of the most  
worthy. Let us show to the world that women who  
earn their living as public mediums can be as pure  
as any are. I believe we can live down this idea,  
and let us do it. Then be cheerful and happy. When  
I came to Chicago three years ago, I broke down  
over the death of my sweet babe. I knew only one  
family in the city. After getting settled down I had  
just forty cents in money, two boys with average  
appetites, but full of faith in my dear spirit friends.  
My little son cheered me with: "Mamma, if you can't  
make us a living with your mediumship, after we  
get right this, we can go as living skeletons at the  
museum." Things looked dark for a while but we  
have not starved—been a little hungry and very sad  
sometimes, but still having plenty of faith.  
I remember once when living at Indianapolis, I  
was ill and out of money; a little Indian girl of my  
land brought me ninety cents. This is not the only  
instance when spirits have brought me money, but it  
has only been when I was in the deepest distress.  
After some time we lived three days on nothing. Don't  
give up if people call you a "witch" or a "devil," or  
something worse. I was once grossly insulted by an  
elder in the Christian Church, but I did not give up  
my mediumship in desponding over it. Do not ex-  
pect your development to come like "getting religion."  
Independent state writing is produced through  
my mediumship, but I sat for development for this  
every day for six years before I was successful.  
You must work; these things do not come in some  
marvelous manner. Try and get something good  
out of everything. I have had as much sorrow as  
any one, but I try to be cheerful. I went a few even-  
ings ago to the South side at the earnest and renewed  
solicitations of some ladies and gentlemen to give  
a dark séance. It was a bitter cold night, and I am  
glad to report that I was successful. I did not know the  
way, and after a tiresome search I found the house, and  
also found that my hands and feet were frost bitten.  
I gave the séance amid shouts of derision and cries of  
fraud from a party of skeptics, but with all this I shall  
always carry with me two sweet remembrances of that  
séance: one a sweet baby I saw and caressed, and the other,  
of a song that was sung. "That some a little too quick  
the air, but have not given up. Do not get discour-  
aged if your mediumship is not appreciated. An old  
man came to me once and said: "I'll give you ten  
dollars to get my mother's name; no one in this coun-  
try knows her name but myself." In a few moments  
he came, "Janet M.," came on the slate. The old  
fellow gazed at me a moment, then shook his head  
and said: "That some a little too quick." This is her  
name, but I won't pay you; it came a little too quick."  
At another time a lady came who was very anxious  
for tests. She was an entire stranger to me. The first  
test she got was the writing of her own full name;  
then came a message from her mother, and then more  
tests; indeed, she said the name of every member  
of her family was written, but she present-  
ed to be dissatisfied with the writing, and the woman  
she gave was that it was too marvelous; that I had  
certainly in some way obtained her family history  
and she would not be humbugged in any such man-  
ner. Then again I have called her name and she  
sitting as satisfactory if I do not go back four or five  
generations, and not only get all the names and full  
descriptions of all members of the family, but also  
the names of her children, and the names of her grand-  
children. I can always tell when I have a real old  
orthodox to deal with. They invariably say: "Now see  
if you can't raise my father or mother"—that old  
blind belief of the resurrection of the body! Others  
talk of calling up the spirits, as though they will  
emerge. Do not look too high for a spiritual control!  
A dear brother or sister, who is a true and faithful  
friend is quite as apt to be a true and faithful  
guide as some ancient or renowned personage. I  
have been well satisfied with being guided by the  
spirit of my dear brother who was a quiet and un-  
assuming young man, and who "shook" off this mortal  
coil in a congestive chill. He has always proved true,  
and faithful to me, cheering and comforting me in  
my darkest and deepest moments, and on many oc-  
casions he has saved my life: once in preventing me  
from taking a dose of "doctor's stuff," that a  
chemist, who analyzed it, said would have killed me,  
"soul and body."  
In conclusion I will only say: Let us work with a  
will and try and develop into a higher and purer me-  
diumship and show to the world the truth of Spirit-  
ualism.  
JULIA E. BURNS.  
132 De Kalb Street, Chicago.

## Spiritualism in Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It may be proper to speak occasionally of what we  
are accomplishing in Saratoga. Our society has been  
organized about nine months, and we are often en-  
couraged and sometimes discouraged at the work ac-  
complished. We have had regular Sunday evening  
meetings, forenoon and evening, and have had  
Bible readings, Monday and Tuesday evenings, the  
first of each month. Sometimes we have large at-  
tendance—frequently not. Our Sunday morning  
meetings are generally conferences, at which any  
one can speak fifteen minutes. Subjects are often  
brought up which call out animated discussions. We  
have had here some of the best public speakers in  
the field. We have several interesting and able  
writers who reside here. Mrs. Susan G. Horn  
has furnished some very fine addresses, which were  
read at the evening meetings by Mr. Horn, the president  
of our society.  
We are sometimes compelled to think that our phi-  
losophy is too fully imbued with peace, love and  
charity, to make rapid progress, even yet in our day.  
I think, however, that the widespread use of the  
methods of propagating religious opinions in the  
past, in speaking of the armed success of  
Pope Innocent III., in enforcing the acceptance of  
Christianity, says: "But while they received the bless-  
ings of the gospel they were at the same time de-  
prived of all earthly comforts, for their lands and  
possessions were taken from them with the most  
outrageous circumstances of cruelty and violence, and the  
knights and bishops divided the spoils." To deprive  
others of their rights is not in accordance with the  
religion taught in Spiritualism. P. THOMPSON.

### Hudson Tuttle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

After reading for the second time, "The Ethics of  
Spiritualism," by this eminent author, I laid the  
book down with the exclamation, "Hudson Tuttle is  
a great man!" There is something so sublime and  
beautiful in his writings, that to the mind free from  
superstition, they are perfectly captivating. From  
the "Arcana of Nature" to the last production of  
his pen, it would be difficult to find anything to  
which the reader could take exception. Whatever  
the subject may be, it is described in a clear, forcible  
manner, entirely free from sensation, and so method-  
ically arranged, that any ordinary intellect can un-  
derstand him.  
Never having had the pleasure of a personal ac-  
quaintance, I am not able to judge of his mediumis-  
tic powers, or whether he is under any spiritual in-  
fluence, but I am free to say that in the not far dis-  
tant future, when Spiritualism will be better under-  
stood, Hudson Tuttle as an author will be very  
much more appreciated than he is now, and his  
works will be sought after as among the standard  
philosophical writings of the day.  
Philadelphia, Pa. LEANDER.

The majority of the five to ten cases of insanity  
daily taken to Bellevue Hospital for examination are  
caused by intemperance.

## Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Little, who have been to the  
Hub for a month, have returned to Brooklyn.  
Mrs. Little officiated at the services on Sunday, Dec.  
7th. A fine audience assembled, morning and evening.  
Mr. Little sang some of their sweet spiritual songs.  
The subject was: "The Religious Sentiment in  
Man." The spirit world that she was born in India  
many centuries ago, and had been with the speaker  
ever since her birth. She had been known among  
the medium's band of spirits by the name of "The  
Spirit." She traced the various religious ideas of na-  
tions and peoples, and showed that all humanity in  
every age worshipped some overruling power, which  
the Christian calls God. This sentiment, it was claim-  
ed, is universal, and that all are compelled to wor-  
ship some power, force, or being. It was also argued  
that primitive Christianity is identical with that of  
modern Spiritualism, and that all historic records  
shows that spiritism have in every age visited our  
plane, and in greater or less degree shaped the reli-  
gions of the world.  
In the earlier ages men in their ignorance regard-  
ed these angelic visitants as the Lord, God or devil. In  
the light of the revelations of our age and civilization,  
they are simply disembodied men and women, and  
are all attracted to earth—some with good, and  
others with evil intent. The speaker argued that  
there is no source of life and knowledge, which is  
now generally acknowledged as "God," but she  
would designate it as "flood." It was also stated  
that Jesus of Nazareth possessed large spiritual and  
intuitive powers, and that which had been termed  
by the Church as the "immaculate conception" was a  
typical of the unfoldment of the spiritual powers of  
the child born in the manger; and that "born was  
a virgin" was typical of the highest purity which  
could belong to any human soul.  
The control alluded to a movement in this Church  
to organize a Sunday School or Lyceum for the bet-  
ter education of children in spiritual truths, and  
depreciated the orthodox teachings of an angry God  
and of a personal devil that had been the bugbears  
to frighten humanity into belief in religion. The idea  
of future reward and punishment, had had a bad  
influence, and had retarded the spiritual growth of  
mankind. The doctrine inculcated by the Nazarene,  
of loving God and one's neighbor, is an advance on  
the teachings of the Hebrew Church. The life and  
work of Jesus had not been understood by his im-  
mediate followers, nor does the Christian world after  
nineteen centuries comprehend his works. His in-  
ner nature and great meditative powers are becoming  
better understood by the new revelations, and it is  
prophesied that in the future there will arise a new  
Church, which will be comprehensive and universal,  
based upon the fatherhood of God and the brother-  
hood of man. An improvised poem on "The Inner  
Life" followed, and a benediction closed the exer-  
cises.

At our Conference, at 3 P. M., Mrs. A. C. Hender-  
son, of New York City, gave some interesting ex-  
periences, and was controlled by a spirit, purporting  
to be E. V. Wilson. Bro. Wilson had always man-  
ifested a deep interest in the cause in Brooklyn.  
He said he was glad to see that the church had a home  
of its own, and suggested that a collection box be  
placed on the desk of the church for a building fund,  
and to get every person connected with the society,  
old and young, interested, and in a few months  
fund would be created. He prophesied that in five  
years the society would be able to build an edifice  
worthy of the cause, and which would be a perma-  
nent home. He said that he had found the difficulties  
of communication much greater than he had expected  
before his entrance into the Spirit-world. There  
is no mediumship, but full-form materializa-  
tions several evenings in the week and one or two  
afternoon exhibitions also.

Some of the audience stated that they could re-  
cognize E. V. Wilson's peculiarities. The medium  
said it was the second time he had attempted to  
control her. Mrs. Henderson went among the audi-  
ence, described many spirits, gave numerous tests of  
messages, and other evidences of the presence of  
spirits. The audience stated that they were very  
stranger to those present. After she had given these  
tests, the friends present were invited to give their  
experiences in what is termed full-form materializa-  
tion. Mr. J. M. Comings said that he had witnessed  
many experiments where spirit hands were formed,  
had clasped them and felt the arm to where it ap-  
parently terminated. Such manifestations, which he  
had frequently seen, he believed to have been genu-  
ine. He had also attended several séances for full-  
form materializations, which he knew were bogus.  
He said that recently a friend had been investigat-  
ing what is termed full-form materializations in  
our city and New York, and he also had come to the  
same conclusion as himself. Dr. C. claimed that if  
spirits could form bands and parts of arms, he be-  
lieved that white robes and other articles would be  
full-form materializations under such conditions as  
would make fraud and imposture impossible.

Dr. S. S. Guy said that his experiences and conclu-  
sions had been similar to those of Dr. Comings.  
Col. John D. Graham said that when he first be-  
came interested in the spiritual phenomena, he wit-  
nessed what at the time he believed to be "mat-  
erializations," or possibly transformations. The chair-  
man gave a few of his experiences which were in  
accord with the previous speakers.

S. B. NICHOLS.

## Mrs. Hamilton in Cincinnati.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I think your idea of an institute for Spiritual Re-  
search is one that will produce wonderful results, if  
you can only agitate the subject till it crystallizes.  
It will put a new direction to the chairmen of the  
tans (who have done so much to bring reproach  
upon Spiritualism) and the true mediums, who can-  
not fail to convince all honest, unbiased investiga-  
tors of the reality of existence after death. The gen-  
uineness of mediums being vouched for by respon-  
sible persons, the investigators would run no risk of  
being deceived, and Spiritualism none of being "ex-  
posed."

There are many good mediums in all parts of the  
country, who would submit the material world to  
conditions and give satisfactory proof of our beau-  
tiful truths; but I do not know of any one whose pow-  
ers I would rather see enjoy the advantage of so  
large a field than Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton's, for it  
would be to the interest of the cause that her fine  
mediumship should be more generally known. She  
is well developed in nearly every phase of medium-  
ship, especially in the use of the test medium. One of  
the strongest tests of spirit communication lies  
in the fact that she is the favorite medium among Ger-  
mans, with whom their spirit friends converse in  
their native tongue, although she does not speak or  
understand a word of it. Among many instances of  
this kind which have come under my notice, I will  
state a recent one. A German business man, well  
known here as a future existence, visited Mrs. Ham-  
ilton. A spirit came and spoke to him in German,  
giving him a wonderful test. The spirit called him by  
name, and said his father had been dead just four  
weeks when he received a letter that he was con-  
vinced that the communication was for the medium  
to have any knowledge of his affairs. This is only  
one of many of the tests she gives, and many of them  
are much more startling, and by which the departed  
prove that "they are not dead but gone before."

She has given several of her fine materializa-  
tions since her return to Cincinnati at the houses  
of her friends, and one about a month since at her  
own home, the manifestations being excellent in  
every case. She will not make a specialty of these  
séances, as they absorb so much of her strength.  
Mrs. Hamilton has of late been devoting her at-  
tention more earnestly to another phase of medi-  
umship—test of healing, and judging from the cases  
that have come under our notice, she promises to be  
very successful in it. I will cite one instance out of  
many, of her remarkable cures by laying on of  
hands. A little boy six years of age was badly  
afflicted with scrofula in the head, and was entirely  
cured in six visits. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben-  
ning, reside on Liberty Street, in this city, and with  
many other friends are to be added to the testimony.  
Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have a pleasant home and  
consultation rooms at 302 Elm Street, Cincinnati.

Although we know that Spiritualism is permeat-  
ing the people, we want something to fan it into a  
flame intense and bright enough to compel universal  
attention; and we trust that the energetic, earnest  
and investigating editor of the JOURNAL will inaugu-  
rate the new and brighter day for our walk.  
Cincinnati, Ohio. K. G. WALKER.

## Haverhill (Mass.) and Vicinity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Sunday morning at 10½ A. M., on the 16th of No-  
vember, desiring to learn how much of the real facts  
of Spiritualism were taken up by the First Unitarian  
Church of this city, and having read the announce-  
ment that the pastor, Rev. T. E. St. John, would  
speak upon the subject: "Foregleams of immor-  
tality," at the appointed hour I was in one of the  
finest cushioned pews in the house, ready to hear the  
good things to be said by one of the best, read and  
progressive ministers in the vicinity. The speaker  
maintained that immortality is the logical outcome  
of life. He also maintained that man's origin and  
growth is an evidence of his continued existence.  
The statement of man's fall in Adam and being alive  
in Christ, is the expression of appearances, not the  
fact; just as we talk of the sun rising in the east and  
sinking in the west, which by no means is the truth.  
In alluding to the statements with reference to the  
lost and saved, the speaker said he could not see how  
God could afford to have one soul lost in his final ad-  
justment. He asked the question: "Is it a bettle-  
ing thought to believe in man's development through  
evolution? Which, think you, is the most ennobling:  
to believe in man starting in perfection and ending  
in disgrace, or starting in the lowest forms of life  
and advancing to the day of brightness and knowl-  
edge?"

"Mind," said the speaker, "has assumed dominion  
on the throne, and to-day it is announcing what  
shall live and what shall pass away. The animal is  
at its zenith, but in the spiritual realm man has an  
open field; his possibilities are infinite." I came to  
the conclusion that if it was orthodox preaching, why  
go ahead, brother; your possibilities will bring you  
out all right.  
E. B. Fairchild, of Stoneham, Mass., was the regu-  
lar speaker at British Hall, Sunday, November 16th.  
At 2 P. M., the chairman introduced Mr. Fairchild,  
and as he stepped forward he said: "I appear before  
you for the first time, and the subject that I have se-  
lected to speak is upon 'Spiritualism.' His words  
marks covered nearly all of the oft traveled path  
from the plains of Judea to Hydeville, N. Y., and  
back to the Hub of creation, our own beloved Bos-  
ton. In the course of his travels he mentioned many  
very pleasant episodes of spirit communion, and gave  
utterance to some very quaint criticisms of the early  
and later day Christians. The speaker labored hard to  
have his hearers understand that they are spirit con-  
trolled, and that there is only one world, and that  
world is the Spirit-world in which they are now liv-  
ing; that what we see with the natural eye is but  
the shadow of things. He maintained that there  
was no past, and could be no future, no high or low;  
it is but the appearance of things. The real fact is  
the ever-present now. There is but one life; it is  
body known when or where. The great factor in  
Spiritualism is to recognize yourself a spirit.

At 7 o'clock, P. M., Mr. Fairchild spoke again, tak-  
ing for his subject: "Sense and Soul or Matter and  
Man." The lecture was written and was a very clear  
argument with reference to the relations of so-called  
matter and spirit. The speaker maintained that all  
things and phenomena as all there is in this world or  
any other world. Man cannot positively know any-  
thing. The soul of man murmurs immortality, while  
the senses cry mortality. The soul says, "God is  
good!" The senses cry, "Humanity in pain!" The  
eye can be trusted only so far as reason decides  
the nature of what appears to be seen. The speaker  
claimed that if the senses could prove the existence  
of a soul, the mere proof would be its disproof. If  
he could see God, it would be the disproof of  
his existence as then God would be material and not  
spirit. The soul is the rightful sovereign; the senses  
must always be questioned by reason.

Mr. Fairchild's lecture was listened to by a good  
audience with marked attention.  
Sunday, Nov. 23rd, Mr. Frank Baxter of Chel-  
sea, Mass., spoke at British Hall, Sunday at 2  
and 7 o'clock, P. M. The afternoon services were  
from the following programme: Song—There's a  
beautiful shore; poem—Mrs. Grundy; song—Cling to  
those who cling to your future—An Object in Life;  
song—Bye and bye. Mr. Baxter always has a good  
audience in this city, that go to hear him sing and  
give spirit tests, and if he could only manage to  
write his lectures, and give audiences would go to  
hear him decidedly last night.

At 7 o'clock, P. M., Mr. Baxter took for his subject:  
"The Phenomena of the Basis of Beliefs." He dealt  
largely on the phenomena of ancient and modern  
days. During the lecture he spoke at length of the  
Psychical Research movement both in Europe and  
America, and of the very active part Col. John  
C. Bundy of the Royal Society had taken. JOURNAL  
has been in the movement. He said that he had  
been informed that a society had been organized in  
the city of New York and another in Boston on the  
same plan as that of London, England.

At the close of the lecture there was an exercise  
of his mediumship. He reported several names, all of  
which were recognized.  
Truth is immortal and only asks a hearing. Any  
question of Spiritualism can well afford to stand upon  
the pedestal they have reached, and witness the ac-  
tion of theology in its investigations of spiritual  
phenomena. W. W. CURRIER.  
Haverhill, Mass., November, 1884.

## The New York Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Fresh inspiration, hope and knowledge, are just  
now, quickly celebrating their nativity among the  
New York Spiritualists. The fluent words of Mrs.  
Brigham at Republican Hall are regularly phono-  
graphed in full by a reporter, who is so interested  
that he charges but one-third the orthodox price.  
The afternoon meetings there and elsewhere in the  
city continue to draw good attendance from around  
and above.

Some of the finest mediumistic, musical, literary  
and administrative talent, have organized a new  
and promising society, called The Spiritualists Pro-  
gressive Union, which meets for the present in large,  
private parlors. It already has a handsome mem-  
bership, requires no dues, has no prophets of evil,  
and its officers are determined it shall serve its plea-  
sure purposes. Whether, like many predecessors, it  
be permanent or not, as to body, its members will  
live forever. It is careful in the selection of the  
proper elements of credit and success. Its objects  
are social and mental improvement by necessary  
business, decorous debate, education, essays, vocal  
and instrumental music, and, prominently, circles.

Another notch has been cut in the infinite life  
of life. Like happy children, we build up castles for  
giving, fast days secular and religious. We are a  
fast people—talk fast, walk fast, work fast, and  
even have our fast days, as the Frenchman said. They  
give us a rest. Muscle and brain equal, one is as  
good as another. It is not so much how long, but  
how we live. A live worker condenses a hundred  
years into fifty. Native talent and opportunity de-  
termine the amount and worth of the effort.

Who can read the experience of Scrooge with the  
Spirits in "Dickens' Christmas Books," and not shed  
tears of pleasure over the intense revolution from  
heartless misery to joyful philanthropy? If you feel  
your heart grow cold, like the weather, read it. It  
will warm you like a furnace, and make you a sea-  
sonable angel in spite of yourself. Like a burning  
coal, it will educt the latent heat from its neighbor,  
and so on. 110 Worth Street, New York. J. F. SNIPES.

Mr. L. S. Hodges, Bath, Mich., in writing to  
this office, says: Your postal of Nov. 11th is at hand  
reminding me of indebtedness for your JOURNAL. In  
reply I would say that last spring I should have  
notified you to discontinue the JOURNAL had it not  
been that myself and family, being very sick with the  
small-pox, were not permitted any correspondence  
for some time; and to make a long story short I am  
unable to pay at present. I have been an invalid for  
years; can hardly obtain the scanty means of sub-  
sistence. I like the JOURNAL much, but in justice  
to myself you will please discontinue it, and I will re-  
mit as soon as possible.

We cancel the indebtedness to this time. Is there  
not some kindly disposed reader of the JOURNAL  
who will pay for a continuation of this subscription?

J. O. Tyler writes: I am entirely satisfied with  
the JOURNAL. Truth will triumph. Your straight  
and many course is fast becoming popular. We are  
now getting a per and sensible Spiritualism.

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A philosopher says the bone collar-button has done  
more to release man from the tyranny of woman  
than all the philosophical works on humanity ever  
printed.

Victoria, Australia, would be a good place for dad-  
dy to go hunting. Twenty millions of rabbits have  
been exported from there during the last ten  
years.

A wholesale manufacturer of Swiss stamps of old  
issues has just been discovered in Zurich. This is  
worse than the manufacture of Waterloo reliefs at  
Birmingham.

Miss Kate Field, in her new lecture, goes for the  
Salt Lake saints vigorously thus: "The whole Mor-  
mon territory might be fittingly roofed over with an  
insane asylum."

Trenton, N. J., proudly rises to remark that 100  
years ago this month Congress met in that city, and  
that it came very near being made the permanent  
seat of government.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, the widow of  
the Marquis who has just died in England, was the  
first lady to take up Beaconsfield, and he was  
ever after grateful to her.

A correspondent of the London Lancet says that,  
owing to the difficulty of obtaining human skin to  
graft over granulating wounds, he is using the skin  
of frogs with great success.

Should the Duchess of Alphonso of Spain terminate  
fatally, as is feared, his Queen would leave Spain  
forever, regardless of political events, and spend the  
remainder of her life in Austria.

If Congress will give \$50,000 more this winter the  
Commissioner of the Census thinks he can finish the  
report in two more years. The seventh and eighth  
volumes have just been issued.

A patient at the Santa Cruz County, California,  
Hospital, coughed up three lily-bots. His doctor  
said he never ever used a similar case. The bot is a  
small worm that is found in the intestines of horses.

Corn Planter Indians have a hidden lead mine  
somewhere in Armstrong County, Pennsylvania, the  
precious metal of which they have known for 100  
years, but refuse to divulge.

Dr. Taylor, the Bishop of Africa, proposes, instead  
of teaching his assistant missionaries the native lan-  
guages, to teach the natives English as the shorter  
method.

The first successful candidate for the degree of  
Doctor of Science at the University of London was a  
Hindoo gentleman; the second was Mrs. Sophia  
Bryant.

Walter Young, a Scotchman, and totally blind,  
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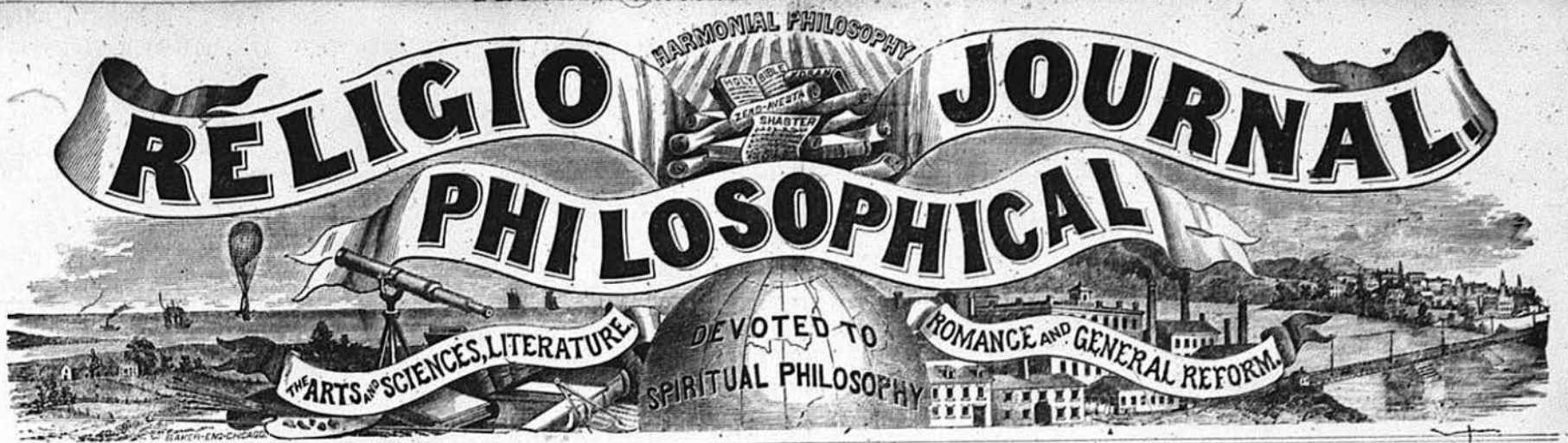
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VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

No. 18

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Peace.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

There is no war between man's soul  
And the Eternal Mind.  
Truth holds all being in control,  
Freely while it doth bind;  
The highest freedom of the human will  
Is wrought while it doth best the laws of life fulfill.  
I've searched for God's "atoning grace"  
In every plane and sphere  
Of every kingdom, tribe and race  
Of being far and near  
Objective to my spirit's sense of thought,  
And this the lesson they to me have taught.  
It is no part of Nature's plan,  
Or system to destroy  
A single element in man  
That leads to peace or joy;  
'Tis Darkness only that begets abuse  
Of which Light unfolds to highest use.  
That penalty and recompense—  
The kiss, the cross, the rod  
Are symbols of the war of sense  
Within ourselves toward God,  
While God or Supreme Wisdom calmly onward moves  
Evolving evermore divinest truths and loves.  
That our redemption safely lies  
Fast in eternal laws,  
Drawing, as from the earth and skies  
The soul of seedling draws  
On Love's securities, and Wisdom's bonds divine  
To bring them into blossom, and the purple wine.  
And thus I find that "peace with God"  
Is simply to fulfill  
Dreams of the sense are cross and rod,  
That fade before the will  
Of the immortal mind when it doth come to know  
That 'tis from time and sense that all his sorrows flow.  
Through flood, and flame, and seas of blood  
Slowly mankind hath learned  
What our fair brothers, Christ and Buddha  
With clearer sight discerned;  
That nothing can be raised or "quicken'd save it die,  
"And in forgoing self the Universe grows I."  
Baltimore, Md., Dec., 1884.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HAND VS. MIND.

Or How One Skeptic was Made a Convert.

BY J. FREDERICK BABCOCK, D. D. S.

It has occurred to me that the relation of the means employed to destroy the skepticism of the writer and make of him a warm convert to the truth of spirit return and communication, might possibly prove of as much general interest—especially as the methods used were unusual—as anything else he might tender as a Christmas offering. If you should, perchance, think likewise you are at liberty to use the relation as you may best think desirable, but there is one feature of the evidence which ought not to be overlooked, and that is that it is nearly, if not quite, impossible to convey any adequate idea of its force to others, because it is so wholly personal—for instance: If my hand is controlled to write by some power other than my own volition, and that hand, so controlled, writes truly upon things and events occurring miles away, of which my brain or mind knew nothing, no mortal being but myself can, by the very nature of things, have any evidence but my say so, and though the evidence may be to me entirely satisfactory, so that I can say beyond all peradventure, "I know," yet I cannot convey to any other person the same strength of evidence that is accorded to me. Previous to July, 1882, I had, to say the least, an extremely conservative opinion of that phenomena usually connected with what was termed Spiritualism; in fact, it was impossible to convince me that there was anything in them which could not be explained by some natural law, even though they did not come under the head of gross and willful fraud. I felt a certain degree of contempt for all who urged the contrary, and looked

upon them as possessing a "weak spot" in their make up. I had never made any personal investigation of the phenomena, and yet, like so many others, I felt sure that those who had, and who became converts, were mistaken and laboring under a delusion. Such was my general opinion previous to July, 1882. At that time I met a gentleman friend who related to me the details of a most remarkable alleged interview which he had recently held through a lady medium, Mrs. Daniel Smith of Hampden, Me., with his deceased brother, who had, only shortly before, met his death by a drowning accident at Bar Harbor. The story as told me, coming from one in whom I could place every confidence as a sharp and not easily humbugged man, impressed me so fully that I determined to accept the first opportunity and make some investigations for myself. Accordingly upon Sunday afternoon, July 2nd, 1882, I rode to Hampden, six miles away, and called upon Mrs. Smith, informing her that I had come for a sitting, to which she assented after assuring me that she could not, in advance, promise me the least satisfaction. I purposely refrained from giving her my name, having previously determined that from me she should get "no points" whatever, if the most rigid reticence upon my part could prevent. The sitting proceeded and after entering the trance condition she made several attempts to articulate sentences, which I could not clearly understand and I became at once suspicious that she desired me to say something in response from which she might stand a chance to gain a clew to my desires, but I firmly asserted that I could not understand her, when she suddenly reached forward and took my hand, tracing in the palm of it, with her forefinger, the name "Fannie," which certainly was the name of a formerly warm friend who died in Massachusetts, who few, if any, in this vicinity knew that I was acquainted with. As the name was written I became interested, but I would not accept its identity written in that manner, as I feared some trick in connection with it, therefore I said: "Please repeat," and as she did so she spelled each letter of the name aloud, "F-a-n-n-i-e."

Of course there could not then be any error in connection with the certainty of that name being the one written, a name far from my immediate thoughts at the time, since I was earnestly thinking of my deceased father. Still I was suspicious, though the medium and myself were utter strangers. There were a great many "Fannies" in the world and out, and I said: "Well, if you are Fannie, please give me your full name? How many sisters have you, and their names?" (Her family resided many miles from the place.) How many photographs have I got of you, and where are the members of your family at the present time? (I did not know.) Also please name some of the places where we have been together? These are questions which no possible trick could truthfully answer and yet all of them, together with many others of a test character, were properly replied to. She also volunteered the remark: "Do you remember that I took one of my photos away from you?" Which was true enough. Suddenly, while still pressing the alleged Fannie, as to further proof of her identity, she exclaimed:

"Fred (my given name unknown to medium), we are only wasting time in talking through this medium. You are possessed of far more mediumistic ability than she is, and all your spirit friends can converse with you much more readily in your own room at home. Take paper and pencil to-night in your room. Place yourself in position to write and patiently await results; we will surely come to you and control your hand. Promise me that you will do so."

She proceeded to urge me in the most earnest and impressive manner to comply with her request. I scarcely knew what to think, I was taken so utterly by surprise, I had relaxed none of my skepticism, but I gave the promise, feeling that I could do so safely enough, even though I was, or might be, the subject of a delusion, when seemingly very much pleased she bade me "good-by" and departed. Other purported spirit friends came and identified themselves perfectly, but I need not recount what occurred, since it is not essential to the continuation of my story. Suffice it to say that what had occurred was amply sufficient to arouse the most earnest thought and reflection. I left the medium's presence in an exceedingly perplexed frame of mind. I knew not what to believe. I could not give up my prejudices so easily, and I had a vague suspicion that in some unknown manner there had been an attempt made to delude me, but how? The lady medium was not a professional, simply an aged farmer's wife, bearing the highest reputation among her neighbors. She certainly knew nothing of those things which these purported spirit friends had conversed with me upon; therefore, how had the knowledge been obtained? I finally reasoned that there must be some subtle and unknown law acting upon her organism and my own which must account for it however unsatisfactorily. That it could be spirits of the dead seemed to me then utterly preposterous and inadmissible, whatever else might prove to be the solution, but that night, brushing all previous theories aside, I took paper and pencil in hand and awaited results; meanwhile I interested myself in reading a newspaper which I manipulated with the unengaged hand. I had no faith whatever in the promise of the afternoon, and at the end of thirty minutes, as nothing had transpired, I smiled to myself

at the thought of my own foolish credulity, intending in another instant to abandon any further attempt at investigation, when suddenly my hand commenced to twitch or jerk itself over the paper, and while such action served to secure my undivided attention and arrest my design of ceasing all endeavor, still I regarded the action as an involuntary one caused by probable fatigue of the muscles controlling my hand and arm, or else some other form of nervous muscular action, but as I reached such a conclusion the hand steadied down and slowly, very slowly, wrote the name "Fannie," which was repeated many times, together with simple "yes" or "no" answers to questions asked. I watched the hand move slowly and laboriously, and intently studied its action. I knew that voluntarily I had absolutely nothing whatever to do with its motion, but I decided that unconscious mental and muscular action must account for it especially as there was nothing written, on this first occasion, which was necessarily in opposition to that theory. This experiment continued for some two hours, but it was in its action almost like a child's first attempt at tracing letters or words. The sentences were short, containing but a single idea, and it was only as I became developed that they wrote easily, in their own natural hand, many pages at a time, embracing many ideas and subjects. At this time, however, Sunday evening, July 2nd, 1882, I was lost in amazement and I determined that whatever the phenomenon might be due to it was decidedly interesting, even if exceedingly perplexing.

My experiments continued at intervals, but without conquering my skepticism, until the night of the 4th, when I retired to bed exceedingly tired and sleepy; I think never more so in my life, but I found that I could not sleep, something wholly unusual. I was never before so restless, various muscles in my body seemed to be continually in motion. It was midnight, and I could assign no cause for such an unusual state of things. I essayed to throw off the impression which had taken possession of me that I ought to arise and take the pencil, by all possible means, but in vain. I tried to ignore it as a delusion connected with my nervousness. I reasoned upon it as such and to get up was most to be avoided because I was so exhausted; and as a result of that reasoning I finally decided that I would not get up, and defiantly said so aloud; but instantly a crash occurred (I can liken it to nothing else) in my head, together with a noise like an explosion, accompanied by an appearance of zigzag lightning, and in my fright I rose up leaning upon my arm. It all occurred in the fraction of a second and seemed exactly as though a heavy charge of electricity had been stored in my brain and instantly exploded, but I quickly changed my determination and concluded that I would heed the impression and get up. I took my pencil and placed its point upon the edge of a magazine leaf, when the hand commenced to move and the word "Dress" appeared. "Dress!" I repeated aloud in astonishment.

"Yes, dress," said the hand.

For the first time I began to grasp the idea that my "unconscious mind" and "dormant faculty" theories were nonsense, because for me to willingly dress under such circumstances was mere folly. I hesitated when again the word "Dress" appeared and I began to speculate in my mind that perhaps something was to occur that needed my presence, dressed and ready. I put on my pants and vest very reluctantly, because I could not overcome the feeling that after all it seemed very ridiculous, but I inquired: "Anything more?" The hand replied:

"Yes; your coat, boots, necktie and collar." I asserted that I thought I was already sufficiently dressed to meet any emergency, and the hand wrote:

"Do as I tell you—dress!" I demurred no longer, but amazed beyond expression, completed my toilet, after which I said: "I have done as you request—what next?" The hand wrote in answer: "My will, my will."

"Your will? I never knew before that you left any will! Do you wish me to do anything about it?"

The hand wrote: "No! no! My will, my will," and for a moment I was puzzled, when suddenly it occurred to me that she referred to her mental will. "Do you mean," I said, "that this is simply an exhibition of your will power over me?"

"Yes, that's it," wrote the hand, and for what purpose? I inquired.

"To show it, and to convince you that I can come back to you."

"Well, Fannie, if that is your object in getting me up at this time of night and putting me to all this trouble, considering how tired I was, you must be satisfied with your experiment."

The hand replied: "Yes, thanks! I have often wished you would write for me"—to which I made appropriate answer.

The conversation thus inaugurated continued for more than an hour, and was of such a character, so wholly foreign to anything contained in my own mind, that then and there cast aside all previous prejudice and determined to thoroughly investigate the matter upon the basis of spirit return, and from that time I did so. No language can give expression to the emotion of awe that took possession of me that night as the hand wrote: "I, Fannie, am standing at your side, controlling your hand to write," awe, because of the overpowering realization that the assertion must be true, that there could be no other possible explanation to account

for what was then written. I had exhausted all others that the most earnest skepticism could suggest, but without avail. The hand was inexorable and persistently wrote:

"We are spirits of the dead."

As time passed the writing improved very rapidly. From its "A B C," it went on quickly until it easily encompassed many pages at a time. Three other persons, viz.: My father, Capt. E. E. S., and Mr. W. R. L., (the last named the drowned brother of my friend before alluded to) gradually acquired control of my hand and, with one exception, they all wrote in their natural, earth-life, handwriting, carrying on at all times a written conversation as freely as would have been the case were all of them with me face to face. Upon very many occasions, in fact it was a common thing, the hand informed my mind of events that were transpiring miles away and of which I was utterly ignorant, but which subsequent investigation invariably proved true in every detail.

Upon other occasions the hand would carry on an obstinately contested argument with my mind in exactly the same manner that two individuals in this life might do, the hand frequently urging the mind to do that which sometimes it was exceedingly repugnant for it to do, and several times finally refused to do, after long and earnest entreaty of the hand, though, of course, such refusal was accompanied by reasons which the hand would nearly always acknowledge as satisfactory. Upon one occasion the door bell rang while writing in my room and I inquired as incredulously as ever: "Can you tell me who is at the door?"

"Yes," wrote the hand; "it is your cousin Willie."

Now I had only just returned from Bar Harbor and had left this same cousin there with no design of returning for several weeks and at such a reply I felt chagrined and disappointed, because I felt that the assertion was not, and could not, under the circumstances, be true; but the servant who answered the bell came to my door and said: "Your cousin Willie is at the door, and says your sister is coming home from Bar Harbor tomorrow." It seems that the entire party had changed their plans since I knew anything about them, and he had come direct from the boat to my house to make the announcement that he did, but how did the hand possess the knowledge as to my mind, that he was at the door? Again the hand (W. R. L.) gave my mind the details of a friend's—his brother's—marriage, the temperature of the day upon which it occurred, its full date, part of those present, the place, and how they travelled to reach it, all events which occurred thirteen years ago among strangers to me at the time, and of which I personally knew nothing whatever, but careful inquiry certified to the facts as known and related to me by my hand.

Once more, the hand told me that a gentleman friend of mine had secretly gone on a certain day to visit Mrs. Smith, the medium at Hampden. I went to the gentleman and flatly told him that he had done as the hand had informed me he had. His astonishment was intense, as he acknowledged its truth, because he avowed that he had not told any living person of it, having taken a whim not to do so.

At still another time the hand spoke of my having an "Aunt Ellen" in the Spirit-world, that she was my father's sister, and, upon inquiry, that she died before I was born. Personally I felt sure that the statement was erroneous since I had never heard her name mentioned before, and neither had the remaining members of my family, but some one suggested looking at the record of my deceased grandfather's family, bible, and upon doing so there was the entry of "Ellen" who died at the age of six months, many years before I was born. One more illustration and I finish this. One evening while sitting with a warm friend in his office, and writing, I remarked that I did not think raps were of any particular consequence to me, because I could converse so easily by writing, when the hand controlled by my father, said:

"Yes, they are; let's have them now."

Instantly they began, loud and distinct, continuing for quite a while in every portion of the room. I have now given a sufficient number of examples—though not a thousandth part either in variety or number—to make the inquiry pertinent: What was the intelligence that caused my hand to be so well acquainted with facts and familiar with subjects, of which I personally knew nothing whatever? The hand itself said it was controlled by the spirits of my dead friends announcing their names in every instance; and just here let me say that it was a very frequent occurrence for me to desire to talk with some particular one of them, and would so announce, when some other one would take control and say that the one I especially desired to talk to was temporarily absent, or otherwise engaged, which, of course, was just contrary to my own desire and wishes.

Now those who do not assert that my story is an entire fabrication from beginning to end, and of course I alone can know it to be true, must acknowledge the presence of some intelligent force as the control of my hand, and when such admitted force calls itself a spirit of the dead, what shadow of right has any one to say that it lies or is mistaken?

To recapitulate: What force is it and whence does it originate, which infiltrated my hand with the truthful knowledge of events occurring miles distant? To be cognizant of things which happened years ago? To recognize my relative at the door? To announce the exist-ence of a strange relative? All knowledge that I, personally, was utterly unaware of in the remotest manner. And

what caused the raps to instantly follow the promise of the writing, or induced my hand to carry on a spirited and earnest argument with my mind, contesting it obstinately point by point? If any person can give me any rational theory which will account for these instances, nay, any one of them, outside that of the hand itself, viz.: spirits of the dead, then I will adopt it willingly, but I caution them now that "nervous action," "unconscious cerebral action," "unconscious muscular action," the "dormant faculty theory" or any similar hypothesis will not be accepted as a rational explanation, unless they will demonstrate how any one of these oft asserted theories can be possessed of a knowledge, in hundreds of instances, foreign to that of my own mind? But if, perchance, there are those who are so wise in their own conceit that they regard themselves as equal to the emergency up to this point, let them be not too hasty since I have, in the natural order of things, reserved perhaps the strangest portion of my story for its close. For nearly three months this writing continued as freely as in our worldly conversation; it occurred at any and all times, without regard to place—in fact, whenever I chose. I found the controls evincing all the emotions common to their former every-day life; they were merry, grave or sad as the occasion dictated, their sentiments and affections were the same as when here, but I cannot enlarge further upon these topics. While writing they frequently asserted that this phase was "soon to be abandoned for a more rapid and satisfactory means of communication," which they intimated was to be my speech, and during this period they made to me, what seemed, many extravagant promises and predictions which have not been and I do not believe can be, fulfilled. Upon the 17th of Sept., 1882, everything was progressing exactly as usual, when suddenly the control grew weaker and weaker until on the 18th, only a single word would appear at each attempt, and this word was repeated over and over again through the endeavors of the 18th and 19th, when, on the 20th, the control ceased utterly and completely, and to this day has never again returned. That word was "courage, courage, courage." I, of course, inquired the meaning of such an unusual state of affairs. The hand replied: "You are about to need all the courage you possess." And from that moment to the present time there has been no further word of spirit, whatever, although I have tried hundreds of times to secure the writings returned, sitting out after hour, as patiently as possible, with pencil in hand, hoping, as it has thus far proven, against hope, until now I have almost abandoned all hope.

If there are those who assert that I or some subtle power connected with myself, did all the writing, I would, and could be secretly possessed of knowledge that I was wholly unconscious of possessing, and will inform me why it is that under the same circumstances I am not able, but perfectly powerless, to accomplish the same results now, they will greatly aid me in my perplexity. I apprehend, however, that I cannot look forward to any encouragement from that source worthy of consideration. I am perplexed beyond measure because of the long silence, and I ask myself many times: "Can it be possible that my spirit friends should wantonly excite my interest to the extent that they did, and in such a manner, and then abandon all further effort?" And as I think, it seems incredible; it seems unworthy of them; still, I am, so to speak, in the "slough of despond." And if there is to be no future in this connection I frequently feel that my last state is worse than my first, and wish that I had been left contented in my ignorance, and yet the hand once wrote: "Pin your faith to us. We will never deceive you." Have your friends in the faith I would say: Have you ever known of a similar case, and how has it resulted finally? I should be gratified could I learn its details, hoping therefrom to find renewed courage and an incentive to continued effort.

Bangor, Maine.

Now is the Accepted Time.

I know it is a hard doctrine to preach, that now is "the accepted time." But this death-screw, which hangs before us, is as certain to fix upon each the effects of habits and mental conditions as that to-morrow will be the natural result of the causes and conditions of to-day. Each person can in this world select his associations after death. It is, therefore, important to get a pass-port to harmonious central societies in the Summer-land. You should feel no enmity toward any human being, however much you have been injured. The lion and the lamb lie down together only within the purified human spirit. The hidden, cave-like cerebellum, the back-brain, is a den full of untamed animals. Spiritual Truth is the only conqueror that can enter and still the passions, tame them to peace, and hold them in abeyance until the outward disturbance is gone. Duties, when high, lift up the soul, which is thus prepared to be a better neighbor and more successful in all the genuine enterprises of present life.—Andrew Jackson Davis.

This is from the Santa Ana (Cal.) Herald: "A log cut from a blue-gum tree on H. H. Roper's place was sent to the New Orleans Exposition, lately. It was of seven years' growth, would weigh probably 500 pounds, and measured three feet through. It will give an idea how rapidly trees grow in this country."



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Not Dead.

BY AMARALA MARTIN.

The roses that bloomed through the summer day,  
The bellies of the garden, in bright array,  
Have faded and trembled and faded away.

But where their daisies and leaves are laid,  
Is the germ of life that will burst again  
In the spring's sunshine and refreshing rain.

The violets, opening their soft blue eyes,  
Will lift them up to the melting skies,  
While faint and sweet will their fragrance rise.

The woodbine will know at what happy time  
To put forth verdant, and reach and climb,  
And fill its tendrils with flowery rhyme.

After rest, sweet Nature will glow once more  
With the wealth of life from her hidden store;  
And gladden our souls as she did of yore.

And so when in earth, we our loved ones hide,  
We know their freed souls do not there abide—  
But only the visible form which died.

That when by earth's trials their hearts were torn,  
And Justice and Truth seemed as ghosts forlorn,  
Their souls did, but ripen, Heaven to adorn.

That the sunshine of an immortal strand,  
Will strengthen their spirits as they expand  
In beauty and joy in the Summer Land.

Calre, Ills.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Knowing from the Essential.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

In our human experience there is a point at which science must stop and yield the place to a higher knowing. The endeavor to set metes and bounds to the universe will always fail, and we may not hope to comprehend the operations of the cosmos, moral as well as physical, within our limited scope of idea. There will come cyclones to sweep away our ephemeral superstructures, and earthquakes to dislodge the foundations. All that we learn by corporeal sense and include by the measuring-line of our understanding, must be placed in this category of the unstable and perishing. It is no way into the sky to build a tower like that of Babel; and confusion of speech will always fall upon such builders. When they have passed the boundaries of their ken, they find themselves embraced in a chaos and void of great darkness, which they declare to be the unknowable. In due time the hall will sweep away the refuge of lies.

Knowledge is from a supreme fountain. It is not a collection of gleanings from this field and the other, not a compound more or less heterogeneous from numerous specifics, but an energy over all, transcending all, and including all. It pertains to the faculty of intellection, rather than to that of understanding; in other words, it is not a boon from the world of time and limit, but is of the infinite and eternal. It employs no cerebration for its processes, but may employ the corporeal organ for its mirror and medium. As science is concerned with things which are apparent, so intellectual knowledge is the perception and possession of that which is.

What, therefore, we know, is that which is remembered from the Foreworld, wherein our true being has not been prisoned in the world of sense; namely, motives, principles, the things immutable. Love which seeketh others' benefit, justice which is the right line of action, beauty which means fitness for the supreme utility, virtue that denotes manly instinct of right, temperance which restrains every act into due moderation—such are the things of the eternal region, which true souls remember in the sublimity sphere of the senses; and which, thus remembering, they put aside the aspiration for temporary expedients and advantages, for that which is permanent and enduring.

"Where your treasure is," says Jesus, "there will your heart be." Our knowledge is our treasure. What we know we possess. It is of us, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Knowing love without selfishness, justice without perversion, beauty which is beyond superficialness, virtue which is no mere outside negation or artificial merit, temperance which is the equilibrium of soul, we embody them all and have our home and country in that world where they are indigenous and perennial. They are the constituents of our being. Flesh and blood will never inherit the everlasting kingdom, nor will any thing abide long that is the outcome of flesh and blood; but these will never change or perish, and those who are constituted from them, will be enduring as they, and however they may seem to be circumscribed by space, temporal limitation and condition, they live in eternity. Fire will not burn nor floods drown them, nor will death kill them and extinguish their being. They lived before death was born, and will continue after the scorpion shall have stung itself to death.

I once heard a voice that no man uttered. The ear cognized it not, but the sensorium did. It was an utterance none the less real, because no corporeal sense had been its medium. I had no alternative but to obey. It would have been idle to sit in judgment upon it, or to have wasted endeavor to explain it by logical methods. The spiritual man discerned where the psychic could find no cause for inquiring or considering. Came such a voice, with an utterance of the most immediate importance, from a being outside? I trow not. But certainly it was no phantasm, no artful work of the imagination, no outcome of the understanding. All these would have failed. It was a being or principle closer to me than my own thought—a something of me, not me. It may be God, tutelary spirit, my own noetic selfhood, or of beyond me; I believe thus much. Let no one be alarmed; they are gods to and with whom the word of God comes into form, and speak the words of God. From felish to highest archangel and Logos, this is so. Hence I heard, obeyed unquestioningly, and saved my life from destruction that was immediately impending.

I do not seek to hear such voices. I do not think it right or wise to do so. I would expect to be trapped presently by delusions, and led I can hardly guess whither. We are placed in this world of sense with faculties to exercise and discipline through the understanding; and it may be a kind of irreverence, and perhaps of profanation and sacrilege, to reach out continually further. We have the principles of love and justice to constitute our daily illumination; we need not demand to be taught by those who came from the dead. Once let us be well grounded by work as well as word, in these principles, and the other will not be withheld. Great signs and wonders are pretty likely to distinguish false prophets.

Yet when I do perceive the voice, I take heed to obey it. I notice that much argumentation smoothes it; yet it seldom evinces any effort to appear to be something transcending my other faculties; nor does it set sensibly on the emotional nature. It gives the clear-

ness of conviction, the sense of certainty that the utterance or direction is right. It will revive a memory, arouse me to the fact that something would better be done promptly, that such a thing is right or such a thing is wrong; but it seldom or never shows a reason for it. Many things which are forbidden by custom it declares lawful; others may not, and its utterance is the word of divinity. So Socrates found it, even to the hemlock; so every illumine finds it. But let no one exult. It will elude him. There is a knowledge which one may possess, but he cannot impart it or really tell that he has it. Hence the frequent assertion of the objectivist, that the thing is so or cannot be proved. No matter. The more absolute a truth is, the more impossible it becomes to prove it—whether it be the shining of the sun at noonday, the love or one's dearest friend, or the Divine Source of all. Still, God is, and men worship. The word objectification, expression of God, is eternal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Interesting Experiences.

FISHER DOHERTY.

I have regularly taken the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL from the first number to the present time, and I look back on its course with pleasure. You severely criticised the Woodhull delusion, and I sometimes thought you had not enough charity, but now I am satisfied that if Christian professors had battled with polygamy with as much zeal as you did, it would have ceased to be long ago. But my object in writing is to give you a few facts in my experience.

In 1849 I was lecturing on the responsibility and crime of the general government in the treatment of the slaves, and said: "Within twelve years martial music will be heard all over our land, and slavery will go down baptized in the blood of the nation." This remark so deeply impressed a Methodist minister who was present, that he noted it in his memorandum, and in 1861 he visited me with his son, and reminded me of what I had said. Then the tramp of the soldier and the roll of the drum were heard through the length and breadth of our land. He desired to know what the result was going to be. I said it would terminate as I had told him twelve years ago. He lived to see the prediction fulfilled, and his son was going with me to dinner last Thanksgiving day, and we talked of the past and conjectured the future.

Another singular fact occurred some years ago. I lectured on Temperance in a village where very few persons favored the cause. My remarks were so pointed that the whole community became hostile, and organized a mob to deal with me at my next appointment. The day on which I was to fill this appointment came, and a certain Rev. Mr. Campbell requested me to fill his engagement at another village where he was to lecture in the interest of the Bible society. I consented to do so, provided the Rev. Charles Brooks, a Methodist minister, would supply my place at the former village, which he said he would do. As soon as he began to speak, a howling mob came rushing into the house, armed with eggs and stones, and opened a terrific shower of these missiles upon him, supposing that they were directed at me, and they did not discover their mistake till after he had jumped out through a window and made his escape. I went to fill Mr. Campbell's appointment, but turned the lecture into a temperance discourse. At this village there was a large distillery owned by two wealthy men. I was fearful that I might say something that would reflect on the minister that got me to fill his place. In order to guard my language I prepared notes. But I was sadly mistaken. I could not speak from notes. As I had a fine audience, and the two distillers and their families to hear me, I put the notes in my pocket, and followed my inspirations. I discussed the subject on general principles, and these distillers to show their independence and self-importance would nod and wink at each other, and laugh in order to let me know that I had not enlisted their sympathy or endangered their interests. But behind me stood insulted angels; and when I had spoken one hour and a half, I attempted to close the meeting, but a new idea forcibly impressed me with an irresistible desire to follow the chain of thought. It was this: "You call me an advocate of a higher law than the constitution. You pride yourselves on being law-abiding citizens. It is true that you and your friends have made laws which enable you to sell men, women and children, and appropriate others' labor to yourself and your children. And another law allows you to buy your neighbor's corn and sell it into whiskey; but you forget that you are amenable to higher law than that which allows you to apply your own gain to your own interest, and in your avarice you often violate your own laws with impunity, but inside of six months you will both be candidates for the penitentiary." The remarks excited the audience, as there was no apparent cause for them, only to insult two wealthy gentlemen who were making a good market for corn, and building up the town. I discovered the mob spirit gathering, and therefore dismissed the meeting and started directly for my horse. Before I got out of hearing they let me know what they would do with me when they caught me. But before six months expired both these distillers were indicted for larceny by the grand jury. The case continued in court for three years, and was not further prosecuted on account of a free use of money. There are, perhaps, over one hundred persons yet living who were at that meeting.

Another circumstance occurred a few years ago, more laughable than serious, yet demonstrating the vigilant care and communitative character of guardian spirits. The president of the First National Bank of this city is a very close dealer. I built him a buggy under a warranty. He is very corpulent, and when he and his family were in it the springs would come together sometimes. He came to me and demanded on the warranty, that I should put an additional thickness on the springs. I told him that it would be worth \$6.00 to do that, but that I would put new and stronger springs on for nothing. He would not consent to this, but insisted on an additional thickness to the old springs. I put it on and charged him \$6.00, but when he came to get the buggy he positively refused to pay the bill, claiming it on the warranty. I turned to my book and gave him credit for the \$6.00, and asked him if he was now satisfied. He said he was. I turned to him and said: "William, I am sorry to tell you the springs tell me to say to you, that you will have to pay for the springs inside of a week; your horse will break your buggy, and you will have to pay for the springs." Before the end of the week his old, gentle horse turned round quickly and upset the buggy and broke it badly. He brought it to the shop, and I said: "William you ought to have paid for the springs." He said: "Pshaw! fix up the buggy."

I repaired it at a cost of \$8.00, but still got no pay for my work on the springs. When I went to help him hitch to it I said: "William, I am sorry to tell you that the springs say you have not paid for the springs, and that you will hit, inside of two weeks have your buggy badly broken again." So before the two weeks expired, while his buggy and horse stood before his bank door, a countryman, in backing a wagon heavily loaded with potatoes, could not control his horses, and the wagon literally smashed the buggy to pieces.

I have had many more very singular things occur in my life experience; but I will stop for the present, and if these facts can be explained on any other hypothesis than the spiritualistic, I would like some one to do it.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"I Remember, Therefore I Am."

BY ASTRA.

In many ways we have the power of recalling events, thoughts and impressions, and how great a proof this fact furnishes of personal identity here, and how vivid a prophecy of its continuance hereafter!

A flower's perfume, the outline of a tree, a feature in a landscape, live in our memory, and not only recall where we first noticed the like, but also the circumstances which environed us at the time, our relations to those then intimately associated with us, the joys and sorrows that were our lot when we first saw them, besides the manner of effect they had on us, the special emotions they called up, with the influence these exerted on our character, and the part they had in shaping our course—perhaps a whole life-time's changes were being wrought in us as we were passing the object at which the outward eye gazed, almost unconsciously, but which, nevertheless, has become a part of our very life. We may say with the German poet, translated by Coleridge in the ode to Mont Blanc: "I gazed on thee, till thou still present to my bodily eye, midst vanish from my thought," but whenever the vanished object is seen again, or its similitude, thronging about it come all the long unthought of, but only dormant ideas which formed our association with, or were parts of, our consciousness as we saw it in the far-away past.

It is one of the joys of the idea of the future home, that no thought can perish; they are living entities. True of the happy and worthy ones, it is also true of the painful and sad ones—they have their use, and will subserve the great end of our life, which is growth, which, no manner of doubt, will continue to be our being's law the other side of the ocean of life as it is here.

One reason why we dread painful reminiscences is that we do not understand their use; I do not think, be it well understood, that sin and error are creations of our heavenly Father, but since they needs must be, while we exist in an imperfect condition, our part is to understand that sin is a departure from rectitude, produced by the exercise of free will, taking which away would be to deprive humanity all its dignity. If we had no liberty to do wrong, that is, to exercise our free will, human nature would be perfect, that is without responsibility, acrytal form, of course, in a certain way, because following set and unvarying laws—no room for deviation, no differentiation, no individuality. In a word, we would be men and women according to a pattern, like so many parts of engines produced by mechanism.

We have given to us all the variety of faculties and organs which constitute the machinery of our being—plus the personal identity which makes each one of us a variety of the species, having an eternity before us in which to unfold the possibilities of our ego, which shall differ from every other, filling its own special niche, and exerting influences which no other ego in all creation could do.

This view makes somebody of each individual, imposes a responsibility from which there is no escape, and gives a significance and value to each human integer. We are existing in this phase of life in a sphere of limitations; squaring look on it in its material phase only, cultivating the bodily faculties. In reference only to the outward, scarcely conscious, seemingly, that the actual is only the vestibule of life eternal, the initial stage of that which is to be endless. I do not by any means undervalue this life nor misunderstand its duties. I only wish to extend the profound conviction that it is only the primary stage, and that its condition is, or can be, as the whole creation is, in progressive motion, so no spirit can come to a stand-still, at any period of its career; one height gained, only enlarging our horizon, and shows how much we have to do and to conquer.

Our philosophers talk of the Laws governing our common humanity, how much of the field is still a terra incognita! A world of study lies in the little universe of each individual being. We may only understand of each other's individuality what each is pleased to reveal by word, action and course of conduct; and to the sanctuary of each spirit, how little way we are permitted to penetrate. Each one of us dwells in a solitude, and there are hidden depths in each spirit's nature unsuspected by the heart's nearest and dearest.

I think when we reach the next condition, that the first study will be our own being, and the heredity which launched us into being what we are, and the meaning of the various degrees of growth through which we have been led, why they had the effect upon our development which we perceive, and a perfect understanding of our new point of departure, so that we may start anew in a more intelligent course of life with a conscious use of all our faculties, knowing all the possibilities of our being, no longer seeing through a glass, darkly, but realizing why we tread our paths, and seeing why we are induced to walk in them. Science has, in many directions, grown wonderfully in the last half century, and seemingly has conquered so much that it is now "in order" to investigate the manifest union of spirit and body, and the laws governing the process.

The raison d'être of the body I understand to be the individualization through its mechanism of a spirit, so that the body is created by the spirit, as a man builds a house to shelter the body, which when it has grown to the hominal plane of life can no longer bear the unobscured contact of the elements. While life has reached only the animal plane, nature furnished all that was needed; caves and hollow trees sufficed for shelter from cold and rain; as it progressed to a higher grade, life needed more perfect shelter, and constructive talent, provision against climatic changes, and certainly recurring needs, in the form of storing up food, and providing a safe, soft, warm home for expected progeny, began to awake. When these drawings of the home instincts were awakened, then came a differentiated condition of life, a grade higher, the prophecy of which is to be found in some organ, as yet in a germ state, merging the type into a higher form of life, bearing a resemblance to that from which it was

differentiated, in the brain of which will be found registered, at different stages of its embryonic condition, the past degrees of existence of its progenitors. This is most intelligibly registered in the human embryo; examined at different stages of its development, in the female is found no prophecy of an undeveloped organ, so that in her the race culminates.

So here the revelations of anatomy and physiology teach us, that the next stage of inquiry must relate to the functions of the human brain, and the connection its workings have with the unseen and spiritual. How to develop its possibilities to the utmost, wisely and intelligently, so that while still a spirit incarnate, living in contact with the lower forms of life, the elements of which enter into its physical constitution, the spirit grows by assimilation of the life elements beneath its own life, the elements of grades of life beneath its grade, and so is nourished, "not by bread alone" but by the life existing in all things; that is by forms of spirit manifestations.

Science has read so much of life processes, that it must now take the next step of the investigation, which relates to the manner in which spirit, while still in the initial stage of growth, is connected with the spiritual condition.

Why are the nerves hollow? What is forced through them, and by what power? Why are the ganglia relays for electric force, and what is the inner element which they transmit? Shall we in this class of investigations find a way over which thought, the spirit's own function can travel, and intelligently commune with those who have "gone before," but have not forgotten to love those they left behind? There is still a life of progression, and an unfolding of latent powers, of which we now have no more conception than the new born, has of the life and its possibilities, on which, with a will, it has just entered.

The developed brain registers its thoughts as the embryo does the changes through which its physical has passed, and we shall find them again by an act of memory inscribed on its indestructible tablets.

The ancients understood the power of trained memories, and thus handed down to us the records of the past, and the latest researches have vindicated the statements even of the father of history, Herodotus, inscriptions having been found verifying his record of oral traditions.

Oh! that we understood the full value of the word immortality! Oh! that we could fully impress it on the mind of the age! Let us hope that the psychic will follow all the external science taught, and the coming race will be prepared to enter on the spirit life at once on transition, instead of completing its education after it has been born into a condition for which it ought to be prepared on its exit from this.

Orange, Texas, Dec. 6th, 1881.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Early Spiritual Experiences.

BY R. B. ANDERSON.

Many persons of the present day would be pleased to look back through the vista of past years—back to the dawn of Spiritualism and to watch its early struggles for position and recognition; to notice the attitude of the ministry and the friends and foes of the newly fledged infant. How often there flit across the writer's mind a panorama of his experiences in 1849. He was a mere boy then in his teens, yet old enough to comprehend something of the grand import of the movement. In the winter of 1849 and '50 he was an extremely green school teacher, in a small village on the Illinois River, in the State of Illinois. The name of this village was Florence. This immense city at that day comprehended from three to four hundred inhabitants. But, then, thirty-five years have as silently vanished as the fog—down into the ocean of eternity, and Florence has now become a city of one hundred or "less," as the guide books indicate. One day a long, lank, lazy-looking youth came across the river from Scott county, where he had been chopping cord wood. This lad was introduced to the writer by a minister whom we will call Wheeler (all names hereafter are fictitious, but facts, actual). After the ceremonies of introduction were over, Wheeler said: "Mr. Young, whom I have just introduced to you, possesses a very extraordinary gift. I do not know what to think of it. He places his hands upon a little stand or sewing table and in a minute or two it begins to rock, and finally spells out names of persons. Last night it actually spelled out the name of my sister who died nine years ago, and answered all questions relative to her." Of course the writer expressed unfeigned astonishment, but how could this spirit talk through a table or even spell?

Thirty-five years ago the writer knew a little of Spiritualism as the good people of Central Illinois do to-day. The subject seemed to be like that of astronomy in the good old days of Galileo, when the priests forbade laymen from looking through the telescope, as it was "humbug," "works of the devil," etc.

Well, never did day draw so slowly to a close as that one did. The writer was to witness something supernatural, and could scarcely bide the time. At last half-past seven o'clock came—the moon floated grandly far away over the floating ice, which was covered with sparkling snow in the rapidly flowing river. The shadow fell well defined from Beeson's frame store, and the few other one and one-half story buildings. The breath condensed into fog-like vapor as it came from the month. Approaching Mr. Green's pleasant little home, you could hear the great steps creak as the invited few stepped up to the stoop. Then a light flashed out—a face of inquiry would peer forth—a kind face; then another happy one would enter the Sanctum of Wonder-world; the door would close, and the light was again barred. I too, entered that palace of enchanted expectancy. How queer that some could sit there and talk of the beauty of the night, or of the frosty condition of the air—aye, earthly little. Mrs. Green even spoke of the problematic propriety of "leaving the potatoes" in the cellar uncovered. Young sat and whittled. I watched Young—watched the stick and thought: "Oh! how can you?" Suspense at length came to an end. We all sat around the stand with Young. But what is that—what mean those little tiny taps. My mouth felt parched, chills attacked my spinal column, my hair seemed rising—none of these from fright, but it was the inspiration of sublimity. It was sufficient to know that the cause was shrouded in mystery, and the sound might have come from the dead (?). All were solemn as tombstones newly entering service.

The Bible was placed upon the table by sweet little Mrs. G., to keep the devil away. Then Mr. Wheeler opened service as follows: "Are you a spirit?" "Yes" (3 ticks).

"In the name of the Lord Jesus, are you a good spirit?"

"Yes" (slowly and solemnly). (After a pause): "We will call over the alphabet and shall beg that you will spell your name?"

The alphabet was called, and "Christ" was spelled out. After a reverential pause, dear little Mrs. Green said:

"If you are really our dear Savior, tell me my father's first name."

"James" was spelled out. Mrs. G. said that was near enough she supposed, as the name was John.

I was permitted to ask a question, and propounded the following sagacious conundrum: "How much money have I in my pocket?" That was a democratic administration, and I had exactly ninety-five cents. The answer made it out some seven millions. I saw that the audience was skeptical. Here for the first time Young put in a left-hander. He said:

"If you are Jesus Christ, make the table stand on two legs."

This was finally accomplished amidst feelings of great solemnity.

As I wended my way home I thought: That was not Jesus, but what rapped? Could it be electricity? This one circle was characteristic of most of those held in that early day. Ministers at first seemed inclined to favor the manifestations, but just as soon as this doctrine became known, viz., that the Bible was not inspired, they began to vilify and to slander the mediums. As in this instance, it seemed to be conceded generally that spirits must of necessity be omnipotent. My next spirit experiences were in the mining regions of California. Here the auditors thought only of having them locate gold strata. I knew of no one who succeeded, but learned enough to see that the type of correspondence was the same in all of these places. Next experience was in 1851 among the Sandwich Islanders, in their own country. Here I witnessed some indications of trance—it was still the same phenomenon. My next experience was in the Arctic Ocean on shipboard in the summer of 1851, from 75° to 77° north; next in the south eastern part of China, at Amoy, the séance being composed of two British officers, three Chinamen, the writer and a friend, which resulted in automatic slate-writing phenomenon. Probably a dry narration of occurrences at these various sittings would be unprofitable. I learned at least, that in all latitudes and among all people, these phenomena were the same.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Two Angels.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It was the day before Christmas in heaven, and as a class of beautiful children gathered around their teacher, she told them of the scenes of earth-life, and how in the coming Christmas-tide the broken family circle would be re-united under the old home tree, and around the warm hearth or social board the recollections of childhood would again be revived. The tall columns of the portico beneath which they gathered, were of crystalline garnet, and the floor was transparent like green water. Along its front trailed or climbed flowers innumerable, filling the soft air with delicious perfume.

Of that group there were two who had no recollections of Christmas, for they had been transplanted in the earliest hour of promise, and two others who only remembered the gifts of that time. Then spoke one, a slender girl, whose eyes were crystalline in the purity of thought they expressed: "If the family circle is to be reunited in my dear old home, then I ought to be there. Brother Ben will come from the West, and sister from the East, and, oh! would it not be sweet to see the welcome they will receive?"

"And I, too, long to go," exclaimed another, "for it has been a whole year since I met the friends I left."

There were others who desired to go, and others who did not, for the earth with its common aims had no attraction for them. Its shadow and light had passed from them, and there was nothing to call them from their present uninterrupted delight.

Then the teacher said to the two anxious ones: "You may visit the earth and remain as long as you desire with your friends, but while there you must record the most meritorious action you observe, and report when you return."

"How shall we find the earth and then our homes?" asked the gratified angels in one voice.

"I will lead you," replied the teacher, and taking them by the hands the three passed away over the headlands and down the glittering way to the earth, which spread out like a vast map, with its white continents and dark seas beneath. Before they were aware each one found herself in her old home, and tears wet their glad eyes at the sight of the familiar scenes. They mingled with their friends, but no one knew or recognized them; and they wearied, and went out into the street to observe the good deeds, the records of which they were to bear like a priceless treasure. After long wandering they returned, and bade their homes good-by, and impelled by volition, passed the ether like a flash of thought, and appeared before their teacher. They gave and received a hundred kisses, and the mellow voices of welcome floated out on the ambient air, where the flowers listened in their loveliness.

Then the eldest and tallest, whom they called Azalia, said softly: "In the city were a great number of orphans, who had no one to give them food or care for them, and when all the world were happy on Christmas, they were cold and hungry. A good lady heard of this, and in a large hall, where for once these orphans could be warm and comfortable, she brought them, and gave them a splendid dinner, like the best in the land."

"A noble deed of charity," replied the teacher, "and earth would be the better if there were more like her." Turning to the other who was white as a white rose, she said: "What has our darling Camille to relate?"

"Of little importance to the deed of the great lady," replied Camille. "At the feast was a little boy, pale and ill clad. He ate not the viands given him, but carried them to his mother, who was prostrated by overwork and famine in a cold and darksome attic, and although himself famishing, tasted not until she had satisfied her hunger."

The teacher threw her arms about her, drew her close, kissed her white forehead, and in a voice of sweetest melody said: "The deed you relate is worth ten thousand such as the great lady performed; for out of her abundance she gave, nor felt the loss or deprived herself of a single pleasure; but the boy sacrificed himself for the good of another. He gave all he had, and that without expecting return. It is such deeds of love which make the night of earth hopeful of the brighter day."

Susan B. Anthony is about to pay a visit to Louise Michel in her French prison.



# Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.  
125 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.

## HOLIDAY MUSINGS.

Night's solemn hush is o'er me. Lo! I bend  
Before the beauty of this mystic hour,  
No still, small voice, no sounds supernatural, blend  
Their strains with all the sweet, uplifting power  
Through which my soul utters its grateful cry,  
And yet a blessing falls through all the hallowed sky.

Soul of all life! the heart within me thrills  
In reverent worship for the love divine  
With which thou clovest all the vales and hills  
In beauty; for the fruitful corn and wine  
Of Earth's abundance, for its flowers and herbs,  
For flowers, and streams and verdure and the  
songs of birds.

I thank Thee for the sunshine flecking o'er  
The grassy meadows, for the burnished gold  
Of morning, and the rainbow tints, before  
The sun goes to his couch, when the fair day  
grows old.  
And for the clouds that flock in paganry,  
In grandeur sailing down the radiant western  
sky.

I thank Thee for the smile and clasp of hands,  
When friend meets friend upon the devious way  
Of life's strange journey o'er the shifting sands,  
Of tortuous years where pause we not or stay,  
Even when a loved one sinks to his rest,  
Breathing his life out gently on the earth's broad  
breast.

Thanks for the benediction of Thy love  
Celestial, falling with a heavenly grace  
From out those heights where angels move,  
The scene of our temptations, gladly trace  
The paths by which our steps may safely climb  
Those shining heights above where Life shall  
grow sublime!

I thank Thee, O our Father! that we live!  
That endless cycles roll beyond our ken,  
That all the pure affections we receive  
And give, that bind us to our fellow men,  
Shall bloom and ripen in that home above,  
Where dwell we evermore in light and joy and  
love!

## ONE CHRISTMAS.

Early one Christmas morning Mrs. Edson  
was preparing breakfast with the aid of her  
grandchild, Mr. Edson, the invalid husband,  
had just dressed and hobbled into the dining  
room where a glowing fire in the grate shed  
its rich light over the plain but pleasant  
room. In the center stood the table with its  
snowy cloth, which Mrs. Edson soon covered  
with the simple dishes of their morning  
meal.

Without, snow covered the ground, and the  
air had the true Christmas sparkle. Merry  
sleigh-bells were occasionally heard, and all  
the village was active. But the three, sitting  
silently at the board, noticed nothing of this.  
All were occupied with their thoughts. The  
grand-parents had the usual patient, sad, far  
away look which affliction, long continued,  
is apt to bring. And the little maid, Marion,  
was silent as themselves, though she was  
usually the soul of merriment. Many a wrinkle  
did her prattle smooth away from those  
brows prematurely furrowed and aged.

But, spite of silence, there was a sparkle  
within Mrs. Edson's eye and an expectant look  
upon her face which her husband had not  
seen for many a month. In him, there seemed  
little elasticity left. The impassive look,  
the sad droop at the corners of his mouth,  
gave an expression utterly foreign to his nature.  
Mrs. Edson thought of this, as she  
glanced up from her plate, and recalled the  
look of the bright, handsome man she had  
married. A brilliant, hot-headed, generous  
fellow he was, and life looked to them like a  
long holiday then. Impetuous everywhere,  
sometimes he failed and sometimes succeeded.  
The prince of good fellows, he always  
touched the extremes of life. The placid,  
disciplined woman who went over all these  
years in memory, inwardly gave thanks that  
he was not totally wrecked; that through all  
the years he had remained a loved and loving  
husband.

They had suffered much and the causes of  
sorrow still remained. The children had in-  
herited their father's recklessness, and had  
left them to breast the storms of life alone.  
The only daughter, a gay, fashionable woman,  
was almost totally estranged from them.  
They had not heard from her in months. And  
the only living son, the handsome boy who  
was their pet and pride, had grown to be a  
disipated wanderer over the earth—where,  
they had not known for years. Little Marion,  
sitting between them, was his only child, by  
the young wife who had died broken hearted  
soon after her birth.

The company of this little one was their  
solace, the one bright ray in a clouded exist-  
ence, since illness had confined Mr. Edson to  
the house. That morning, noticing that Mar-  
ion was unusually silent, Mrs. Edson inquired  
the cause, while Grandpa looked anxiously  
at his pet. The little thoughtful face was  
upturned to her grandmother's, as with a  
happy light in her eyes, Marion burst out  
with:

"O Grandpa! I had such a dream last  
night. You know I have told you about dream-  
ing of Mamma very often, and how sad she  
looked. Well, last night she came to me  
again, and her face lighted up so bright!  
Then I dreamed she smiled and kissed me,  
and said: 'My darling, rejoice! your Papa,  
who was lost, is found again. You shall have  
the best Christmas you ever thought of, to-  
morrow.' Then she disappeared, and I awoke.  
It seemed so real! It made me so happy!"

At this Mrs. Edson grew pale and dropped  
her knife and fork. Looking up at her hus-  
band, who seemed vividly affected, she said:  
"How strange that is! I've never told you,  
Harvey, about my dream, but I must now  
that Marion has dreamed about her father and  
mother. One night, about three months  
ago, my heart went out so tenderly to our  
first-born, that I seemed to go to him in my  
sleep. He was alone in his room, after leav-  
ing some boon companions. It seemed to me  
that standing beside him with my hand upon  
his head, I prayed agonizingly for his re-  
formation. I asked that he might be moved  
to return to his parents and this dear little  
girl."

"Strange as it may appear, I was aware  
that he was conscious of my prayer and was  
affected by it. I saw, too, that this was just  
at a time when, like the prodigal son, he was  
ready to return. Then I felt that he registered  
a vow to begin a new life and to come back  
to us."

"How strange," said her husband, "could  
you tell where he was?"

"Yes! It seemed to be in a cottage in Hon-  
olulu. I saw that he had been in the Sand-  
wich Islands for some time, and that he had  
been going through experiences which soft-  
ened him and made him ready to feel my  
prayers and be affected by them. God grant  
it be so, Harvey!"

Mr. Edson looked up and shook his head.  
"Oh, no! Marion, little one, look to me alone  
as your father, you will not see any other on  
earth."

"I don't know, Grandpa. My Mamma looked  
so happy that I should not wonder if some-

thing good was going to happen. If Papa  
came back, wouldn't that be better than any-  
thing else?"

"Wait, husband, I have not told you all,"  
resumed Mrs. Edson. "I seemed to see every-  
thing about our son. Through the open side of  
the cottage I perceived others, like pictures  
we have seen, and the blue water and bluer  
sky. But the most singular thing was this—  
Lucy, Marion's mother, was with us. She  
had a beautiful form, clad in robes of misty  
white like woven moonlight. She looked at  
George with shining eyes in which sparkled  
love unutterable. She, too, prayed for him,  
and he perceived her presence as he did mine.  
He seemed sleeping in his chair, but his spirit  
felt that we were with him, and he was  
melted into a softness which was new and  
hopeful. Then I thought our daughter Susie  
joined us and looked on wistfully, as if she  
would gladly take part in our prayers, but  
could not. It was all so striking and real,  
that it may be prophetic—who knows?"

Marion looked from one to another and  
clapped her hands. "Oh! how nice 'twould  
be to have a Papa! Wouldn't that be a true  
Christmas present?"

At a late dinner hour they sat down to the  
Christmas turkey. Nothing had occurred;  
no token had come from the wanderer or the  
absent daughter.

But just as Mr. Edson was beginning to  
carve, there came a ring at the door. Marion  
opened it, and with a cry of joy, sprang into  
the arms of a man who caught her passion-  
ately to his heart. There, too, stood a lady  
buried in furs, who pushed her way into the  
house and greeted her parents tenderly. Ex-  
planations followed; the years rolled back  
and to the happy family seemed as if they  
had never parted.

Upon taking up the thread of their lives,  
after a joyful dinner, the strange story of  
Mrs. Edson was confirmed. George Edson had  
been saved and restored to his friends by  
what he supposed to be a dream. The better  
nature had begun to stir within him, when,  
seated in his chamber in Honolulu, he saw  
and felt the presence of the two who had been  
as saints to him through all his dreary wan-  
derings. He felt his mother's hand upon his  
head; he saw her uplifted face as she pleaded  
for his salvation and return. On the other  
side he perceived the angel wife, who had  
gone down to the grave, as he believed, never  
to rise again. The fountains of his heart were  
unsealed, and he arose from that peculiar  
solace born upon a new life. Closing  
out his business in the Sandwich Islands, he  
had opportunity to test his resolution and  
strength and find them equal to the task. Like  
the prodigal he had come, anxious to make  
amends for his follies, and to secure the wel-  
fare of his child, as well as to secure the last  
years of his parents.

Susie, too, the former heartless daughter,  
had dreamed of the same interview and at  
the same time. Her heart, then, had been  
melted within her, and after making due ar-  
rangements, she determined to leave the  
world of fashion in midwinter, and come for  
a long visit to the humble home where dwelt  
those whom she had neglected. And, as they  
sat and talked far into the night, Marion  
asleep with her head upon her father's breast,  
he softly said: "These are no dreams which  
have resurrected one who was dead in tres-  
passes and sin."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or  
can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE DESTINY OF MAN. Viewed in the Light  
of His Origin. By John Fleke. Boston: Houghton,  
Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Fleke is an author and a scholar widely  
known, and this book is his last, and in some re-  
spects his most significant work, inasmuch as it in-  
dicates the trend of his thought away from Material-  
ism and is one among other proofs of a wholesome  
reaction which is beginning in the same direction.  
He says: "The prime origin of consciousness is  
hidden in the depths of the bygone eternity. That  
it cannot possibly be the product of any cunning ar-  
rangement of material particles is demonstrated by  
what we know of the correlation of physical forces.  
The Platonic view of the soul, as a spiritual sub-  
stance, an effluence from Godhead, which under cer-  
tain conditions becomes incarnated in perishable  
forms of matter, is doubtless the view most com-  
mon. Nothing can be more grossly unscientific than  
the famous remark of Cabanis that the brain secretes  
thought, as the liver does bile. The question is:  
Are man's highest spiritual qualities, into the pro-  
duction of which all this creative energy has gone,  
to disappear with the rest? Has all this work been  
done for nothing? Is it all a bubble that bursts,  
leaving no trace? Are we to regard the Creator's  
vision, that fades? Are we to regard the Creator's  
work as like that of a child who builds houses of  
blocks, just for the pleasure of knocking them down?  
On such a view the riddle of the universe be-  
comes a riddle without a meaning. The more  
thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution  
by which things have come to be what they are,  
the more we are likely to feel that to deny the per-  
formance of the spiritual element in Man is to rob  
the whole process of its meaning. I believe, there-  
fore, in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense  
in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science,  
but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness  
of God's work."

This belief he speaks of as "relating to regions  
quite inaccessible to experience."  
Accepting the theory of evolution he gives it a  
high spiritual significance, and says: "With the Dar-  
winian biology we rise to a higher view of the work-  
ings of God and of the nature of Man than was ever  
before attainable. It enlarges tenfold the signifi-  
cance of human life, places it upon even a loftier  
eminence than poets or prophets have imagined,  
makes it seem more than ever the chief object of  
the physical universe, and shows us distinctly for the  
first time, how the creation and perfecting of man is  
the goal toward which Nature's work has all the  
while been tending."

In direct and simple, yet fittingly chosen language,  
the upward steps of the race are set before us, and the  
conclusion reached that there will be no higher be-  
ing on earth than man, the process of evolution and  
selection working for his perfection.

The "Platonic view of the soul," which Mr. Fleke  
thinks "most consonant with the present condition  
of our knowledge," is intuitive and spiritual, and  
external science has not disproved, but will help to  
confirm it.

Perhaps this scholarly thinker has not learned that  
Andrew Jackson Davis, then a poor boy of twenty,  
with small stock of book-lore and little knowledge  
of the world, brought out the evolution theory be-  
fore Darwin, treated it as a spiritual process as clearly  
as this work now does, and with a finer insight,  
stating, too, that man, as an immortal being, was  
the last and highest product of creative energy; in  
these words: "The intention of Nature, everywhere  
manifest, is the creation of man," and in other and  
fuller statements.

I find indeed all the leading conclusions of Mr.  
Fleke reached in the writings of Mr. Davis, and in  
those of Hudson Tuttle (an Ohio farmer) dating  
back fifteen to twenty years, and these spiritually  
gifted men are familiar with rich and wide realms  
of thought undisturbed by him.

In his "Arcana of Spiritualism" Hudson Tuttle  
says: "Nature, by one plan ever pursued, seeks one  
grand and glorious aim—the elimination of an im-  
mortal intelligence. From the chaotic beginning,  
through the monsters of the primeval creeds, through  
all the evanescent forms of being, up to man, that  
plan has been underlyingly pursued, and the aim  
kept in view. Without this attainment created life  
is a failure. The great tree of life strikes its  
roots deep into the soil of the elemental world, and  
stretches up its branches into the present. Its per-

fect fruit is man, immortal in his spiritual life. Such  
is the necessity of his constitution. Through no  
other being can the result be reached. After a per-  
fect tiger or deer is attained, what then? Nothing.  
Causation in that direction is satisfied. After a per-  
fect physical man is created, what then? Every-  
thing. Only a small fragment is gained. He walks  
on the boundaries of a vast and limitless ocean of  
capabilities, only the means of attaining which have  
been discovered. Does Nature satisfy herself with the  
bad, the flower, or even the perfect fruit? Man, as  
man, cannot fulfill his destiny. There is want of  
time and opportunity. A being capable of infinite  
growth must have infinite duration in which to ex-  
pand. The opportunity, the duration, is bestowed  
by death."

Not to depreciate the value of ripe scholarship, or  
to detract from the merit of this able author, are  
these extracts and suggestions made, but that intu-  
ition and spiritual seership may have some just and  
appreciative recognition.

This work is as good as any man can write on  
such a topic, while he holds the facts of Spiritualism  
in fine disdain, and towers them aside with pitiful  
contempt, and thus is bled to their high signifi-  
cance and can see only as "through a glass darkly"  
the philosophy to which they point.

To ignore the experience of a goodly company of  
men and women who are his peers in culture and  
character is a sure way to be ignorant. To float at  
the conclusions, touching the real presence of the de-  
parted, of a host of earnest and thoughtful persons,  
is a sure way to lower and dwarf one's own range  
of thought. With more wisdom John Fleke will  
reach higher, and write a still better volume.  
G. B. S.

THE ROBERT BROWNING CALENDAR FOR 1885.  
Chicago: Colegrove Book Co.

The Rev. J. L. Jones, the editor of *Unity*, has a  
most profound admiration for and appreciation of  
Robert Browning. He has been the inspiration of  
the Browning Club, an outgrowth of the London so-  
ciety—connected with his church in the south part  
of the city. This calendar was prepared by a few  
members of that club, they say. "With the simple  
hope that it may lead some to try for themselves  
the writings of one who combines in an exceptional  
degree the elements of a singer and a thinker in whom  
the philosopher merges."

The calendar is neatly gotten up; has a picture of  
Robert Browning in one corner, and appropriate se-  
lections for each month of the year follow.

## New Books Received.

DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA OR JUST A CAMP-  
IN. By C. C. Post. Chicago: J. E. Downey &  
Co.

THE HIGHER BRANCH OF SCIENCE OR MATER-  
IALISM REFUTED BY FACTS. By H. J.  
Browne. Melbourne, Australia: W. H. Terry.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL. By Rev. L. A. Lambert.  
Buffalo, N. Y.: Buffalo Catholic Publication So-  
ciety.

FARNELL'S FOLLY. By J. T. Trowbridge. Bos-  
ton: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell &  
Co. Price, cloth bound, \$1.50.

Magazines for December, Not Before  
Mentioned.

CHAUTAUQUE YOUNG FOLK'S JOURNAL. (D.  
Lothrop & Co., Boston.) Contents: The Child-  
ren of Westminster Abbey; Souvenirs of my  
Time; The Temperance Teachings of Science;  
Boy's Heroes; Ways to do Things; The Mak-  
ing of Pictures; Search Questions in Ameri-  
can Literature; All the World Round.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (Wm. W. Payne,  
Northfield, Minn.) Contents: Pending Prob-  
lems in Astronomy; Lick Observatory; Ori-  
ginal Graduation of the Harvard College Meri-  
dian Circle in Situ; Editorial Notes; Etc.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY. (Funk & Wagn-  
alls, New York.) December closes another  
volume of this progressive magazine and is a  
number of much interest, containing. Ser-  
mons from the best preachers and orators.

BABYHOOD. (18 Spruce Street, New York.)  
Number one, volume one, of this monthly  
is received. We find it devoted to the care  
of infants and young children and the gen-  
eral interests of the Nursery.

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO. (Shaker Village,  
N. H.) This monthly is published by the uni-  
ted societies, and contains interesting matter  
to members.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.)  
A magazine for young readers with pretty  
stories and illustrations.

LADIES' FLORAL CABINET. (Floral Cabinet  
Co., New York.) A monthly devoted to Flora  
Culture.



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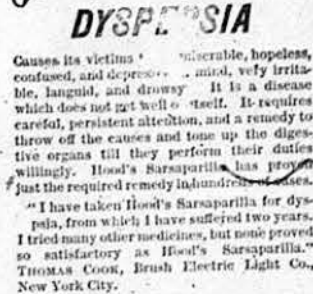
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ed is not only able and eloquently in this work, which I com-  
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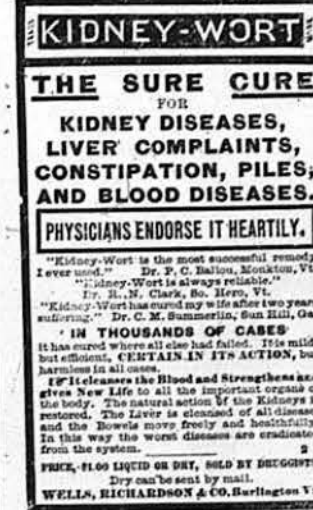
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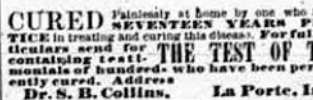
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 27, 1884.

## Mrs. Woolley's Defence of Unitarianism.

We thank our friend, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, for her courteous letter printed elsewhere in this issue, in which she comes up loyally to the defence of Unitarianism. With much of her letter we heartily agree. Nobody shall go before us in strong appreciation of the large work which Unitarianism has done during the last hundred years, nor in reverent admiration for the noble workers through whom this work has been wrought. But this appreciation does not blind our eyes to the pressing demands of the work which needs to be done in the world to-day, nor to the fatal weaknesses which prevent some modern Unitarians from doing this essential work, and so reaping the great harvest for which their noble fathers sowed the seed. The good physician runs his probe deep. If we expose what seems to us the fatal weakness of these Unitarians, we do it in no unfriendly spirit; but only in loyalty to the thought which we believe has in it the power to regenerate humanity.

As we said above, we agree with much of Mrs. Woolley's letter. There are several minor points on which we think she is mistaken, but it is not worth while to dwell upon them. There are two or three vital points of the 'greatest importance' in which she is in error, and in which her position is as typical as was that of Mr. Blake's letter, in defense of which she writes. To these points we ask attention.

Mrs. Woolley says of our remarks: "The general charge brought against Unitarianism is the old one, which alleges a preponderance of mere intellectualism over spiritual warmth and vitality, and a positive lack of moral force and inspiration." In saying this our critic is mistaken; as completely mistaken as it is possible to be. We cannot understand how Mrs. Woolley's keen analytic brain so entirely mistakes the whole tenor of our article. If she will carefully read it again we think she will see that our complaint was based on lack of intellectualism; not on too much of it. We charged Mr. Blake with depreciating the value of the demonstration of immortality, with valuing probable proof above demonstrative proof, with thinking only of this little span of earthly life when a whole eternity of life is within the scope of knowledge if only he will study the evidences. For the cure of the follies and excesses of materialism we prescribed knowledge of the infinite dignity and eternal life of every soul; we complained that Unitarians were not using their freedom to think, that they were not stating truths in evidence of their thinking at all, that they were falling away from distinctive principles, that they were lapsing into agnosticism and materialism, which are to-day the refuge of those who refuse to consider evidences and to think on certain topics. We did, indeed, say that they needed inspiration, but we had distinctly shown that this lack of inspiration was due to lack of thought and knowledge. And the remedy which we proposed to our Unitarian friends, was not that they should acquire a warmer emotion, a more effervescing enthusiasm, but that they should acquire a knowledge of spiritual things. The emotion and the enthusiasm which we said they would then possess, we affirmed, would grow out of the knowledge which we had recommended to them. Never was critic more completely at fault than is our present one in the basis of her complaint. Our whole charge was that some modern Unitarians lacked knowledge, thought, principles, philosophy, intellectualism. And yet this usually keen-eyed critic can only see that we are repeating stale charges of too much intellectualism! Mrs. Woolley says:

"The term 'distinctive' is very misleading. So far as it signifies mere divergence from the accepted beliefs and standards of the times it possesses but little

value, but in so far as it defines an aspiration towards an effort to attain something better than present conditions afford, its meaning is very noble."

Let us consider this. We had spoken of the fact that some Unitarians were disposed to ignore all distinctive teachings, and to confine themselves to themes that could be appropriately be discussed in the secular papers or in other denominational papers. Now our critic, coming to their defence, says: "The term distinctive is very misleading." And what reason does she give for its being so misleading? Really, she gives no reason. But she goes on to say that "so far as it signifies mere divergence from the accepted beliefs and standards of the times it possesses little value." But why has it little value? If the accepted beliefs and standards are irrational and irreligious they certainly ought to be distinctively rejected, and the one who rejects them should be able to give distinctive reasons for the rejection, and distinctive reasons for the thought, whatever it may be, that he puts in their place. We are entirely unable to see wherein our use of the term distinctive was misleading, or wherein it is of little value. Again our critic says that in so far as the term distinctive "defines an aspiration towards, and an effort to attain something better than present conditions afford, its meaning is very noble." Now an intelligent man does not have aspirations toward something better unless he has distinctive thoughts as to something that is inferior and undesirable and of something else that is superior and desirable. He must have some "distinctive" thought on the subject, and we suspect that the more high and clear that thought is, and the more cleverly he can state it, the better for himself and for others. Then as to any "effort" that he may put forth, it seems probable that such effort will be valuable in proportion as it is rationally planned and rationally guided; that is to say, in proportion as it is a "distinctive" effort. Aspiration and effort both can exist only as they have basis in thought, and the more rationally distinctive that thought is the better for all. Alike in what she disparages as "little value" and in what she commends as "very noble," our critic must have a basis of intellectualism, of distinctive thought, ideas, principles, teachings—call it by what name you will. This whole sentence of our critic is an admirable illustration of the want of distinctive thought which we at first charged. It is a sentence which, in slightly varying forms, is often met with of late years among those Unitarians who are hazy in their perception of intellectual principles, or who, being conscious that they have given up the essential thought for which their fathers fought, are seeking for excuses for their own torpor in having no better thought to put in its place.

Our correspondent speaks of the basic principles of Unitarianism as being superior to those of Spiritualism. She says also that "a trusting belief in the existing universe and in the life that now is," is superior in moral force and impulse to Spiritualism. We are glad she has introduced this subject, for it enables us to make an explanation and a statement in regard to Spiritualism which it is very important should be made.

We have often spoken of Spiritualism as if it dealt only with the two ideas of life after the death of the body, and of the communion between that life and this. This is a convenient way of speaking, because it makes prominent the "distinctive doctrines" of Spiritualism, just as in speaking of the Baptist denomination we may speak of it as believing in immersion, without mentioning other teachings in which Baptists agree with other Christians. To say that Spiritualism believes in spirit, life and in spirit communion, is true, but it is not all the truth. To all thoughtful Spiritualists, Spiritualism means much more than these two ideas. It means the spiritual origin of the universe and of man; that there is at the center and source of things a Spiritual Power of infinite wisdom and goodness, of which the whole universe is an expression. From the very beginning of modern Spiritualism its principal teachers have taught this with clearness and positiveness. The spiritual nature of man they find in this spiritual origin. The fact that men after the death of the body can communicate with men still in the body, they regard as of very great importance because it proves the continuous life of man, and so becomes an inspiration and a consolation of inestimable value. But with the thoughtful Spiritualist this communion has another value of scarcely less importance; it gives a very strong confirmation to his philosophy of the Spiritual Power at the centre and source of all things. That is to say, the fact that men live after the body is dead, proven by the fact that he can communicate with men still in the body, is a strong confirmation of that philosophy of Spiritualism which has been in existence for many hundreds of years, and which is the foundation of all the best religious thought and life. Philosophic Spiritualism is a theory of the spiritual origin of the universe, including man. Modern Spiritualism is a demonstration of man's spiritual nature, and so corroborates the theory of his spiritual origin, and of the spiritual origin of all things. Modern Spiritualism, thus founded on Philosophic Spiritualism, has all the elements needed for the purest, loftiest, most practical religion, a religion that insists on duty, justice, love, reverence, holiness; and, offering, as it does, a demonstration of man's spiritual nature, it has an advantage over every other form of religion to which man has attained. Our critic will see that this fuller statement of what Modern Spiritualism is, protects it entirely from all rational objection to it as a religion.

But we must pause. There are several other points in our critic's suggestive paper, with which we should like to deal, gladly accepting some of her acute criticisms and opposing others, but we are unable at present to enter upon them for lack of space and can only commend the whole letter to the careful attention of our readers.

## Spiritualism Still a Pioneer Movement.

It is well-nigh forty years since the singular phenomenon of the "Hydesville rappings" attracted wide attention, and much comment, wise or otherwise. The strange story of invisible intelligence, independent of any human form, went round the world. It fell on many incredulous ears, but a few waiting souls heard it gladly. Some of these were in the plain walks of common life, as were the tent-makers and fishermen who sat at the feet of the young Nazarene and heard his good words of fraternity and peace. A small minority were of higher worldly position and power. In Judea there was but one centurion among the little company of spiritual worshippers.

This is the way reforms begin—small and insignificant to the outward eye. It is so in nature. The child, seeing a little crack in the mould by the wayside through which a tiny leaf reaches up to the light, would hardly think it possible that a hundred years would make that leaf a towering and massive oak, strong to meet the tempest, giving grateful shelter from summer heat to man and beast, and promising to stand for centuries. Man's maturer wisdom and larger experience would make plain to him what the child would hear with incredulous and unreasoning amazement. The world is full of spiritual children, still listening with open-eyed yet blind wonder to the true stories of spirit-presence and power. Even if they witness these remarkable phenomena it may well be said: "Having eyes they see not." The outward sign is like the flash of a meteor, of its inward significance they see nothing.

All this is to be expected, and the pioneer in reform must learn to possess his soul in patience, and work and wait.

"Without haste and without rest."  
This is not easy or pleasant, yet it is far nobler and brings far more and higher enjoyment and inspiration than to be false to the light within, and fall back among the shams and shows of the multitude to wait until others make the truth popular.

There is a deep significance in the words of James Russell Lowell:

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
Offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand  
And the sheep upon the right,  
And the choice goes for ever  
Twixt the darkness and the light."

Far better is it to choose the light, even if but few choose with us, for if we go into the darkness its chill may hang over us all through our lives on earth, and its shadow darken the upper path beyond.

The Spiritualist surely can see large results from his steadfast work. No parallel of latitude, or mountain range or sea, limits the extent of this movement. From frozen Russia to the Island Continent of Australia in the far south,

"From farthest Ind to each blue crag,  
That beetles o'er our western sea,"

are thinkers and investigators in the light of this New Dispensation. No like movement ever spread so fast and so far in such brief time. But it is "all Greek"—some strange mystery to which they have no key, and would hardly care to use it, if they had, to the large majority. The Spiritualist stands alone. The good minister in the church can give the deep-souled woman who is one of his members, yet a Spiritualist, no help. He cannot see as far as she does, forsooth, and so the plans man either pities or condemns her, but has no inspiring sympathy, no knowledge or light to impart.

In social life it is impossible, in many cases to tell of beautiful spiritual experiences that fill the soul with joy and peace, and give larger range to reason and judgment. There is no warm response. One meets a chill as though touching ice, or a stroke of contempt as though smitten with the war-club of a savage.

The bigotry of sectarian dogmatists in theology, assails us on the one side, and the bigotry of materialism deals blows equally blind and cruel on the other; while the pride of science, falsely so-called, gives us its complacent pity, thinly gauzing over a strong contempt.

For all this the compensation is that we learn to stand, and to stand alone if need be. We have chosen our place and not for the wealth of the world would be in theirs. We recognize the good in these our fellow men. We grant their merits in many ways, but on this great matter they must live and learn. We cannot go back to them and be true to ourselves. We are gaining, too, and our views win more respect, our experiences are more earnestly sought for than in past years. Never was there so much private seeking for spiritual light, never so many seekers for good mediums and for select and quiet home séances (the best of all) as to-day. Of course the truth wins, just as inevitably as the healthy leaf peering up through the earth becomes an oak.

If we feel alone we can associate. "Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together," is good scripture and good sense. Let us have our meetings in private and public, our home circles, our broad Declarations of Principles, our Societies for Psychical Research, our golden books by the wisest writers, our journals well sustained, true and fearless, yet self-poised and serene in spirit.

A waiting world is ripening for our harvest work. It is narrow and blinding self-

ishness for us to cease or weaken our efforts to spread spiritual truth. All the while we must bear in mind that ours is yet a pioneer movement, and so be ready to meet the tolls and thus win the inspiring joys of the pioneer.

It was an old and wise pagan saying: "The gods help those who help themselves." The Spirit-world helps us when we put forth our own efforts and cultivate our own interior faculties. That it does help us, and is indeed to a large degree the inspiring source of what is best here, we may well learn from Lowell's golden words:

"We see but half the causes of our deeds,  
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,  
And heedless of the everling Spirit-world,  
Which, though unseen is felt, and sows in us  
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes."

## Unitarian Need of Spiritual Philosophy.

In our editorial two weeks ago on Mr. Blake's letter, we pointed out the great need of Unitarianism to-day. That need, as we asserted, is to accept the two great affirmations of Modern Spiritualism, the reality of a spirit life, and of open communion between that life and this. If to its present great affirmations it adds these two, it will have, as we believe, the thought, the morality and the emotion which are essential in a great and helpful religious movement.

When our editorial was written we had not seen an article recently contributed to the New York Independent by Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, minister of the Unitarian society in West Dedham, Mass., entitled "The Unitarian Defect." Mr. Cooke is one of the most thoughtful of the middle-aged men in the Unitarian ministry, and a careful student of principles. He finds that "the chief defect of Unitarianism lies in the fact that it has no philosophic principle which is capable of giving unity and direction to its thought." In the course of his article he adduces proof of this, in which he clearly shows the correctness of our statement that not a few of the Unitarian clergy are drifting towards agnosticism and materialism.

He then goes on to state the philosophy which, as he thinks, Unitarianism needs. We quote his words:

"A great opportunity lies before Unitarianism, or any body of religious people, who will keep abreast of the most tolerant and progressive spirit of the time, rejecting sect and creed, and who will accept a clearly defined philosophy of the spirit, in opposition to materialism and agnosticism. In the Unitarian ranks there is at this moment great need of Emerson's assertion being repeated, which he made in 1838, that 'man should be made sensible he is an infinite soul.' That result cannot come about from preaching until the preacher is deeply convinced of the spiritual nature of the origin of the world and of the spiritual nature of his own being. The remedy for all defects in religious teaching is 'eternally soul.'"

We did not anticipate that we should so soon find, from a Unitarian source, a corroboration of our statement as to Unitarian needs. Mr. Cooke puts the matter abstractly and philosophically, as becomes a philosophic Unitarian minister writing from near Boston. We, surrounded by the pressing practical demands of this rushing West, put the matter concretely and practically. We said that Unitarians needed a belief in a spiritual life and in communion with that life. Mr. Cooke says they need to be "deeply convinced of the spiritual nature of the origin of the world and of the spiritual nature of their own being." It is a pleasure to us to find that our diagnosis of the Unitarian disease is confirmed by this clear-headed Unitarian doctor.

## To the Clergy.

Our ministerial readers will be particularly interested in the personal experience of "H" as told in another column under the title Spiritualism vs. Materialism. We especially commend the narrative to the Talmages, Coverts, Cooks, and ask them: If Spiritualism can thus help a man, should you not fear to so malign it? You are not susceptible to any sense of justice, you may be to fear! We are well acquainted with "H" and know of the facts he relates, so far as they can be known to another.

In this issue of the JOURNAL are a number of well attested cases of spirit return and manifestation, which we earnestly but kindly ask those in charge of the spiritual welfare of the race to read and ponder. Most of these narratives are from correspondents personally known to us as truthful people, and who are rated at home as above the average in common sense and ability. The evidence of spirit life contained in this number of the JOURNAL is but as a grain of sand upon the sea shore compared with the quantity that can be offered in support of the claims of modern Spiritualism. Gentlemen of the cloth, you owe it to yourselves, your people and your God to come forward cordially, and in a fair spirit investigate and learn of these things by personal observation.

## No Difference in Honor or Value.

Not long since we received an article for publication from one who had never before written for the JOURNAL, accompanied with a request that it be inserted on the first page; another correspondent, now in the Summerland, who wrote considerable for the spiritualist press, once requested that his communications appear on the fourth page—a request not complied with. Now, as a matter of fact, one page of the JOURNAL is of equal honor and value with every other; an article is never placed on a particular page because of the reputation of the writer or merits of the matter. As a convenience to publisher and reader the fourth page is used for editorial, but this page has no precedence over any other, and is often of less interest and value.

Dr. J. K. Bailey can be addressed for the present, Box 374, Bainbridge, N. Y.

## A Young Friend of Ours.

He lived in Detroit. The world is full of noble boys, but none more manly and noble than he. Our acquaintance began a little more than ten years ago. Harry, that is his name, was five, and his brother Joe three years old. What a delightful home was theirs. With an affectionate father, a devoted loving mother, and a sweet sister, some older than they, and all delighting in one another's happiness. A model home; one of the places we always like to visit; and each time, wonder how we could have staid away so long. Harry as a child and youth was a strong, active, fellow; he was not a "little old man." He relished every moment of life, but he was without industrious, considerate, studious. Whatever he did was done with a will and a vim that did one's heart good to see. He enjoyed hunting and fishing with his father's passionate fondness; even now, on this stormy December Sunday, we can almost hear his shout of delight as we have heard it up in the St. Clair Flats when he had landed a gamey fish. What fine times those were; Clara and Harry, Joe and little Ada—a sister that came after we had known the boys several years—our Gertrude, and the four "old folks." We know one of the older ones who didn't prove a successful fisherman and yet he thinks he got more out of these trips than either of his companions, he absorbed so much pleasure from each. And Sport too—Sport is a hunting dog—he was one of us last summer and his intelligent eyes talked eloquently of the fun he was having; he felt on terms of perfect equality, as well he might. He knew how to trim the boat, even if he couldn't talk English. He knew, too, that he was counted as "one of the family." O those delightful days! We told our readers something of them last July after we got to Saratoga. We had hoped to troll the same fishing grounds again next summer with the same company. But we cannot do it now; not in just the old way and with the company unbroken. Harry—"Hap" as we all got to call him—has gone to his spirit home. Eldest son and most vigorous of them all, he is the first to cross the mysterious river. Ambitious, full of buoyant hopes and plans for the years when he should have grown to manhood, he was called upon to go while in his full strength. Death came to this brave boy in one of his most dreadful shapes. Malignant Diphtheria was the name he bore when his cold, relentless hand grasped the throat of his unwarned victim. Harry did not fear him, did not flinch; he knew the mortal struggle that lay before him, realized fully what might be the end, but his courage equalled the occasion.

The Spirit-world was no myth to Harry; from early childhood he had heard it talked of as it can only be, by those who have spoken with returning friends and heard their testimony as to the unseen world. He had no dread or doubt about his future. This world was lovely in his eyes; to leave father and mother, Clara, Joe and little Ada was a sore trial; yet if it must be so, he would go in a manly, trusting way.

When unable to articulate he used pencil and paper, and busied himself making rhymes and drawing pictures. One of these pictures represented an old man with a membrane in his hand, which he called diphtheria, going up to a little boy to put it in his throat. After this, Harry's symptoms were more favorable and he could talk some, but on Sunday, the 7th of this month, he began to have sinking spells. As his limbs grew cold he said: "Don't be scared mamma." A little later he took his father's hand and said: "I guess I've got to die, but I am not afraid." On the following morning little Joe brought some flowers for his brother. His father said: "Harry, Joe has brought you some flowers." Harry opened his eyes, nodded, smiled, then gently passed to his spirit home. With the last breath on earth he inhaled the perfume of his darling brother's love-offering; the next moment he was in the embrace of friends from the Summerland waiting to bear him to fields Elysian, where the aroma of flowers more fragrant than those of earth should greet his new life.

All that was mortal of Harry was consigned to the grave on the day preceding his fifteenth birthday. But his bright spirit will not thus be confined, and as Christmas morn brings joy to innumerable homes, Harry will return to his, to comfort and console the dear ones who mourn the loss of his visible presence. The Chicago friends will miss him; a tender unrecurrent memory will color their greetings when next they join that family circle. But with them, we know Harry lives. We, too, have a darling boy in that beautiful land, and we have met him face to face since he went there. Boy, do we say? Yes, boy, our boy who went over there fourteen long years ago, and who has grown to man's estate in that land where we shall join him when our work here is ended. George—our little George—it must be you know Harry. Welcome him to your home as cordially as he has many times welcomed papa, mamma and Gertrude to his!

\* On Monday, Dec. 8th, at Detroit, Mich., HARRY PULLING LATHROP, son of Joseph and Ada M. Lathrop, passed to spirit-life. Diphtheria.

D. F. Trefry writes: "The Mediums' meeting held by the Peoples' Society at Martine's Hall, last Sunday, was made very interesting by the presence of Mr. Henry Slade, the well known slate-writing medium. He related many of his experiences in mediumship, and spoke encouraging words to mediums and words of cheer to the sorrowing. He is full of courage and magnetism, and well calculated to carry conviction to the seeker after truth, and comfort to those who are seeking to hear from their departed ones."











**For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.**  
**I'll Hang the Baby's Stocking.**

BY HATTIE J. RAY.

To-night's the eve of Christmas,  
It is the time, I know,  
To hang up all the stockings,  
For mamma told me so.

I'll hang up one of baby's  
Here, close beside my own,  
For this is her first Christmas—  
Last year mine hung alone.

I know that Santa'll wonder  
It is so very small,  
That such a tiny baby  
Should hang up one at all.

But then she knows about it,  
I told her all, you know—  
Told all about her coming  
To us a year ago.

Her tiny stocking, mamma,  
I'm sure is very small;  
I fear it isn't large enough  
For anything at all.

What shall I do about it?  
Perhaps I'd best take two,  
For one I'm sure won't hold much.  
Think you that two would do?

Well, I have now decided  
I'll pin one little shoe  
Fast to the tiny stocking,  
For both I think will do.

I know she'll wake early  
To see the charming sight;  
I told her to remember  
This was the very night.

I know she understood me,  
She looked so wise and good.  
Yes, mamma, I am very sure  
That baby understood.

I've hung mine close beside it,  
For Santa'll home I know,  
He'll never disappoint us,  
He does not mind the snow.

And early in the morning  
You'll surely hear my call;  
I'll say, "Good morning, mamma,  
A merry Christmas, all."

Fond du Lac, Wis.

**For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.**  
**Starting Anew.**

BY THOS. HADDING.

Forgiveness! There is music in the sound. People love to converse on the subject, and the word is repeated over and over as though it possessed a talismanic power. Like the favorite note of the musician, it calls up long buried memories and sweet reminiscences of bygone days. Can God forgive? He can, because I can. Will God save us? Certainly, because we save one another. A single drop reveals the quality of the ocean. The little "carle" depicts the features of the original, and through their pictures we contemplate those we love.

In some countries and states there exists a bankrupt law, by which unsuccessful business men can throw off a load of debt, too ponderous for them to carry, and then with light hearts and clear heads they can start anew on the road to prosperity—a truly wise and merciful measure.

The much canvassed Roman Catholic Confessional lifts a load of woe from many a poor, repentant, wrong-doer, and sends him back to duty with gratitude in his heart—a soul filled with love to God and man, and a determination to forgive as he has been forgiven. He who possesses not the sentiment of gratitude is lower in the scale of excellence than many a dumb brute.

Before the Throne of Law all are equal; then, like the angels, let us exercise the attribute of compassion, and labor to restore peace to the offender and the trespasser, and thus (appealing to his higher and nobler qualities) build him up in true manhood, and not pull him down by condemnation and contempt. "Honor where honor is due!" and honor to the old Catholic Church, which requires that the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the virtuous and the vicious, the high and the low, shall all worship on one common level; in view of this fact no one need inquire why that old Church holds its own, while younger ones are losing their grip on the public sympathies.

What a vast treasure house of love and good will is thrown open on each of our acknowledged holidays (Christmas, New Year and Thanksgiving); on other days we may require an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but when they occur a beaming smile illuminates every face, and many a heavy heart is made glad; then we forget our resentments and experience the happiness of forgiving. Let a sunbeam penetrate through our clouds of worldliness and give a foretaste of our future. Why not keep it up all the year round, that earth-life may become one long and happy holiday? Let us start anew.

Ye married folk, was not your courtship a happy time? Why is not your wedded life a courtship? It might be just as well. Why are friends estranged and lovers parted? "Ah! self, self, thou art much to blame! Come, now let us start anew, forgiving and being forgiven, bearing and forbearing (that, when holiday days have long passed, our hearts may be as warm and our hands as open as they are to-day).

The true philosophy is to enjoy the passing hour, to bear no malice, to not worry or grieve about the past nor tremble in anticipation of the future; but like the mariners at sea, spread our sails to catch every favoring breeze.

We sail to the land of the unfading sunlight,  
Where there's no sable night-cloud to darken our way.  
Where the highways are paved with the gems of the morning  
And light of eternity brightens the day.

Where language, mistaken or misunderstood,  
Never wipes out the smile from the face of a friend;  
Where a grasp of the hand is a token fraternal,  
And none to the depths of hypocrisy breed.

High! high on the mountain top, Truth, ever glorious,  
Sings sweetly of joys yet unknown to the soul;  
Harmonious, our anthem takes up the chorus,  
And wafts us along to humanity's goal.  
Stargis, Mich.

**Saving the Lawyers.**

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." This is rather a blood-thirsty proposition, which we modify by offering to cure this worthy class of people. Most of them suffer (in common with nearly all others of sedentary habits), from the injurious effects of dyspepsia, indigestion, piles, loss of appetite and other ailments caused by a constipated habit of the body. Dr. Pyle's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" eradicate all these disorders in promptly removing the cause thereof, and induce a rare degree of comfort and health.

A deceased Frenchman has left \$5,000 to be given to the wounded in the next war with Germany.

**Victory at Last.**

Consumption, the greatest curse of the age, the destroyer of thousands of our brightest and best, is conquered. It is no longer incurable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain remedy for this terrible disease if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—consumption is a scrofulous affection of the lungs—can be cured by it. Its effects in diseases of the throat and lungs are little less than miraculous. All druggists have it.

The number of immigrants to this country this year has decreased 30,000 from last year.  
Too well known to need lengthy advertisements—  
Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

**A Silo.**

Mr. William M. Singler, who has experienced for the last four years on his farm at Gwynedd, Pa., in preserving green fodder in silos, has a silo capacity of 1,300 tons. He says that by the operation of this method he is enabled to easily keep one cow on the produce of one acre of ground. He fills his silos mainly with cornstalks cut in 2-inch lengths. A ten-horse power engine will cut one hundred tons a day.

**Would You Believe It.**

Nature's great remedy, Kidney-Wort, has cured many obstinate cases of piles. This most distressing malady generally arises from constipation and a bad condition of the bowels. Kidney-Wort acts at the same time as a cathartic and a healing tonic, removes the cause, cures the disease and promotes a healthy state of the affected organs. James F. Moyer, carriage Man'fr. of Myerstown, Pa., testifies to the great healing powers of Kidney-Wort, having been cured by it of a very bad case of piles which for years had refused to yield to any other remedy.

P. T. Barnum says that the receipts of his show for the season of 1885 were \$1,400,000.

Dr. S. R. Brittan says: "As a rule physicians do not by the professional methods avail of the female constitution, and they seldom cure the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are often required to restore organic harmony and to strengthen the enfeebled powers of womanhood; and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

The new aqueduct for the extension of the New York water works will cost \$2,500,000.

**A Happy Thought.** Diamond Dyes are so perfect and so beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Stretch is the name of the newly elected Sheriff of Snohomish County, W. T.

Send to C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing statements of many remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Berlin house is making cravats and scarfs of paper.

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## A Woman's Word for Unitarianism.

A Talented Chicago Correspondent of Liberal papers and a Zealous Unitarian Worker Enters the Lists in Defense of Mr. Blake and the Unitarian Faith.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I am indebted to your courtesy for sending me copies of your paper containing the discussion on the formation of a society of Psychological Research, an important subject in which I am much interested, though it is not to intrude myself into this discussion that I now address you.

I have just read Mr. Blake's letter upon this subject and your editorial reply to the same, published in the JOURNAL of Dec. 13th. This reply which takes the form of a general arraignment of Unitarianism, while it manifests a good spirit, reveals much misapprehension, it seems to me, of the present Unitarian position and outlook.

The general charge brought against Unitarianism is the old one, which alleges a preponderance of mere intellectuality over spiritual warmth and vitality, and a positive lack of moral force and inspiration. The charge is very boldly and clearly presented, and will doubtless carry conviction to the majority of your readers, as well as compel many Unitarians to serious reflection upon their position; but you will pardon my frankness when I say that, admitting a certain degree of force to your reasoning, it does not reveal that close and discriminating knowledge of the subject in hand, which should supply the basis of true criticism. Brought up amid the surroundings of modern Spiritualism, and making voluntary choice later in life of the Unitarian fellowship, I trust to be able to speak with equal fairness and consideration to both sides, when I say that it has not been my experience to find any greater disposition to charity and mental forbearance among Spiritualists than among Unitarians. If the latter often betray a willful and shallow misconception of the true object of Spiritualism, the average Spiritualist as often reveals an equal degree of pretension, wisdom and intolerance in his judgment upon the teachings of Unitarianism. It is because the JOURNAL represents a spirit and method quite above the average, that it has come to command the respect of all thoughtful people.

In selecting a particular sentence of Mr. Blake's, where he says: "I am not interested to maintain that anything is truth, but am happy and satisfied when the truth, whatever it may be, is discovered," and making it the basis of a sweeping charge of religious indifference and inefficiency on the part of Unitarians, I cannot but think you do great violence to the true spirit and intent of his letter, which appeared to me exceedingly fair and sympathetic. It is not my intention, however, to enter upon Mr. Blake's defense, who is equal to his own, but only to attempt a brief reply to some of the conclusions drawn by yourself from the above statement, and applied to the Unitarian body at large.

Quoting the words, "I am not interested to maintain that anything is truth," a sentence which, as I read it, seemed to convey but the plainest and most honorable of meanings, viz., an unalterable opposition to any form of dogmatic belief, you proceed to find therein a declaration of Unitarian principles and methods, which if your interpretation of these words be correct, might well be regarded as the sign of fatal weakness and error. But I cannot but feel that this interpretation is unjustified, either in the general context of Mr. Blake's letter or the admitted facts of Unitarian history.

You compare the Unitarians of to-day with those of Channing's and Parker's time, to the disadvantage of the former, who are lacking, you think, in the latter's power of forceful denial of existing errors and broad affirmation of new truths. But it is not the mission of modern Unitarianism to fight over again the battles fought and won a generation ago. This mission, on the contrary, concerns the needs and conditions of its own times, which are much more complex and difficult to deal with than any which troubled the faith of the founders of our religion. It is precisely because of the complexities surrounding the social and intellectual life of the times, that the closest and most impartial vision is required to distinguish the real tendency of events. It is because the best religious work of to-day, that in which Unitarians are bearing full and honorable part, and in many respects taking the lead, is of a quiet and unassuming order, dealing with broad questions of life and character, and dispensing with all noisy parade of sentiment and special belief, that it appears in its external results inadequate and worthless. Yet there never was a time when Unitarians were doing better, more practical work than now, work purely educational and spiritualizing in its effects. Looked at from a certain standpoint they are repeating the work of the early Unitarians, but with a broader intent and under the influence of a wider culture. They are laboring, as these did, under less perfect conditions, for the establishment of the principles of reason and righteousness in religion. Many others with yourself, Mr. Editor, will urge that these are no longer "distinctive" principles; but even if that were true they are none the less Unitarian. The term "distinctive" is very misleading. So far as it signifies mere divergence from the accepted beliefs and standards of the times, it possesses but little value, but in so far as it defines an aspiring aspiration towards, and effort to attain something better than present conditions afford, its meaning is very noble. If the principles underlying our rational faith are no longer "distinctive" in the sense of being held by ourselves alone, the cause is to be traced to the subtle penetrating nature of Unitarian principles themselves, everywhere felt, but seldom acknowledged; yet even to-day there is no other religious sect, unless it be the Spiritualist, that places itself squarely upon the principles of reason and morality, and with the Spiritualist such principles are incidental rather than fundamental, as with him the basic principle takes the form of belief in immortality and spirit communication.

It is true that Unitarianism has often sadly lagged in deed behind the brilliant promise held forth in its beautiful professions; it has shown itself lacking at some critical moments, in moral courage and insight, but as much may be said of any other religious sect or body, and Unitarianism has never claimed to be free, either by nature or act of grace, from the common weaknesses of our fallible human nature. Despite its faults and shortcomings though, it has never lost sight of its original purpose, and what is even more to its credit it has made manifold retraction of its errors. The success that comes with numbers and popular applause, will never be the Unitarians', but that is not altogether to their discredit. If the means of instruction employed are of a somewhat esoteric order, the disadvantage is only partial and temporary, and does not greatly affect the ultimate result.

Comparing the essential principles of

which the faith of the Unitarian and modern Spiritualist rests, the one standing for the broad universal ideas of justice, reason and moral enlightenment, the other for the narrower though still high thought of personal immortality, I cannot for a moment hesitate in my own choice of the first, as that which is most truly fundamental, both in its nature and operation upon the human mind.

High and inspiring as I deem the efforts of an enlightened Spiritualist to attain a knowledge of man's spiritual nature and the eternal life, this knowledge when attained can in no way supersede in moral force and impulse that derived from a fearless, trusting belief in the existing universe, and the life that now is.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

## SPIRITUALISM VS. MATERIALISM.

A Christmas Lesson Based on Facts.

It was nearing Christmas Eve. Oh, what had Materialism made of me, what had it brought me to, when that day, eleven years ago, it whirled me, with its cold reasonings and hopeless conclusions, into destruction, into suicide.

Rearing in affluence, mentally trained, but physically unable to cope with the every-day vicissitudes of a physician's life, I soon succumbed to surroundings that, from unfortunate complications, became unbearable, and having no moral support, no faith of any kind to calm my heart-ache, I halted death, or utter annihilation as Materialism taught it to be, as my only escape. Educated abroad, at German Universities, I was as a matter of course a staunch Materialist; full of pity for "believers," ever ready to pronounce Spiritualism a delusion or fraud. Did not science prove death the end of all? But, alas! when troubles densely crowded about me, did Materialism argue them away? What hope could so spiritually void a (dis) belief bring me?

I will not dwell here; I will not linger on that forsaken hopelessness, that barren belief without a future, incapable of instilling hope or any higher impulse towards one more effort for myself and family. I will but call attention to the fact that Materialism, after robbing me of all higher aims and paralyzing my better self, coldly argued me into suicide, and I, having nothing to cling to for relief, cowardly despairing, took the poison, forgetful of my holy duty to my wife, my babe-child, my God and self.

Want of space forbids my entering on the full description of this wonderful experience, this glorious revelation that, in a few hours, rendered spiritual the most materialistic Materialist.

I was dying. I knew I was, and making a full confession to my wife, asked and was granted her pardon. How angel-like that forgiving spirit of an injured wife, whose main thought it now became, to render her husband's death as easy as possible. I was pronounced dead by the attending physician. What puzzled me was that I should be able to hear him say so. I carefully studied the changes going on within me, all the time wondering whether I would suddenly cease to think, to exist, or whether, after all, I was but to exchange this for another existence. I knew that my heart was beating that peculiar "death-roll," I had so often noticed on patients when pronouncing them dying. A total indifference possessed me; I did not wish to exist, but felt a glow of grateful satisfaction that I was to escape this hated earth-life; that I was to become destroyed, my atoms soon to join in with the world's ceaseless changes, combining here and there with others wherever wanted, only not (as I sincerely trusted) in the shape of my former self.

But what struck me as remarkable was that I soon found myself outside of my own body, however, with a feeling of utter satisfaction, examining my body and pronouncing it dead. This was beyond my understanding. But no time was left me to think. I found myself floating upwards over the great city (Chicago), clearly discerning its known points, till finally nothing could be seen of earth save a little speck afar off. Then a calming, sweet music broke forth, a Song of Praise, mocking me for having nothing to praise. Yet, how grandly happy I felt, how serenely content. Far off on that planet earth, no more visible, were buried my sorrows, all my troubles, and though disappointed in a continued existence, I was happy to begin a new existence so full of promise, a life without a cumbersome, sinful body.

But on, on, I was carried by an unseen force, as it seemed, to my destiny. Finally I approached a smooth and even pathway lined on both sides with bearing fruit-trees. Soon there came towards me a procession of men, apparently lost in deep thought, and clad, as I now discovered myself to be, in long, white and flowing garments. They were in double file, and as they proceeded, I saw "my place," towards which I was naturally drawn. But when about to enter that body of spirits, a loud, warning voice thus earnestly admonished me: "Consider, ere you proceed. If you enter our body here, you can never return to your body below. Look downwards to your duty."

Turning my gaze downwards, I saw my lifeless body on a bed, the attending physician standing hopelessly by. I saw my wife, with the little babe in her arms, kneeling and praying for the spiritual happiness, for the soul of the very one who never believed in a soul, for a husband who had so cowardly deserted her. Oh, had I but had her faith, her belief; had I but listened to that "inner voice" instead of to cold Science, I would have bravely borne life's burdens, as I now saw my poor wife do under so much worse circumstances.

In utter despair I threw myself on my knees, imploring to be allowed to return to my body on earth, to all my troubles, if but I could work for and support that noble wife who had given me so great an example, who had taught me so needed a lesson under greater adversities than ever threatened me. I at once felt that her spirituality versus my materiality, caused this difference.

My wish was granted; I could return. Then came a change, a painful one physically. I felt myself sinking and, as I had felt lighter ascending, I now became heavier and heavier as I descended. The approach to earth seemed to deaden my spirit more and more, and a repugnance seized me at returning into my body. It was overcome only by the thought of my wife, and my intense longing to be with her. My sensation on entering my body was "crowded-like," as if entering a prison, a tomb. Every fibre trembled, warmed, as it were, with a strong galvanic current; every joint pained me.

I then saw the physician rush to me with an expression of surprise, calling my wife. Then came another blank, from which I recovered to see my wife kneeling at my bedside, thanking God for returning me to her. I wondered why that pure and trusting face had not, of itself, previously convinced me of immortality for there was a something in its

expression of faith, that must certainly live forever. Oh, how blinded had I been.

I was convinced. I knew that I had crossed beyond, far enough to teach me a needed lesson, one that has brightened my existence, making me a wiser and better man, indeed. Life's cross has since been no burden to me. I know that suffering here has its reward in itself.

What a grand, glorious Christmas lesson had been mine. And, when that eve the Christmas-bells were chiming, when the very air seemed saturated with the happiness and holy emotions of the many thousand about us, when our own Christmas-tree was all aglow with its many lights, my good wife and I felt that this was to us not only the birth of Christ, but so much more of myself, for was I not miraculously "born again"? How different were my sensations, and how thankful were we to the good spirits, who rescued me from the darkness of materialism to place me at the throne of light.

What had Materialism done for me? Let me have no hope, no aid in trouble. It naturally drove me to what it leads to nothing, to annihilation.

What has Spiritualism done for me? Let my happy home answer.

And as in my case, so with nations, with the world. Materialism is destruction to all loftier, nobler aims, breeding selfishness, destroying love for fellow-man, resulting in an aimless, hopeless, barren condition and stalling progress; while Spiritualism, properly understood and applied, is but synonymous to progress.

Our aim must then be to spiritualize the world, for it has become too materialistic. Let us in some way unite to disseminate the truth. Let us do our duty, recognizing that Spiritualism has not only removed the sting of death, but as well the sting of life. H.

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